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REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

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THE BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

THE campaign committees kept me very hard at work during the fall of 1860 until the day of the election. I was too tired to take any part in the Republican jubilations after Abraham Lincoln's victory. But my rest at my quiet Wisconsin home was soon cut short by my necessities. I found myself compelled, a week or two after the election, to set out on lecturing tours for the purpose of replenishing somewhat my drained exchequer.

The news of the success of the Republican party had hardly gone abroad in the land, when political demonstrations took place in some of the Southern states, which made it apparent that the threats of secession, to which of late years we had become accustomed, were after all something more than mere bluster and gasconade. The danger of a disunion movement, with consequences difficult to foresee, loomed up in portentous reality. A chill swept over the North. The anti-slavery enthusiasm of the campaign was suddenly hushed.

Buchanan, the "Northern Man with Southern Principles"

President Buchanan's message at the opening of the session of Congress was highly characteristic. He argued, in substance, that while no state had a constitutional right to secede from the Union, yet, if a state did so, there was nowhere any power to keep it in the Union. President Buchanan was the very personification of the political species then known as the "Northern man with Southern principles,"— that is, a Northern politician always ready to do the bidding of the slave-holding interest. I had been introduced to Mr. Buchanan at a White House reception and had taken a good look at him while, after the hand-shaking, he conversed with several senators.

He was a portly old gentleman with a white head, always slightly inclined to one side, and a cunning twinkle in his eye which seemed to say that although he might occasionally not appear to be of your opinion, yet there was a secret understanding between him and you, and that you might trust him for it. He always wore a white neckerchief like a divine. His moral weakness was of the wise-looking kind. He could pronounce the commonplace sophistries of the pro-slavery Democracy with all the impressiveness of unctuous ponderosity. He had rendered the slave-power abject service in the Kansas affair, again and again putting forth statements of facts, which he could not possibly believe to be true, and constitutional doctrines that could be

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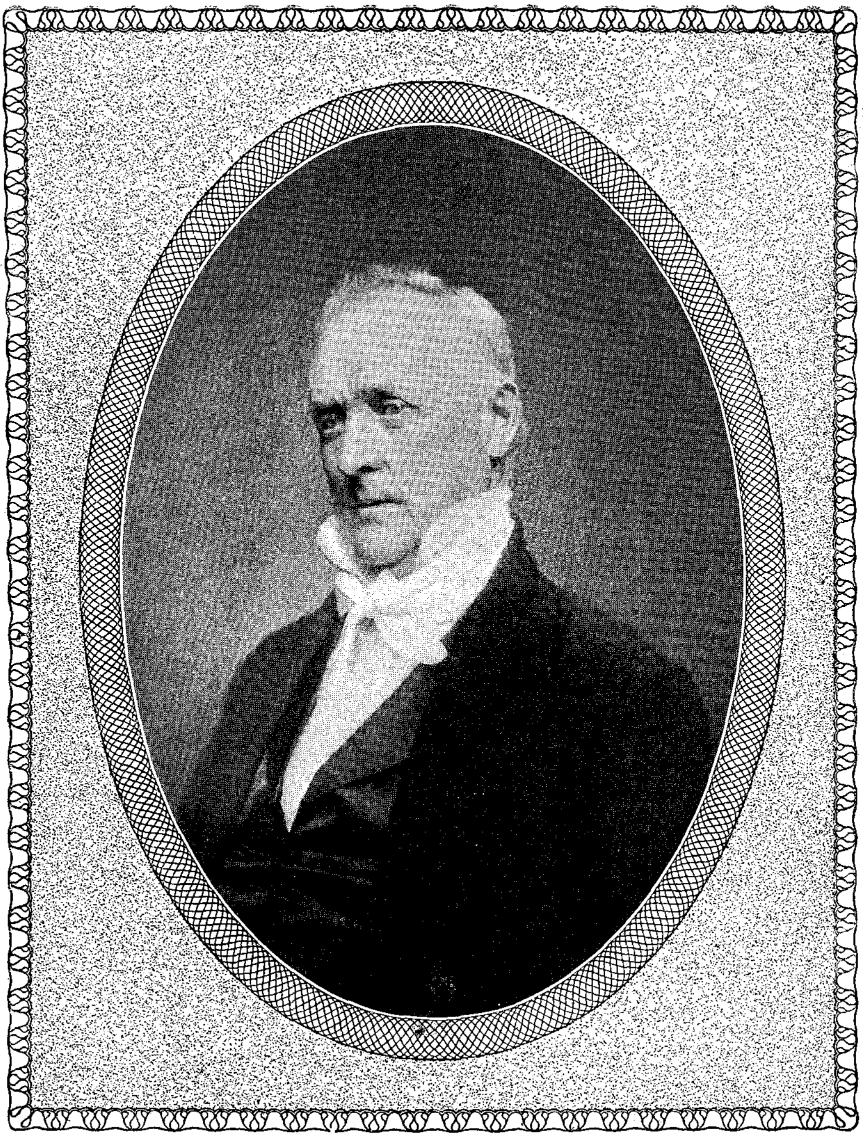
CHARLES SUMNER

From a photograph made about 1860 and reproduced here through the courtesy of the owner, Mr. F. J. Garrison

supported only by the most audacious shifts of logic. He was mindful of the fact that he owed the presidency to the trust of the slave-power in his fidelity to its behests. So far he had justified that trust to the full of his ability and of his opportunities. No Southern pro-slavery fanatic could have served the slave-holding interest with more zeal and — considering his position as a Northern man — with more self-denial. By forfeiting the good opinion of his neighbors, he had really made himself a martyr to the cause of slavery. But when his Southern masters now went so far as to strike out for the dissolution of the Union, the destruction of the Republic itself, his situation became truly desperate. Thus he satisfied neither side, but won the contempt of both.

In his Cabinet he had three secretaries — of the Treasury, of War, and of the Interior,— of whom he should have known that they conspired with the Secessionists. He permitted them to remain at the heads of their



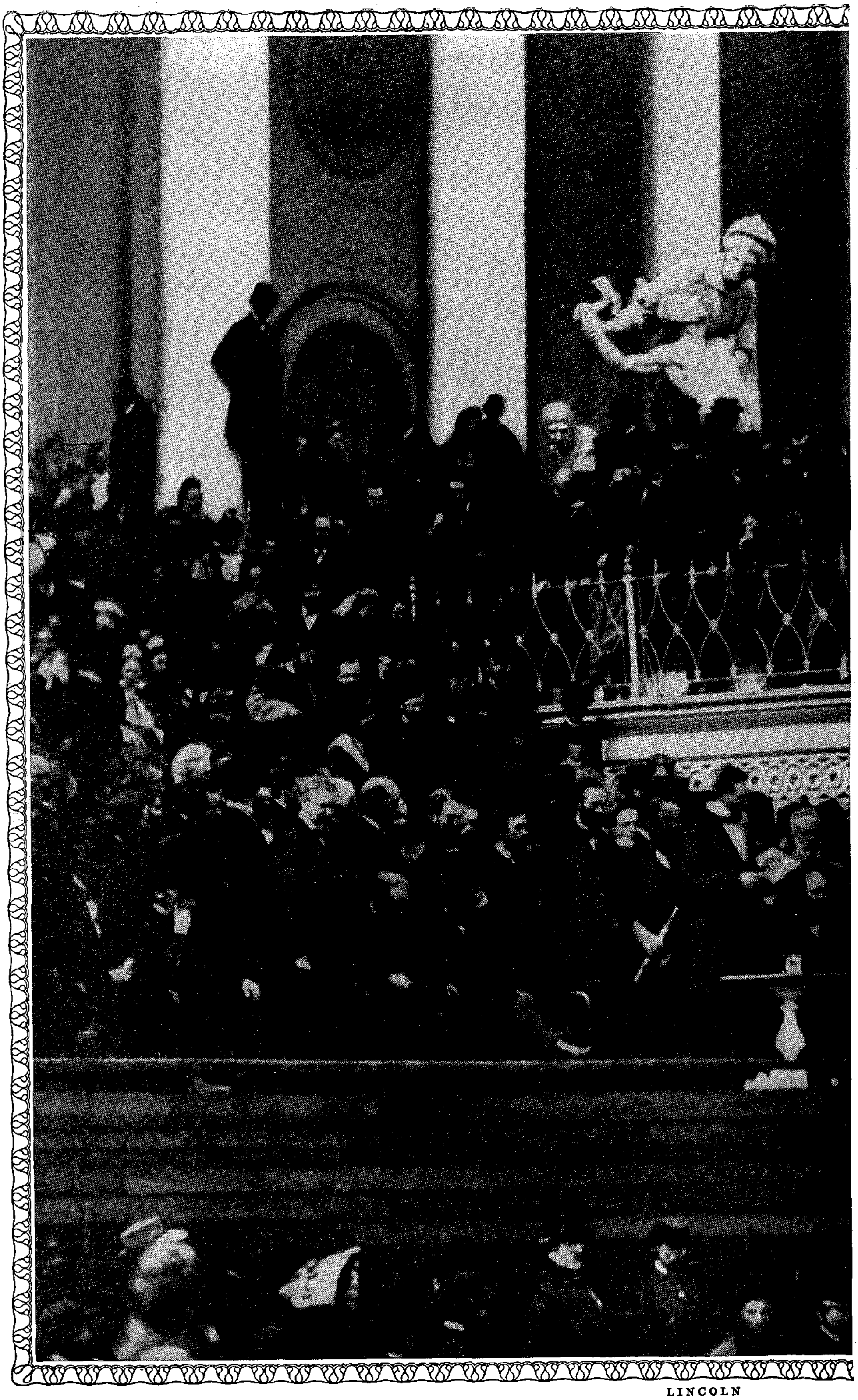
JAMES BUCHANAN

The fifteenth president of the United States
From a war-time photograph

departments until they thought they had exhausted all the resources for mischief which their official power gave them. What he really did accomplish was to encourage the promoters of the secession movement by his confession of constitutional impotency, and to give them ample time for undisturbed preparation while the National Government stood idly by. He recoiled from active treason, but had not courage enough for active patriotism. Thus Mr. Buchanan, to whom fortune offered one of the finest chances to win a great name simply by doing his plain duty with resolution and energy, managed to make himself the most miserable presidential figure in American history.

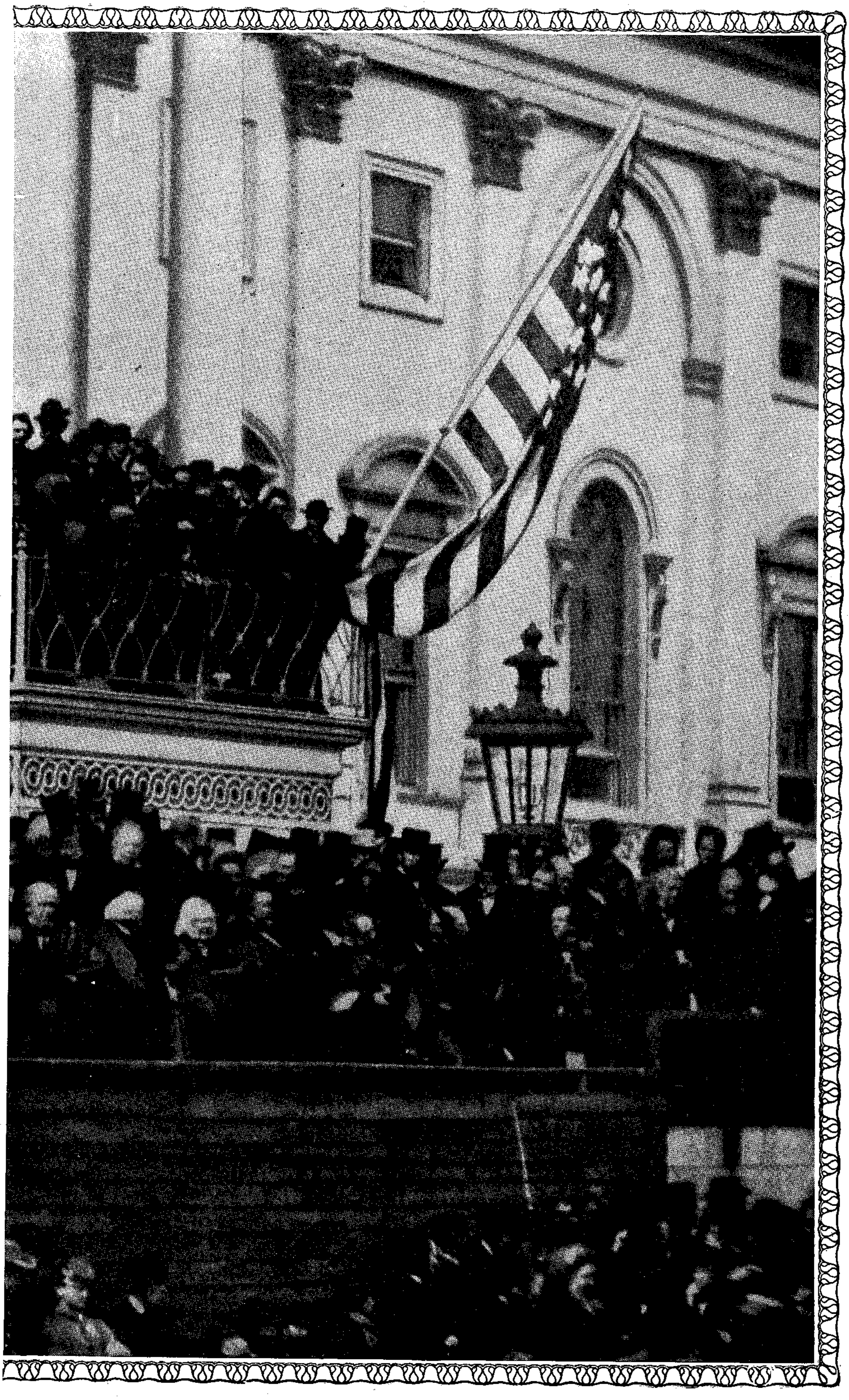
The Compromise Epidemic and Seward's Change of Attitude

The compromise epidemic in the country naturally infected Congress, and both Houses at once, after the opening of the session, appointed committees to devise some way of "conciliation and peace." Although the



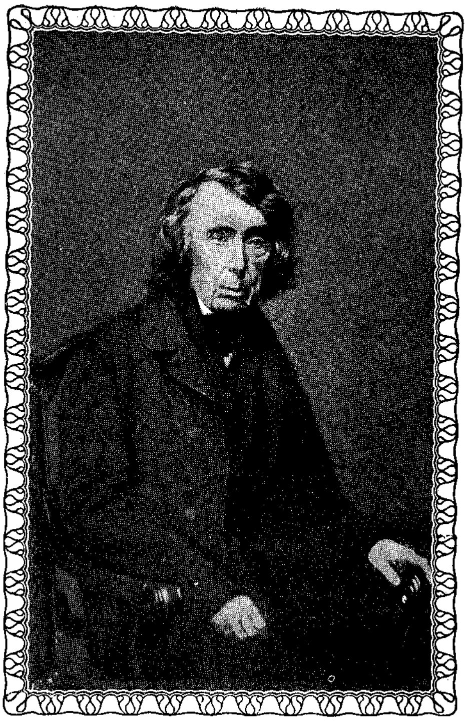
THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN

A FRAGMENT (ENLARGED) OF A PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED HERE THROUGH



AT WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1865

THE COURTESY OF THE OWNER, MR. CHARLES W. MC LELLAN



From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY

"the author of the famous Dred Scott decision," who administered the oath of office to President Lincoln

MAJ.-GEN. BENJAMIN BUTLER

"General Butler thoroughly enjoyed his position of power, which, of course, was new to him, and . . . he keenly appreciated its theatrical possibilities"

difficulties standing in the way of an agreement upon a policy of that kind seemed well-nigh unsurmountable, the agitation in favor of it had a demoralizing effect upon public sentiment in general, and upon the Republican party in particular, especially when Seward, who had been regarded as the most radical leader of that party, appeared in the front rank of the compromisers. I was one of the many anti-slavery men who were greatly puzzled by Mr. Seward's mysterious attitude, and much alarmed as to what might come of it.

What we feared was not merely that the principles of our anti-slavery party might be surrendered, and the fruits of our anti-slavery victory frittered away, but that under the influence of a momentary panic a step might be taken that would—to use a term current at that time—"mexicanize" our Government; that is, destroy in it that element of stability which consists in the absolute assurance that when the officers of the Government are legally elected, their election will be unconditionally accepted and submitted to by the minority. When that rule is broken, when the possibility is admitted that after an election the minority may prescribe conditions upon the fulfilment of which its acceptance of the results of the election is to depend, the stability of republican government is gone. So long as such a possibility exists, the republic will be in a state of intermittent revolution. And this rule would have been broken. We should, in order to avoid by a post-election bargain one civil conflict, have opened the way forever to many other civil conflicts. We should, in one word, have destroyed the most indispensable guarantee of stability and good order in the Republic, had we, after the legal election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, purchased the submission of the slave-holding states to the result of that election by any compromise whatever. It was, therefore, not merely this or that concession to the slaveholding interests that was to be opposed, but it was the compromise as such, however little it might have conceded.

The profound anxiety I felt on this subject found voice in a series of letters I wrote during that winter to my intimate friend in the House of Representatives, Mr. Potter of Wisconsin, who was of the same mind. The same anxiety led me, during an interval in my lecturing engagements, to make a flying trip to Washington, where I hoped to help my friend in "stiffening the backs" of some Republican members who had taken the compromise epidemic. But the panic had already much subsided, at least in Congress.

"Old Tom Corwin"

Mr. Potter managed to smuggle me on the floor of the House of Representatives, and there I witnessed one day a singular spectacle. The Hon. Thomas Corwin, "old Tom Corwin of Ohio," as he was popularly called, rose to address the House. He was the chairman of the then famous "Committee of Thirty-three," which was charged with the task of devising a compromise measure to compose the differences between the North and the South. He had a distinguished career behind him. He had been a Whig with anti-slavery leanings, had opposed the Mexican War in a speech celebrated for its boldness, had been a leading member of the Whig Party, Governor of Ohio, Senator, Secretary of the Treasury under President Fillmore; and had joined the Republican party in its struggles for free territories and zealously advocated the election of Mr. Lincoln. He was best known as a popular orator of great wit, genial humor, and fascinating eloquence. Interesting stories were told about him, of how he could produce wonderful effects by rapid changes of his facial expression. He had been one of the great "features" of the Harrison campaign in 1840, "the log-cabin and hard-cider campaign," when people would travel far "to hear Tom Corwin."

LIEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT

From a photograph made in 1861

Now he was an old man, highly esteemed and much liked by all, and when, on the occasion mentioned, he rose in the House, members without distinction of party crowded eagerly around him, standing up in the aisles and between the seats, so as to catch every sound of his voice, which was much enfeebled by age. I managed to get upon one of the steps leading up to the Speaker's chair and, by looking over the heads of those in front of me, could see Mr. Corwin while he spoke. But from that distance, in spite of the breathless stillness reigning in the hall, I lost many of his sentences, because he spoke in a low murmur. There he stood, not the Tom Corwin of the stump who made his hearers roar with laughter or shout with enthusiasm, but an anxious old patriot, the faithful disciple of the old Whig school of compromisers. His swarthy face was unillumined by a single spark of his accustomed humor, and its expression was grave and solicitous. His gushing eloquence with nervous intensity, almost with the accents of despair, implored his hearers to accept what he thought necessary for the salvation of his country; and around him, all listening to the old man as if spellbound, with a sort of tender veneration, were many of the Southerners, ready to go home and join the insurrection. It was a memorable scene,—the last pathetic gasp of the policy of compromises.

When Mr. Corwin sat down, many of the members pressed around him to shake his hand, after what was probably the last speech

From a photograph in the collection of F. H. Meserve

BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, IN WAR TIME

With the army barracks and recruiting station on the right, in City Hall Park

of his life. I, too, approached him, and he seemed glad to see me. He kindly remembered that we had met on the platform of a mass-meeting at Alleghany City, and he expressed a wish that I would visit him at his quarters that evening. I found him alone there, and we had a quiet talk. In the course of it, I frankly expressed my opinion that it would be fatal to stable and orderly government in a republic to permit the legal result of an election to become a matter of bargain and compromise between the majority and the minority, and to purchase the submission of the minority to that result by concessions.

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Corwin. "I know you young men think that way; and for aught I know, a majority of the Republicans think that way. But you must keep your Republic first. Now you will have to fight for it. But it is useless to argue further. I think, myself, that all the efforts for compromise will come to nothing. I have done the best I could, but on both sides they are like bull-dogs eager for the fray. We can only pray that God may protect the right."

When I rose to leave, he said: "I want to say something personal to you. At Alleghany City I heard you speak, and I noticed that you can crack a joke and make people laugh if you try. I want to say to you, young man, if you have any such faculty, don't cultivate it. I know how great the temptation is, and I have yielded to it. One of the most dangerous things to a public man is to become known as a jester. People will go to hear such a man, and then they will be disappointed if he talks to them seriously. They will hardly listen to the best things he offers them. They will want to hear the buffoon, and are dissatisfied if the buffoon talks sober sense. That has been my lot. Look at my career! I am an old man now. There has always been a great deal more in Tom Corwin than he got credit for. But he did not get credit because it was always expected that Tom Corwin would make people laugh. I do not know but they expected jokes from me in the House to-day. That has been my curse. I have long felt it, but too late to get rid of the old reputation and to build up a new one. Take my example as a warning. Good-by, and God bless you."

I was deeply touched by the words of the old statesman, and made an earnest effort to convince him that the House had listened to his speech with the intensest interest and profound reverence, but he answered with a melancholy laugh and again bade me to mind his advice. . . .

During the campaign, I may candidly say, it had never occurred to me that my efforts as a public speaker should or might be rewarded by appointment to a federal office. But immediately after the election, it seemed to be generally taken for granted that the new Administration would, as a matter of course, give me some prominent place. I received several addresses signed by a large number of German-Americans from different parts of the country, congratulating me upon the services I had rendered and expressing the hope that the Administration would show a proper appreciation of them. Prominent Republicans of American nativity, especially members of Congress in whose districts I had spoken, wrote to me in the same vein. I have to confess that this pleased me greatly, and soon I easily permitted my friends to persuade me, or, perhaps, I easily persuaded myself, that it was entirely proper for me to expect an office of importance and dignity. But when it was suggested by several members of Congress that I should frankly tell Mr. Lincoln what I might wish to have, I positively refused. As I wrote to Mr. Potter — in one of the letters whose publication surprised me forty years later — I would not ask for anything, lest I compromise my political independence, which at no price was I willing to give up. If the President, of his own free will, offered me a position, I might take it without burdening myself with any personal obligation. Thus I "left the matter in the hands of my friends," and these friends, especially the leading Republicans of Wisconsin, were very earnest in requesting the Administration to offer me a first-class foreign mission.

Lincoln's First Inauguration

It was thought important, in view of the troublous state of things, that as large a number of Republicans as possible be present in Washington at the time of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and I found a great many friends, old and new, when I arrived there on March 1st. The air was still thick with rumors of "rebel plots" to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, or to capture him and carry him off before he could take hold of the reins of government. He had stolen a march upon whatever conspiracy there may have been, by entering the National Capitol, unexpected and unobserved, on the morning of February 23d, and was, no doubt, well guarded. But the multitude of Republicans assembled in the city were not satisfied that the danger was over, and saw treasonable designs in every scowling face — and of these, indeed, there were a good many.

But the inauguration passed off without disturbance. I was favored with a place in front of the great portico of the Capitol, from which I could distinctly see and hear every part of the official function. I saw Lincoln step forward to the desk upon which the Bible lay — his rugged face, appearing above all those surrounding him, calm and sad, but so unlike any other in that distinguished assemblage that one might well have doubted how he and the others could work together. I saw Senator Douglas, his defeated antagonist, the "little giant" of the past, who only two years before had haughtily treated Lincoln like a tall dwarf, standing close by him. I witnessed the remarkable scene when Lincoln, about to deliver his inaugural address, could not at once find a convenient place for his hat, and Douglas took it and held it like an attendant while Lincoln was speaking. I saw the withered form of Chief Justice Taney, the author of the famous Dred Scott decision, that judicial compend of the doctrine of slavery, administer the oath of office to the first president elected on a distinct anti-slavery platform. I saw, standing by, the outgoing president, James Buchanan, with his head slightly inclined on one side, and his winking eye, and his white neck-cloth, — the man who had done more than any other to degrade and demoralize the National Government and to encourage the rebellion, now destined to retire to an unhonored obscurity and to the dreary task of trying to make the world believe that he was a better patriot and statesman than he appeared to be. I heard every word, pronounced by Abraham Lincoln's kindly voice, of that inaugural address which was to be a message of peace and good-will, but the reception of which in the

South as a proclamation of war showed clearly that no offer of compromise, indeed, that nothing short of complete acceptance of their scheme of an independent slaveholding empire, would have satisfied the Southern leaders.

The Spanish Mission Offered to Schurz — Objections from Seward

During this time I saw President Lincoln repeatedly, and he always received me with great cordiality. We spoke together as freely as we had done before he was president. Our conversations turned upon questions of policy and of the qualifications and claims of applicants for office whom I had recommended. My own case was never mentioned between us until he, with evident satisfaction, announced to me that I had been nominated for the position of Minister of the United States to Spain. The Senate confirmed my nomination without unusual delay. I was curious to know whether Senator Douglas, whom I had so bitterly attacked during the campaign, had offered any objection, but I was informed that he had not. But there had been, as I learned later from Mr. Potter, some objection to my nomination on the part of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State. He argued that as I had been engaged in revolutionary movements in Europe, at a comparatively recent period, my appearance in a diplomatic capacity at a European court might not be favorably received, and that this was of importance at a critical time, when we had especial reason for conciliating foreign governments. Mr. Lincoln, my informant told me, replied that I could be trusted to conduct myself discreetly; that at any rate, he did so trust me; that it was not for the government of this Republic to discriminate against men for having made efforts in behalf of liberty elsewhere, — efforts with which every good American at heart sympathized; and that it might be well for European governments to realize this fact. He was strongly supported in this view by Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General.

Seward's Bitter Outburst

When Mr. Lincoln took so peremptory a stand, Mr. Seward at last yielded, but not with good grace. Indeed, the matter gave him occasion for a singular display of temper. One day Mr. Potter, accompanied by another Republican member of Congress, from Wisconsin, discussed the subject with Mr. Seward in his office at the State Department and incidentally remarked that the failure to bestow such a distinction upon me would be a severe disappointment to a good many people. At this, Mr. Seward jumped up from his chair, paced the floor excitedly, and exclaimed:

"Disappointment! You speak to me of disappointment? To me who was justly entitled to the Republican nomination for the presidency, and who had to stand aside and see it given to a little Illinois lawyer! You speak to me of disappointment?"

These stories came to me after the matter had been finally settled, and too late to have any effect upon my conduct. I believed and still believe them to be substantially true, as Mr. Potter told them to me, including the story of Mr. Seward's outbreak. Mr. Seward permitted his feeling that the Republican party had grossly wronged him to run away with his temper on various other well-authenticated occasions. Moreover, at that time he had, like many others, not yet arrived at a just appreciation of Mr. Lincoln's character and abilities, and looked down upon him as a person much below his level. But as to the reasons Mr. Seward urged against my being sent as American minister to a European court at that time, he was clearly right. I think I should have judged as he did, had I been Secretary of State.

His apprehensions, however, were not justified by the event. Soon after the confirmation of my appointment by the Senate, I received a visit from Señor Tassara, the Spanish minister in Washington, who had been a journalist and was, I believe, at one time somewhat of a revolutionary character himself. He gave me every reason to think that my appointment was quite acceptable to the Spanish Government. And in the course of time my personal relations with that government became, in fact, very agreeable. But it might have been otherwise, and Mr. Seward was perfectly correct in not wishing to take any superfluous risk in that respect. Whenever in later years I have reflected upon that part of my career, I have inwardly reproached myself for not having anticipated at that time Mr. Seward's view of the matter, although it was kept secret from me while the question was still pending. I certainly ought to have done so, but I have to confess that my pride — or I might perhaps more properly call it my vanity — was immensely flattered by the thought of returning to Europe clothed in all the dignity of a minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary of the United States only a few years after having left my native land as a political refugee. But when I heard of the discussions that had preceded my appointment, I did not enjoy that triumph as I had thought I should. Even while receiving public and private congratulations in unexpected abundance, I was secretly troubled by a lurking doubt as to whether the office I had obtained was really one that I should hold, and whether the fact that my friends had sought it for me with my knowledge and approval was not really equivalent to having asked for it myself. In this state of mind I left Washington for my home in Wisconsin.

The Attack on Fort Sumter

I had not been there many days when the portentous news of the rebel attack on Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, startled the country. The President's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers followed immediately, and less than a week later came the bloody assault of a Secessionist mob upon the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment passing through Baltimore. It is impossible to describe the electric effect these occurrences produced upon the popular mind in the Northern states. Until the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumter, many patriotic people still entertained a lingering hope of saving the Union without a conflict of arms. Now civil war had suddenly become a certainty. The question of what might have been utterly vanished before the question of what was to be. A mighty shout arose that the Republic must be saved at any cost. It was one of those sublime moments of patriotic exaltation when everybody seems willing to do everything and to sacrifice everything for a common cause; one of the ideal sunbursts in the history of a nation.

The newspapers reported that the City of Washington had been cut off from its railroad communications through Baltimore and was almost entirely defenseless; that a rebel force might invade it at any moment and do no end of mischief without meeting serious opposition; that the department buildings were being barricaded and the government clerks armed with muskets; and that the Government needed the help of every man who could get there. I thought it my duty to hurry to Washington at once and to offer what services I could render. I put the pistols I had carried in the Kinkel affair into my hand-bag and started off. I shall never forget the contrast between this and the preceding journey, when only a short time before I had traveled from Washington westward. A dreadful load of gloomy expectancy seemed, on the previous occasion, to oppress the whole country. Passengers in the railway cars talked together in murmurs, as if afraid of the sound of their own voices. At the railroad stations stood men with anxious faces, waiting for the newspapers which, when they arrived, they hastily opened to read the headings, and then handed to one another with sighs of disappointment. Multitudes of people seemed to be perplexed, not only as to what they might expect, but also as to what they wished. And now what a change! Every railroad station filled with an excited crowd hurrahing for the Union and Lincoln; the Stars and Stripes fluttering from numberless staffs; the drum and fife resounding everywhere; the cars thronged with young men hurrying to the nearest enlistment place, anxious only lest there be no room left for them in the regiments hastily forming, or lest those regiments be too late to secure Washington from a rebel *coup-de-main*. To judge from the scenes I witnessed on the railroads, old party differences had been forgotten. Men who had shaken their fists at one another during the political campaign now shook hands in token of a common patriotism. Social distinctions, too, seemed to have vanished. Millionaires' sons rushed to the colors by the side of laborers. The railroad journey was as through a continued series of recruiting camps full of noise and bustle day and night.

"Ben" Butler as a Soldier

When we arrived at Perryville on the Susquehanna (between Wilmington, Delaware, and Baltimore), we found railroad communication on that line between Washington and the North still interrupted. The Maryland Secessionists were reported to be in control of Baltimore. The railroad passengers for Washington had to board a steamboat at Perryville, which took them to

Annapolis, where a small force of federal troops was assembled under the command of Maj.-Gen. Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts. Introducing myself to the guard as an officer of the Government on my way to Washington, I was at once admitted to the presence of the General at his headquarters. I found him clothed in a gorgeous militia uniform adorned with rich gold embroidery. His rotund form, his squinting eye, and the peculiar puff of his cheeks made him look a little grotesque. Only a person much more devoid of a sense of humor than I could have failed to notice that General Butler thoroughly enjoyed his position of power, which, of course, was new to him, and that he keenly appreciated its theatrical possibilities. He received me with great courtesy and assured me at once that he would see me safely to my destination. He said that he was just engaged in reopening the railroad line from Annapolis to Annapolis Junction on the road connecting Baltimore with Washington, and that the first train would be started before nightfall; that I would be welcome to travel on that train; and that, until the time of my departure, all the conveniences of his headquarters would be at my disposal. While we were conversing, officers entered from time to time to make reports or to ask for orders. Nothing could have been more striking than the air of high authority with which the General received them, and the tone of curt peremptoriness peculiar to the military commander of the stage, with which he expressed his satisfaction or discontent and gave his instructions. And after every such scene he looked around with a sort of triumphant gaze, as if to assure himself that the bystanders were duly impressed. But he did expedite business, and no doubt he got over his theatrical fancies as the novelty of the situation wore off.

Before dark the train was ready to start. One of General Butler's staff-officers told me a little story which will bear repeating, as it illustrates the character of our volunteer regiments. When our troops took possession of Annapolis, there was but one locomotive in the railroad shop, and that locomotive had been partly taken to pieces by the "rebel sympathizers" of the place, in order to make it unfit for use. A volunteer regiment was drawn up in line, and men who thought themselves able to repair a locomotive were called for. A dozen or more privates stepped forward, and one of them exclaimed: "Why, that locomotive was built in my shop!" In a short time the locomotive was again in working order.

The General had sent a detachment of infantry ahead of the train to guard the track and to scour the woods between Annapolis and Annapolis Junction. We proceeded only at a snail's pace, and it was past midnight when we reached the Junction. There we found Col. Ambrose Burnside with his Rhode Island regiment encamped in a grove of tall trees. The camp-fires were still burning brightly, the soldiers, wrapped in red blankets, lying around them in picturesque groups. Colonel Burnside, the very image of soldierly beauty, was still up and doing, and received us with his peculiar heartiness. Young Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, also in military attire, with a waving yellow plume on his black felt hat, was also on the ground. He would not remain behind when his people went to the front. This Rhode Island regiment was noted as one that had a remarkable number of millionaires in its ranks.

Soon after sunrise we had a train for Washington under way, filled with soldiers and a few civilian passengers. I walked into the city while the soldiers were getting into line at the station. The streets, which a few weeks ago I had seen filled with a lively multitude, now looked deserted and gloomy. Of the few persons I met on the sidewalk, some stared at me with a scowl on their brows, as if asking me: "What do you want here?" I was afterwards told that when the first troops, that had meanwhile arrived, marched into town, they were received by the inhabitants with jeers and curses and insulting epithets from doors and windows, the resident population of Washington largely sympathizing with the Secessionists.

Lincoln's Fear for Washington

As soon as possible I reported myself to Mr. Lincoln at the White House. He seemed surprised but glad to see me. I told him why I had come, and he approved. In his quaint way he described to me the anxieties he had passed through since the rebel attack on Fort Sumter and before the first Northern troops reached Washington. He told me of an incident characteristic of the situation, which I wish I could repeat in his own language. I can give only the substance. One afternoon, after he had issued his call for troops, he sat alone in his room, and a feeling came over him as if he were utterly deserted and helpless. He thought any moderately strong body of Secessionist troops, if there were any in the neighborhood, might come over the "long bridge" across the Potomac, and just take him and the members of the Cabinet — the whole lot of them. Then he suddenly heard a sound like the boom of a cannon. "There they are!" he said to himself. He expected every moment that somebody would rush in with the report of an attack. But the White House attendants, whom he interrogated, had heard nothing. Nobody came, and all remained still. Then he thought he would look after the thing himself. So he walked out, and walked and walked until he got to the Arsenal. There he found the doors all open, and not a soul to guard them. Anybody might have gone in and helped himself to the arms. There was perfect solitude and stillness all around. Then he walked back to the White House without noticing the slightest sign of disturbance. He met a few persons on the way, some of whom he asked whether they had not heard something like the boom of a cannon. Nobody had heard anything, and so he supposed it must have been a freak of his imagination. It is probable that at least a guard was sent to the Arsenal that evening. The confusion of those days must have been somewhat like that prevailing at the time of the capture of Washington in the War of 1812.

In the course of our conversation I opened my heart to Mr. Lincoln about my troubles of conscience. I told him that since recent events had made certain a warlike conflict with the seceding states, it was much against my feelings to go to Spain as minister and to spend my days in the ease and luxury of a diplomatic position, while the young men of the North were exposing their lives in the field, in defense of the life of the Republic; that having helped, as a public speaker, to bring about the present condition of things, I thought I would rather bear my share of the consequences; that I had seen some little field service in the revolutionary conflicts of my native country, and had ever since made military matters a favorite subject of study; and that I should be glad to resign my mission to Spain and at once join the volunteer army.

Mr. Lincoln listened to me with attention and evident sympathy. Then, after a moment of silence, he said that he fully understood and appreciated my feelings, but that he would not advise me to give up the Spanish mission. He thought that this diplomatic position might eventually offer me a greater field of usefulness. The war might be over very soon. Many people whose opinions were entitled to respect thought so. Mr. Seward was speaking of sixty or ninety days. He himself was not at all as sanguine as that, but he might be wrong. However, in a few weeks, we should, as to that point, see more clearly. He did not know whether it was necessary that I should start for Spain immediately. I might see Seward about that. He could probably arrange everything so as to enable me to delay my departure for at least a month or two. Accordingly, I called upon Mr. Seward and told him of my conversation with the President. Mr. Seward was very complaisant. He thought that Mr. Horatio Perry, a very able and patriotic gentleman who had formerly been connected with our mission to Spain, and who, with my hearty concurrence, had recently been appointed secretary of legation and was already on the ground, might temporarily act as chargé d'affaires until my arrival at Madrid, and that, therefore, I need not hurry.

Schurz's Plan for a Cavalry Force

I then laid before Mr. Lincoln a plan I had formed, as follows: In the impending war an efficient cavalry force would undoubtedly be needed. The formation and drilling of cavalry troops composed of raw material would require much time. But I was confident that there were in the City of New York and its vicinity many hundreds of able-bodied immigrants from Germany, who had served in German cavalry regiments and who had only to be armed and put upon horses to make cavalrymen immediately fit for active service. There were also, to command them, a sufficient number of experienced cavalry officers trained in the Prussian or some other German army. I thought that I, being somewhat known among the German-born citizens of the country, was a suitable person to organize such a regiment if the Government gave me proper authority. Mr. Lincoln was very much pleased with my project and sent me at once to Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, to discuss with him the necessary arrangements. Mr. Cameron was also very much pleased, but thought it necessary that I should submit the matter to General Scott, the commanding general of the army, before final action was taken.

I had never seen General Scott, but had heard him described as a somewhat pompous old gentleman, not inclined to tolerate opinions on military matters in any way differing from his own. Looking forward to an interview with him on such a subject with some misgiving, I asked Mr. Cameron for a letter of introduction setting forth as strongly as possible my claim to kind attention, so that the General might not at once put me down as a mere intruder seeking a favor for himself. Thus armed, I approached the General, who, after having read my letter, invited me to take a chair. But when I explained my scheme to him, his face assumed a look of stern and somewhat impatient authority. His question whether I had any practical experience in the organizing and drilling of mounted troops was of ill-omen. When I had confessed that I had no such experience, he replied that he had concluded so from my proposition. If we were to have any war at all, he added, it would be a short one. It would be over long before any volunteer cavalry troops could be made fit for active service in the field. Moreover, the theater of that war would be Virginia, and the surface of Virginia was so cut up with fences and other obstructions as to make operations with large bodies of cavalry impracticable. The regular dragoons he had were quite sufficient for all needs.

I saw, of course, the utter uselessness of any attempt I might make to argue the matter further with such an authority. When I reported my conversation with General Scott to Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Cameron, they both agreed that the old gentleman was taking too narrow a view of present exigencies. I promptly received the desired authority for raising the regiment and departed for the City of New York. . . .

Ordered to Spain

There I found that many of the German cavalrymen I had counted upon had already enlisted in the infantry regiments then forming. But there were enough of them left to enable me to organize several companies in a very short time, and I should certainly have completed my regiment in season for the summer campaign, had I not been cut short in my work by another call from the Government. I received a letter from the Secretary of State informing me that circumstances had rendered my departure for my place at Madrid eminently desirable, and that he wished me to report myself to him at Washington as soon as possible. This was a hard blow. But hard as it was, I had to obey. I took it as a just punishment for ever having yielded to the vain thought of appearing in Europe as an American minister plenipotentiary. I promptly secured the transfer of my recruiting authority to Colonel McReynolds of Michigan and left New York for Washington. My regiment was fully organized by my successor before the lapse of many weeks and won an excellent reputation in the field as the First New York volunteer cavalry regiment, commonly called the "Lincoln Cavalry." The fences and other obstructions on the surface of Virginia did not prevent it from rendering good service.

Having reported myself to Mr. Seward, I was informed by him that, while Mr. Perry, the secretary of legation at Madrid, had, as chargé d'affaires, done the business of the office quite satisfactorily, and he could not too strongly recommend him to my confidence, the presence of a minister of full rank was now needed near the Spanish Court. . . .

Sumner's Misgivings Regarding Lincoln

The question was frequently asked at this time, in that atmosphere of discontentment, whether Abraham Lincoln was really the man to cope with a situation bristling with problems so perplexing. This question nobody then seemed ready to answer. Those who visited the White House — and the White House appeared to be open to whomsoever wished to enter — saw there a man of unconventional manners, who, without the slightest effort to put on dignity, treated all men alike, much like old neighbors; whose speech had not seldom a rustic flavor about it, who always seemed to have time for a homely talk and never to be in a hurry to press business, and who occasionally spoke about important affairs of State with the same nonchalance — I might almost say, irreverence — with which he might have discussed an every-day law case in his office at Springfield, Illinois. People were puzzled. Some interesting stories circulated about Lincoln's wit, his quaint sayings, and also about his kindness of heart and the sympathetic loveliness of his character; but as to his qualities as a statesman, serious people, who did not intimately know him, were inclined to reserve their judgment.

I had the good fortune of coming nearer to Charles Sumner in these days. Since the members from the seceding states had left the United States Senate, the Republicans commanded a majority in that body, and Sumner was by common consent made chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, a position for which he was unquestionably by far the fittest man among his colleagues. He knew Europe and followed with intelligent understanding the political developments of the Old World. He showed a kind interest in my own experiences and observations, and we had frequent conversations about kindred subjects. He found that he could speak to me on such things with a feeling that, having had some European experience myself, I would more easily understand him than most of those with whom he had intercourse; and thus a certain confidentiality grew up between us, which, in the course of time, was to ripen into genuine friendship.

Sumner had never seen Lincoln before he arrived in Washington. The conditions under which Lincoln had risen into prominence in the West were foreign to Sumner's experience — perhaps even to his imagination. When he met Lincoln for the first time, he was greatly amazed and puzzled by what he saw and heard. He confessed as much as this to me. Lincoln was utterly unlike Sumner's ideal of a statesman. The refined New Englander, who, after having enjoyed a thorough classical education, had seen much of the great world at home and abroad and conceived an exalted idea of the dignity of an American senator and of a president of the great American Republic, could hardly understand this Western product of American democracy in the original shape. In the conversations he had with the President, he indeed noticed now and then flashes of thought and bursts of illuminating expression which struck him as extraordinary, although, being absolutely without any sense of humor, he often lost Lincoln's keenest points. But on the whole he could not get rid of his misgivings as to how this seemingly untutored child of nature would master the tremendous task before him. He had, indeed, by Mr. Lincoln's occasional utterances, been confirmed in his belief that the President was a deeply convinced and faithful anti-slavery man; and since the destruction of slavery was uppermost in Sumner's mind, as the greatest object to be accomplished, he found comfort in that assurance.

But he was much troubled by what he called the slow working of Mr. Lincoln's mind and his deplorable hesitancy in attacking the vital question. He profoundly distrusted Seward on account of his compromising attitude at the critical period between the election and Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and also because of the mysterious, delphic utterances Mr. Seward now occasionally gave forth. But he had great faith in Chase, whose anti-slavery principles he regarded as above all temptation, and whose influence with the President, he hoped, would neutralize Seward's.

But Chase, as I concluded from conversations I had with him, was not in a state of mind that would make easy the establishment of confidential relations between him and Lincoln. He did not give his disappointment as a defeated aspirant to the presidency so vehement an expression as Seward did, but he felt it no less keenly. Neither did he venture upon so drastic a demonstration of his underestimate of Lincoln's character and ability as Seward had done. But I doubt whether his opinion of the President was much higher than Seward's had been, before Lincoln's gentle but decisive victory over him. I concluded this, not from what Chase said, but rather from what he did not say when the conversation turned upon the President. This feeling only intensified Chase's natural reserve of manner, and, as became evident in the course of time, the relations between Chase and Lincoln always remained such as will exist between two men who, in their official intercourse, do not personally come near to each other and are not warmed into confidential heartiness.

Lincoln's Anxiety over Foreign Relations

When I called upon Mr. Lincoln to take leave, he received me with the old cordiality and expressed his sincere regret that, after all, I had to go away before this cruel war was over; but, as Seward wanted it, I must go, of course, and he hoped it would all be for the best. We had some conversation about the state of affairs which had developed since I had seen him last. He expressed the intensest gratification at the enthusiastic popular response to his call for volunteers, and at the patriotic attitude taken by so many leading Democrats. He warmly praised the patriotic action of the Germans of St. Louis in the taking of Camp Jackson. The criticism to which the Administration was being subjected affected him keenly, but did not irritate him against those who made it. He always allowed that those who differed from us might be as honest as we were. He thought if the Administration had so far "stumbled along," as was said, it had, on the whole, "stumbled along in the right direction." But he expressed great anxiety as to the attitude of foreign countries, especially England and France, with regard to our troubles, and this anxiety was much increased by the British Queen's proclamation of neutrality, the news of which had recently arrived. He gave me to understand that he deplored having given so little attention to foreign affairs and being so dependent upon other people's judgment, and that he felt the necessity of "studying up" on the subject as much as his opportunities permitted him. I did not know then that only a short time before he had found himself obliged very seriously to modify one of Mr. Seward's despatches to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, our minister in England, in order to avoid complications that might have become very grave. Mr. Lincoln did not drop any hint of this to me, but he said that he wanted me when in Europe to watch public sentiment there as closely as possible, and he added: "Remember now, when you are abroad, that whenever anything occurs to you that you want to tell me personally, or that you think I ought to know, you are to write me directly." I did not anticipate then how soon I should have to do this.

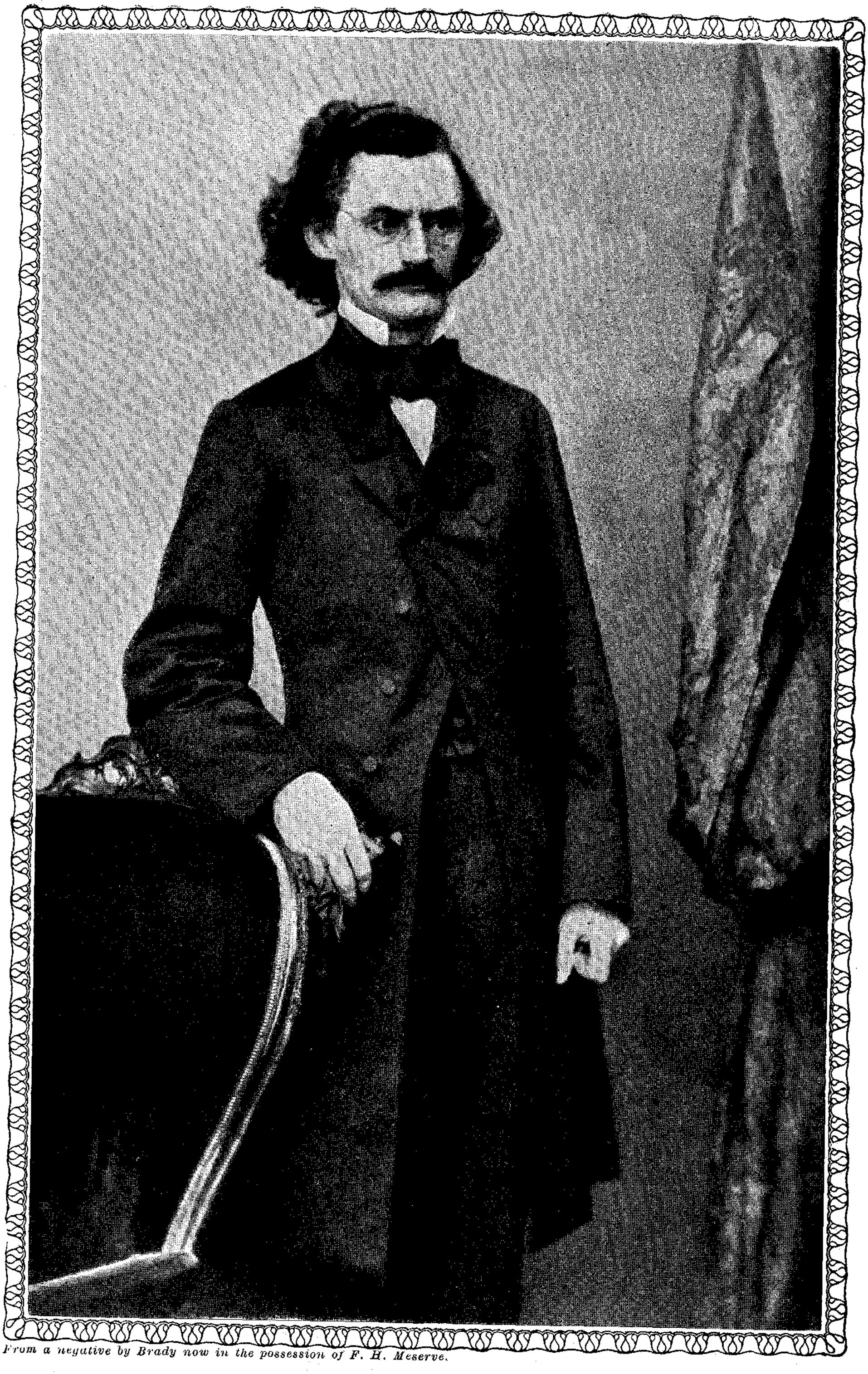
A Luncheon with Lincoln

Before parting I told Mr. Lincoln that I had a German brother-in-law with me in Washington, Mr. Henry Meyer, a young merchant from Hamburg and an ardent friend of this country, who would be proud to pay his respects to the President. Might I bring him for a moment?

"Certainly," said Mr. Lincoln, "bring him to-morrow about lunch time and lunch with me. I guess Mary (Mrs. Lincoln) will have something for us to eat." Accordingly, the next day I brought my brother-in-law, who was greatly astonished at this unexpected invitation to lunch with the President and much troubled about the etiquette to be observed. I found it difficult to quiet him with the assurance that in this case there was no etiquette at all. But he was still more astonished when Mr. Lincoln, instead of waiting for a ceremonious bow, shook him by the hand like an old acquaintance and said in his hearty way that he was glad to see the brother-in-law of "this young man here," and that he hoped the Americans treated him well. Mrs. Lincoln,—"Mary," as the President again called her—was absent, being otherwise engaged, and there were no other guests. So we had Mr. Lincoln at the table all to ourselves. He seemed to be in excellent spirits, asked many questions about Hamburg, which my brother-in-law, who spoke English fluently, answered in an entertaining manner, and Mr. Lincoln found several occasions for inserting funny stories, at which not only we, but he himself, too, laughed most heartily. As we left the White House, my companion could hardly find words to express his puzzled admiration of the man who, having risen from the bottom of the social ladder to one of the most exalted stations in the world, had remained so perfectly natural and so absolutely unconscious of how he appeared to others, — a man to whom it did not for a single moment occur that a person in his position might put on a certain dignity, to be always maintained, but who gave himself out with such genial sincerity and kindliness that one could not wish him other than he was.

A few days later I was afloat on my way to Spain.

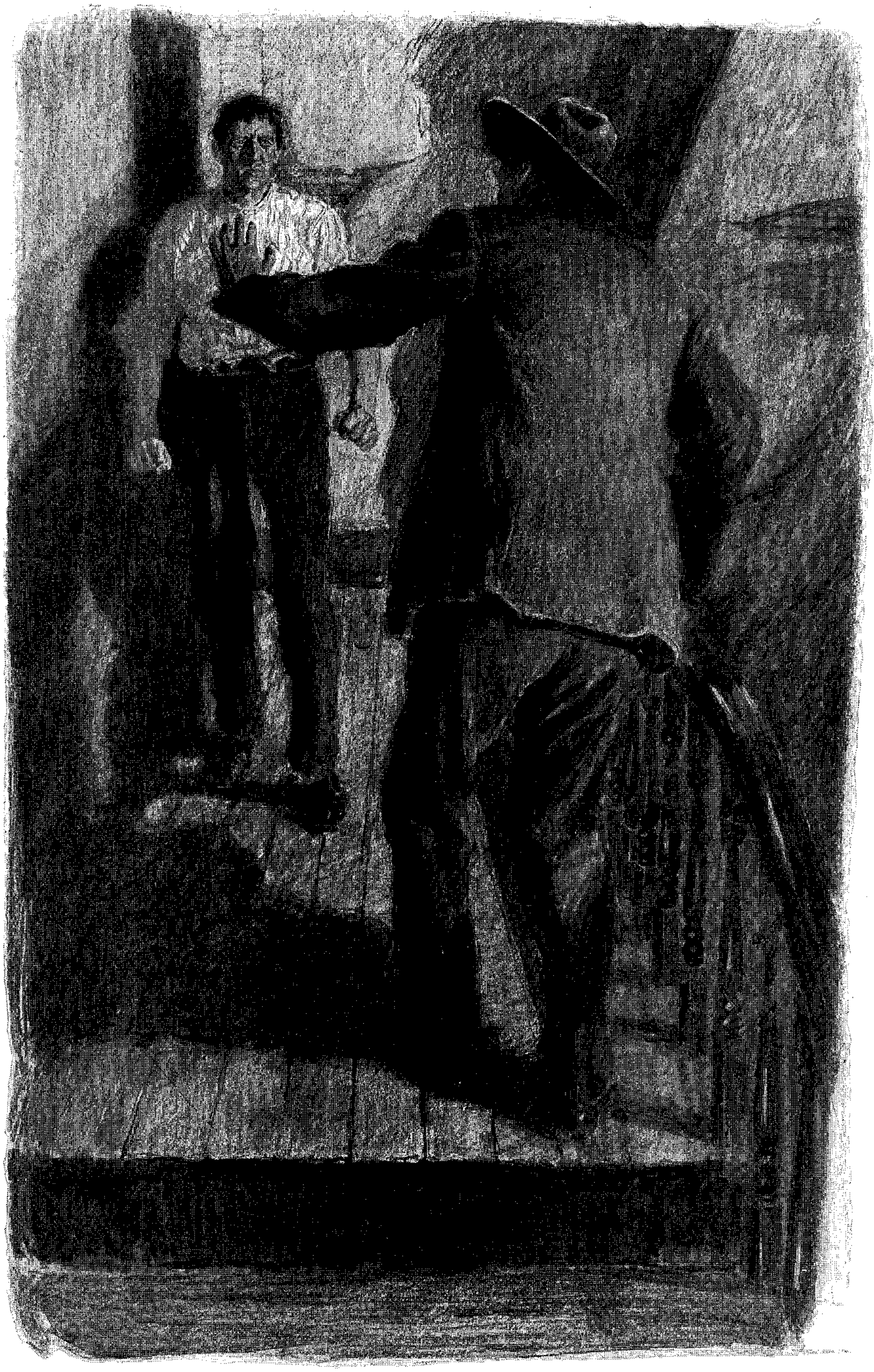
MR. SCHURZ'S REMINISCENCES IN THE APRIL NUMBER WILL TREAT OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE COURT OF SPAIN, AND THE CRISIS IN OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS EARLY IN THE CIVIL WAR



From a negative by Brady now in the possession of F. H. Meserve.

CARL SCHURZ IN 1861

At this time President Lincoln appointed Mr. Schurz to be United States Minister to Spain



"'GEDDOUT O' MY WAY,' ORDERED THE 'LEADER' IMPERIOUSLY"

OVER MONAHAN'S

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

I

AS Hannah Wexsmith reached the top of the long flight of stairs which rose precipitously from the dark little lobby behind the street door to the ink-black hallway above, a door near the head of the stairs opened, and a woman with a fretting baby in her arms asked:

"Did ye get an evenin' paper?"

"Yes, you kin look at it while I'm lightin' the hall lamp."

The hall, which ran almost the entire length of the single floor above the grocery and had a bewildering number of exactly similar doors opening into it on one side, was as black at noon as at midnight; but custom decreed that the small glass lamp in its bracket at the head of the stairs should be lighted about six each evening by the tenant of the front rooms, and that the feeble beacon should glimmer until it expired, somewhere in those wee, small hours when the last stumbling step had, supposably, reached the door of its destination. Hannah Wexsmith had been the keeper of the light for fifteen years and had never once failed in her duty; no guardian of a great coast-beacon ever held his office more responsibly.

Before attending to the hall light to-night, however, she lit the lamp in her windowless kitchen, so that Mrs. Gooch could look at the evening paper. There was pardonable diplomacy in this, for it would have been too much to ask of human nature to let Mrs. Gooch carry that precious penny paper into her own domain, whence it would never have issued again until it had been read through — murders, strikes, jokes, recipes, evening story, and all — all but editorials and diplomatic news and other inexplicable cumberings.

Mamie Gooch's concern with the paper to-night, however, was specific; she looked to it, not, as usual, to break the monotony of a long, fretful day, but for assurance that the morrow would not be a day of sharp anxiety compared to which tedium would be heaven. Still with the baby in the crook of one arm, she stood beneath Hannah Wexsmith's light and scanned the strike news eagerly.

"My God!" she cried presently, "Floyd & Frazer's men are ordered out." She dropped the paper and covered her eyes with her free hand.

"I knew it would come," she moaned; "an' us with sickness all winter, an' behindhand with everything. He told me this mornin' he was afraid it would come; an' 'God help us if it does,' he says, 'but I got to stand by the union, whatever happens.'"

"The unions is all the poor men has," ventured Hannah. "You wouldn't have him leave it, would you?"

"No," feebly, "I don't s'pose I would, but it's awful hard, this goin' out when he has a good place, an' nothin' agin the bosses, an' nothin' to gain if his side wins."

"You ought to be proud that you're the wife of a man that's willin' to make sacrifices for his fellows. Slosson says that's the great thing about unions, they show how all lab'ring men has one cause, he says."

"Well, I'd be willin' fer him to make sacrifices out o' sympathy fer the garment-workers if we had anythin' to sacrifice; but we ain't, we got all we can do to get along an' catch up with what we're owin', at best. An' this means no money comin' in for dear knows how long, an' prob'ly his job lost, an' maybe him hurt an' laid up, if all the papers say about riots is true."

"Slosson says the papers lie awful about the strikes; they're all fer the rich men, he says."

"That may be," angrily, "but it's the likes of Slosson that begins all the trouble.

He ain't got nobody dependin' on him, an' nothin' to do with his money but drink it up, an' it's nothin' to him but a picnic to go on a strike; he can make you wait fer his rent money, an' the union'll give him enough to buy his drinks. No wonder he can talk loud in favor of going out to help the garment-workers. No wonder he can shout, 'Let's strike'; an' get my man, that's home that very minute, mindin' the sick baby so I can finish my ironin', out of his good job that he likes an' is satisfied with!"

Hannah stiffened offendedly when her lodger was accused, and Mrs. Gooch took herself off to her own kitchen, moving wearily, the baby still fretting miserably in her arms.

Hannah lit the tiny oil-stove and put her kettle on; her supper was to be a light one, consisting of a cup of tea, without milk, and a thing called a "rusk," purchasable for a penny and eatable without butter; but she spread one-half of her table neatly, with one of her red-and-white checked table-covers folded double, laid primly out her cup and saucer and plate, knife and fork and spoon, and in the center of the cloth set the red glass salt-cellar and blue glass pepper-shaker that were the pride of her heart. Hannah always set them forth whether she needed them or not, just as to-night she supplied her place with the pathetically unnecessary knife and fork.

While her tea was brewing (Hannah liked a strong infusion, and when one had to be so sparing of leaves, the only alternative was to be generous of boiling), she read her paper, striving, in her own slow, indecisive way, to grasp the movements of the day's battles, but mainly intent on finding in print some account of those stupendous services which Slosson was, by his own admission, rendering the teamsters' cause.

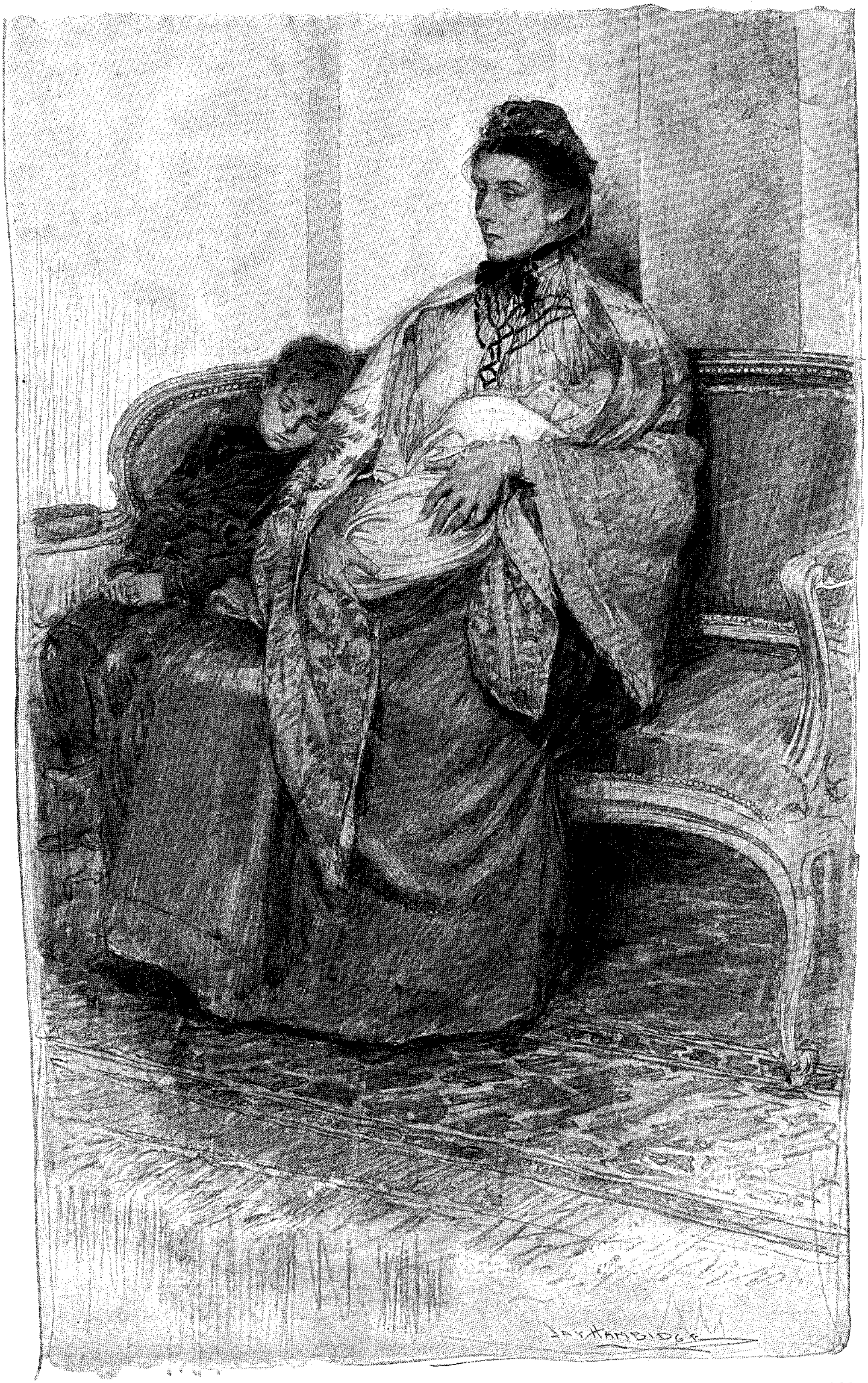
The newspaper reports were most confusing, though; she could make little out of them, and nowhere could she find reference to Slosson. "The rich men won't let the papers tell about him," she reflected.

Then, as if that she might not lack understanding of the war that was being waged between labor and capital, there was a heavy step on the stairs; it was Gooch's, and there was distress as well as weariness in the leaden shuffle of his feet. She heard their kitchen door open, and Mamie Gooch exclaim, "Is it true?" Then there was a sharp expression of despair, audible above the baby's crying, and the door closed.

Hannah felt sorry for the Gooches; he had been "laid up" for six weeks in the winter with inflammatory rheumatism; their little five-year-old boy had come out of the measles with some eye-trouble that threatened the loss of his sight, and they had been doctoring him for months; and in the thick of their troubles this ailing, fretting baby had been born. It was "awful hard," Hannah reflected, for Gooch to be told he couldn't work because his employers had allowed their wagons to deliver goods to boycotted firms; "awful hard" to be told he couldn't work, and that he'd be shot if he did. And Slosson was a picket; he had explained to her all about that, and how it was owing largely to his terrible prowess and sleepless activities that the glorious strike went on. Suppose Slosson should kill Gooch! The struggle was narrowed down, in her mind, to these two men who worked at the same calling and dwelt side by side on the single floor above Monahan's grocery. Staggered by the possibilities, which to her were probabilities, she cleared away after her frugal meal and went down-stairs to her station on the step in the shadow of Monahan's sidewalk display.

It had been raining, and the sidewalk was sloppy, but Hannah felt that she could not endure her agitating thoughts in the loneliness of her tomb-like kitchen, while as for going into either of her front rooms, sacred to "the lodgers," and watching from their windows, shrouded in starched Nottingham, the rush of traffic on Blue Island Avenue, such a wild, irresponsible idea could never have occurred to her. Although the small room was untenanted just now, and Slosson would certainly not return to his before midnight, she would no more have gone into either to sit than she would have gone into rooms she had been forbidden.

Those two rooms were her sole source of income. The rent of her flat, including those rooms, the tomb-like kitchen, and a stifling closet where her cot-bed stood, was ten dollars a month, and the revenue from the big and little front rooms, when they were continuously tenanted and the pay was not "behind-hand," was eighteen dollars. On the difference between her fixed and unpostponable obligation to her landlord, and her lodgers' variable and much-deferred obligations to her, she managed to live, somehow, and to keep aloof from the evidence of poverty. Just now, the small room being vacant, and Slosson on a strike, the problem of the


JAY HAMBIDGE

"'AN' THERE I SET AN' WAITED TO SEE HIS NIBS UNTIL TWELVE O'CLOCK'" future, as it concerned her rent and her occasional "rusk," was terrible enough, without this other element of fear about Slosson and Gooch.

About eight o'clock Gooch crowded past her on her narrow step, bought a paper of a boy on the corner, and boarded a car for downtown, making Hannah frightfully anxious, as she anticipated an immediate encounter with Slosson, who had told her how terrible were his righteous ways with the faint of heart and the backsliding.

But Gooch, if he was faint of heart, was not going against his union yet, though his spirit was heavy because he could not yield to his union's demands with a better grace. Nothing could shake his earnest conviction that the union was the workingman's only hope; and though he doubted the justice of this particular conflict and could not doubt, as he would have liked to doubt, the charges of foul play that were being laid on the labor leaders, there never was any possible course for him but that which his union dictated. It was hard, God knew; but when was war ever easy? And what cause, of all that men had ever fought for, could have been so near and dear to the men who fought and the women and children who starved and suffered, as this great cause the unions stood for? It was hard to leave Mamie crying; to think, as he must think, of the harassing weeks to come. But what would you? This was war!

The paper Gooch bought was full of the lawlessness of the strikers, picturing them as bloodthirsty miscreants seeking to inaugurate a reign of terror, and with a gesture of angry disgust he threw it on the floor of the car and trampled it under foot.

Downtown, he drifted restlessly from one spot where the conflict came to issue, to another. At the mouth of an alley wherein were the shipping platforms of a big mercantile house, Gooch saw Slosson, who told him it was believed this house meant to move a lot of goods, with non-union niggers driving, that night.

"I'm onto them," laughed Slosson, between puffs of a big, bad cigar. "I'd like to see a wagon leave this alley to-night."

There were a dozen other pickets nearby, and across the street as many police lounged and waited, a patrol wagon standing ready for emergency.

Gooch turned away from his neighbor in disgust.

"Acts as if the whole thing was on his shoulders," he muttered to an acquaintance he had picked up in the course of his drifting; "an' it's fellers like him, with their cheap talk and no responsibilities, that has got hundreds of us that's anxious to work into all this trouble. It's not the unions that's wrong, it's men like Slosson who get control of the unions. They'll bring us a bad name with the public, with their loud talk an' their high-handedness. An' by drivin' us into fights we can't win, they'll get us the reputation of losin', an' that's a bad thing for any man or lot of men to have. Yes, sir; men like Slosson is killin' the unions, an' we're standin' around helpless an' not figurin' at all!"

Gooch found no lack of sympathizers in this view. Men he stopped to talk with in the streets, men he got into conversation with in one or two saloons into which he dropped for a glass of beer, echoed his sentiments. "From the d — newspapers," he told one man he met, "you'd think every teamster that's out was so crazy to strike, they couldn't be held back, but you know, an' I know, that there's more strikin' against their will than otherwise. On'y we're keepin' still, out o' loyalty to our union, an' nothin' 's said about us, an' the other fellers is throwin' rocks an' gettin' into the papers."

It happened that the chance acquaintance to whom Gooch had confided his opinion of Slosson had a misguided zeal for the cause, or a sneak's desire to seem zealous at small cost, and felt constrained to tell Slosson what his neighbor had said, with a suggestion that Gooch might need watching.

Slosson gratefully bought the man three drinks, as reward for this information, so valuable to "the leaders of this here fight —" meaning Slosson, who had rewarded so many faithful that day, always courteously drinking with them, of course, that by this time he began to seem, himself, the only leader worth considering.

Gooch was up, heating water to soothe the baby's colic, when Slosson came staggering up the stairs, knocking his feet noisily on every step and cursing loudly at the darkness.

"It's nothin' to him," reflected Gooch bitterly, as he heard the door of Hannah's front room slam, "that my kid's sick, an' I dassent spend a cent fer medicine."

II

It was the twelfth week of the teamsters' strike, and the ninth of idleness for Floyd

& Fraser's men, and acute distress reigned on the floor above Monahan's grocery. The Gooches had kept soul and body together on the pittance doled out from the union fund, though it sufficed neither for rent nor shoes nor medicine. But Hannah Wexsmith was in despair; she had succeeded in renting her small room for a dollar and a half a week, but Slosson was now some twenty-odd dollars "behind-hand," two months' rent was overdue, and "rusk" for luncheon was no longer to be thought of; she could not even afford to buy an evening paper. Evicting Slosson had never occurred to Hannah. Had he not been lodging with her for eight years, ever since Wexsmith died? Small use to argue that she might do better with her swell front room, with its trailing starched Nottingham, its "enlargements" of Wexsmith and herself, its folding-bed disguised as a tin mantle, and its two patent rockers. She had small cause to love Slosson, but she was accustomed to him, and Hannah shrank from nothing so much as from change.

"You could sell that for more than enough to pay your rent," the landlord's collector had said, nodding at an old kitchen dresser which had come with Wexsmith's mother from overseas and was, though Hannah did not dream it, a handsome and valuable bit of antique.

Astonished, hurt, she looked at the dresser and shook her head. She would do almost anything to pay the rent; but, "Where would I keep my cups?" she said.

No more could she conceive her widowed, self-supporting life without Slosson; so Slosson stayed, and more and more hours out of each day Hannah sat in the big Jesuit church around the corner and prayed that the Mother of God would help her pay the rent; she never obtruded upon Heaven the inconsiderable fact that she was hungry.

As the strike dragged its weary length along, looking every day more and more hopeless for the teamsters,—ugly tales of "graft" filling the prints and the air meanwhile,—the fund available for strikers' maintenance grew more and more tragically inadequate to keep hunger and eviction writs at bay. Sympathizing members of other unions were faithfully paying their weekly tithes into the treasury of the distressed, but there was a hitch somewhere. The rumors about the dissipation and extravagance of the leaders might or might not be true, but the loan sharks and pawnbrokers were waxing rich, the number of children clamoring for employment, of women besieging sweat-shops for work, had become terrible.

After two weeks Gooch's dole had been cut down from seven dollars to five; now, for a fortnight, none at all had been paid. Some one hanging about union headquarters on the same errand as himself had reported to Gooch, when he tried in vain to collect his due, that Slosson had been instrumental in cutting it off. "He says there's little enough for the faithful, without givin' any to them that's no love fer the union," the man said.

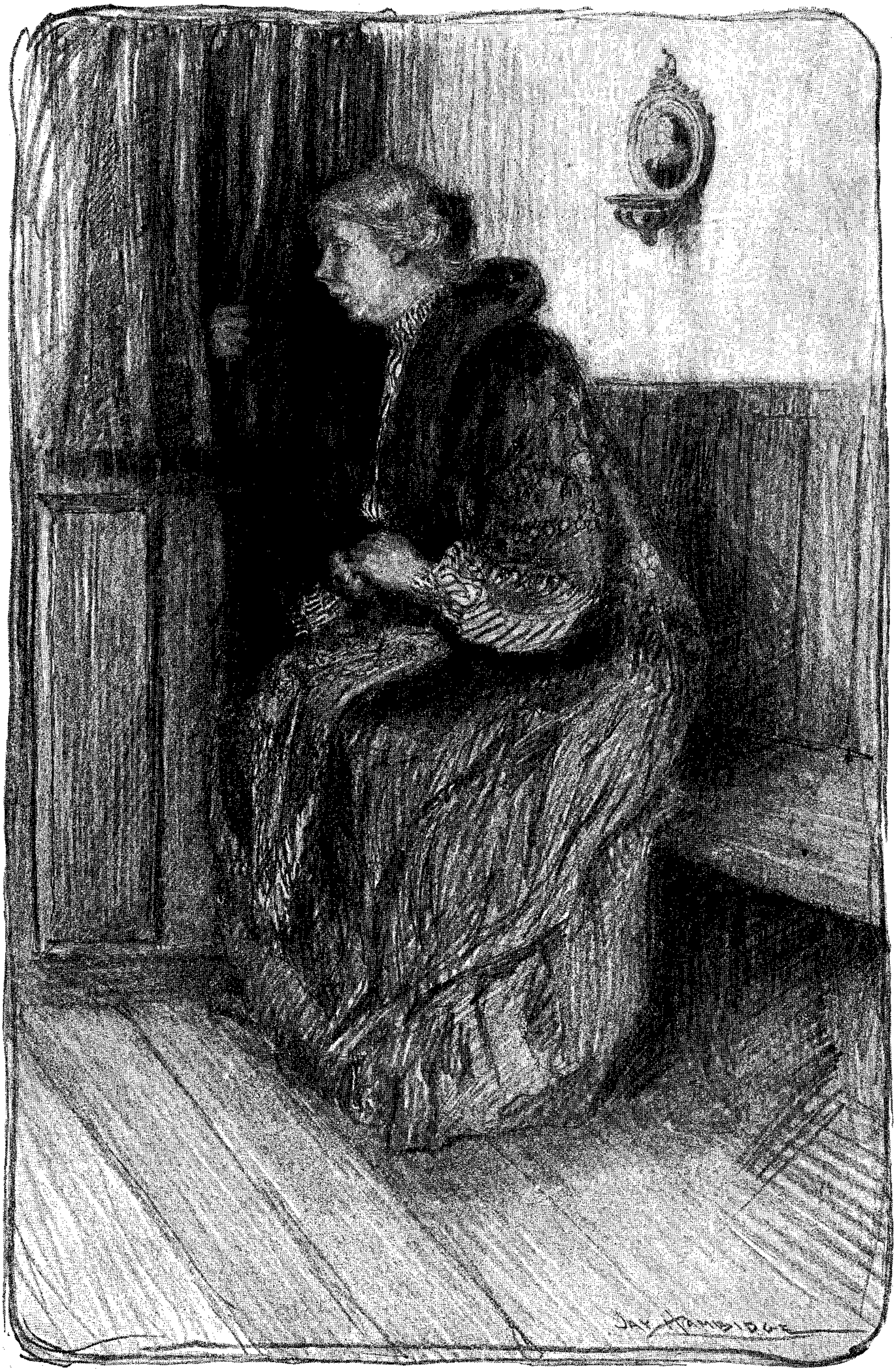
"Love fer the union!" cried Gooch. "My God! If I ain't got it, I'd like to know what's keepin' me from killin' that Slosson any day? This strike's nothin' but a long picnic to him: he ain't payin' no rent to his poor, starvin' little landlady, and the union's keepin' him in drinks an' free lunches, an' he's got no work to do — no wonder he can talk big and jeer at me because I want to go back to work. I'd 'a' killed him long ago, if it wasn't fer bringin' a bad name on my union an' our fight."

Lean, haggard, heavy-hearted, Gooch dragged himself home to tell Mamie of his non-success and consult with her as to what extreme measure they might take to get a little food. Almost the worst of their situation was that their slender household furnishings had been signed away, during his long illness in the winter, on a chattel mortgage which the benevolent holder was threatening daily to foreclose.

Gooch's mind, like poor Hannah's, had traveled over and over and over, so many weary times, the little round of possibilities, that the process had finally become mechanical, defeating its own ends. Dazed, unable to think, he climbed the stairs. It was supper-time, and it took all the man's courage to enter his home empty-handed.

The kitchen was dark, dark as a pocket, though the great towers of the Jesuit church were outlined against a gorgeous sunset as he came by, and it would be two hours yet ere the summer day was done.

"Mamie must have gone out," he said to himself, remembering bitterly that they had had no oil for a week and that the last of their candles was all but gone. "Perhaps they're in Mrs. Wexsmith's." But they weren't. Mrs. Wexsmith had no light, either, and was sitting by her open kitchen door, that the feeble beacon in the hall,


JAY HAMBIDGE

"AT FIVE O'CLOCK SHE WAS IN THE CHURCH ENTREATING CONFESSION" which the landlord supplied, might mitigate her gloom.

Yes, she had heard Mrs. Gooch go out with the two children an hour ago, but she didn't speak, and Hannah had no idea where they might have gone. For a few minutes Gooch sat talking with his neighbor, then went back to his own rooms. An almost overmastering impulse to flee them and seek refuge anywhere came to him, but he had never learned to shirk responsibility. Mamie and the kids would be coming home soon to a dark, supperless house; at least he would be there when they came; perhaps, together, he and Mamie might devise something to be done.

An hour passed,—two; grown very nervous, Gooch got up and "borrowed" the hall-light while he hunted for the bit of candle left from last night. As he hunted, his eye fell upon a bit of paper:

> I have taken the children and gone.
>
> MAMIE.

Gone! Where? Crazed, he thought of the river, of the lake, tried to think of other places whither the maddened betook themselves; but his brain refused to serve him. Habit, the habit of careful years, made him set the lighted lamp back in its socket; then he stumbled, like a mortally-stricken thing seeking a quiet place to die, into his black kitchen and shut the door.

The sense of time was lost to him; how long he sat, he could not know. But the weakness of long hunger kept him dulled, if it kept him inactive, and his sufferings were not poignant; he hadn't strength for poignancy.

He didn't hear Hannah come in from church, where the lights were few but free and sufficient for prayer. He didn't hear the lodger of the little room come home. But at some time before the hall-light had flickered out, he heard on the stairs the staggering, stumbling step of Slosson. As if he had been listening for it—perhaps he had, he wasn't conscious as to that—Gooch got up and opened his door. As Slosson neared the top, he raised his eyes and saw Gooch, the sickly ray from the hall light, with its worn reflector, falling full on the white face of a madman.

"Geddout o' my way," ordered the "leader" imperiously, balancing himself with difficulty and making nice calculations for the top step.

For answer, an arm shot out, and a heavy fist landed accurately beneath Slosson's chin. There was a cry, a succession of bumps, then silence.

Hannah Wexsmith's door opened, and she stood framed in it, a grotesque little figure in a coarse, skimp nightgown buttoned at the throat with a big white china button, her crimping pins looking like horns standing up from her head; only the last lengths of terror could have driven Hannah Wexsmith so attired into the view of any human creature.

Gooch looked, in the wan light, the most startled of the three persons present; Slosson's fellow-lodger seemed rather annoyed by the disturbance than concerned with its outcome. It never occurred either to him or to Hannah that Gooch had more to do with the tragedy than they themselves. Hannah had lost uncounted hours' sleep in the expectation that Slosson would tumble down those stairs and be killed.

Hurriedly she lit a candle in Slosson's room (he never needed more, and it was all she could do to provide oil for the lodger who paid and demanded) and commanded the tin mantle to become a bed, whereon the limp form that Gooch and the lodger were carrying upstairs might be laid.

There was a doctor at the corner, and it was but a few minutes until he was there, pronouncing the injuries to include a broken arm and a skull fracture, probably fatal.

"Fell, I suppose?" interrogated the doctor perfunctorily. Slosson's intoxication was so evident that there seemed but one way for him to have come by this accident.

"Yes," assented Hannah, adding, as if in sufficient extenuation, "he's had th' failin' these many years, an' I'm expectin' him to do this ever since he come to rent of me."

Gooch, still only half comprehending what was going on, sat in one of Hannah's patent rockers, his head in his hands; the doctor thought him drunk, too.

"Was he," nodding toward Gooch, "with him?"

"No, oh, no! he lives in the rear." Then, it suddenly occurring to her, "Mis' Gooch got home all right, didn't she, Mr. Gooch?"

Gooch lifted his haggard face and shook his head in a despairing negative.

"Fer the love of mercy!" cried Hannah, forgetting Slosson for the moment.

The doctor was writing something which would doubtless be needed in a death certificate, when there was a sound of the street-door opening and of stumbling steps on the pitch-black stairway. The hall light had gone out, and Hannah, excitedly unmindful yet of her strange attire, seized the candle and hurried to the head of the stairs.

Gooch was close behind her, his mind, which had not grasped the significance of anything since Mamie's note, suddenly alert again and full of terror. The glimmer of the candle faintly revealed Mamie struggling up the stairs, the baby in one arm, and the other hand directing the uncertain steps of little Clarence, half-dead with sleepiness.

"Mis' Gooch!" cried Hannah, the feeble beacon quivering in her hand, "in God's name, where you bin?"

"Come here with that light," called the doctor impatiently, mentally cursing the pitchy dark and these people who acted so strangely.

"Where's your lamps?" he demanded of Hannah, when she returned with the candle.

The lodger produced his, lit it, and the doctor ordered it held for him while he made his way down-stairs to telephone for an ambulance.

"Then go back and sit with him till I come," he said, and was off, stumbling over the reunited Gooches in the hall.

By the light of his departing they made their way into their own black kitchen, and when Hannah followed them, with Slosson's candle, she found Gooch sobbing violently, his head on Mamie's shoulder. The baby was still in the crook of that much-enduring arm, and little Clarence had stretched his utterly fagged little body on the floor. Mamie, meanwhile, was explaining:

"When we went, Clarence was cryin' fer his supper," she said, "an' I knew there wouldn't be none for him, an' the baby was frettin' terrible, an' I was just wore out. I can't stand it no more, thinks I, an' I'll go — mebby to the lake, mebby to ask some one for somethin' fer these children to eat, whose pa wants to work an' dassent. Then I thought o' Shea an' them that's said to be makin' their big money out o' this strike, an' are livin' grand in hotels while we starve. An' I'll go to Shea, thinks I, an' ast him what he's got to say to Clarence when he cries fer his supper. So I walked all the way to the Briggs House, carryin' the baby here, an' draggin' Clarence by the hand, an' there I set an' waited to see his nibs until twelve o'clock. He wasn't in to supper, they said, an' so I said I'd wait. I had to wait," shrilly, "I couldn't 'a' walked back if I'd 'a' wanted to. Clarence fretted hisself to sleep, smellin' the supper in the restyraunt, an' I was all wore out 'n' couldn't no more 'a' got myself back home, lettin' alone the kids, than I could 'a' flew. So there was nothin' to do but wait, an' when they wanted to put me out, I wouldn't go, an' told 'em why. So they leaved me stay there an' wait fer him, but he didn't come, an' when it got twelve o'clock some fellers that was settin' 'round took up a little money amongst 'em an' bought me an' Clarence somethin' to eat an' gave me money to ride home an' to buy a few little things. Was you scared about me?" she finished, unable to help enjoying the drama of the situation.

"Scared?" Gooch lifted his head. "I was mad, Mamie, — loony, insane. An'," — realization returning to him in a cruel flash — "My God! what I done! I knocked that Slosson down-stairs."

An exclamation of horror from Hannah seemed their first intimation of her presence, and Gooch, looking at her, shuddered at the accusation in her face.

"Is he goin' to die?" he asked.

"The doctor said he might."

"Good God, Mamie, then I'm a murderer!"

III

At two o'clock the ambulance came to take Slosson to the County Hospital.

"Anything to go with him?" asked one of the stretcher-men.

Hannah flushed as she answered in the negative; in eight years this subject had not ceased to be a sore point with her. And in a few minutes the commotion was over, the lodger had betaken himself and his lamp to the little room, and Hannah stood alone, still in the skimp nightgown and stiff curling-pins, in her best room. In all the years of his stay with her, there had never been a time when Slosson, closing behind him the door of Hannah's best room, had left in it a single possession of his own, to the extent of a collar-button. Everything in the world that he owned, Slosson carried on his back or in his pockets. He never bought any clean or new clothes until those he was wearing refused to do duty for another day. And when he bought new, he came home without the old. No persuasion of Hannah's could induce him to own even an extra pair of socks, though she offered to wash and darn them; and such a thing as a night-shirt was not to be thought of for an instant. Only the force of habit or lack of initiative to go elsewhere brought Slosson back and back to that best room for eight years; so far as the anchorage of possessions was concerned, any room in Chicago was as much his home.

No, he had never been married that she knew of, Hannah told the ambulance attendant who interrogated her, pencil and entrance blank in hand. He had a brother, she believed, living in or near Three Oaks, Michigan; that was the only relative she had ever heard of. And he belonged to the Teamsters' Union, — to the Wholesale Delivery branch,— and they would pay for his care or his burying. His age was forty-four, and he had "the failin'," and he had — here Hannah crossed herself, but was unable to exorcise visions of her soul in everlasting torment,—fallen down-stairs while drunk, as she had always feared he would.

When the ambulance had gone, Hannah tiptoed out of the room as respectfully as if it were still Slosson's, and betook herself and the remnant of candle to the stifling, unventilated closet where she had her bed.

It was a hot, muggy night at the end of June, and no cool of approaching dawn had found its way to Blue Island Avenue. But it was not the heat Hannah minded, as she sank on her knees to pray; it was not her old, familiar perplexity about the rent. It was a new terror, and such as drove her almost mad to contemplate.

Morning found her still on her knees, stiff with cramp and fatigue, but praying, praying; and ever the words of Gooch rang like a knell in her ears: "Good God, Mamie, then I'm a murderer!" A murderer! And she had lied to shield him!

At five o'clock she was in the church entreating confession, startling the stolid German priest with her anguished countenance and manner of great guilt.

At six o'clock she climbed the stairs again. Part of the confessor's advice had been: "Go home and make yourself a good stiff cup of black coffee; you're so weak you can't think. Then you must see if your neighbor won't confess his crime. If he does, it isn't likely he'll get much punishment from any court — not in the circumstances — even if the man dies. But if he doesn't confess and take what's coming to him, your neighbor'll be a wretched man to the day of his death. Try to make him tell; it'll be better for him to tell than for you to tell on him. But if he won't tell, and there's an inquest or examination, you must tell what you heard this man say."

Hannah was unable to obey about the coffee, but she had a little tea and made herself as strong a cup of this as she could. While she was drinking it, she heard the Gooches stirring in their kitchen. A few moments later their door opened. The sickening sound of sobbing came to Hannah, mingled with the crying of children. Then Gooch went down-stairs, and the street door closed behind him, while Mamie, with a wild cry of despair, came and threw herself into Hannah's arms.

The night shift at Maxwell Street Station was yawning through the last tedious hours of duty when Gooch walked up to the desk and announced in a quiet, determined voice:

"I've murdered a man."

The sergeant looked up, interested; no mere tale of theft or assault, this, or story of some one missing; this was "real business."

Gooch needed little questioning to draw forth his story, which he told with evident straightforwardness and no attempt at extenuation.

There had been "bad blood" between him and Slosson since the beginning of the strike, he explained, and then when he heard that Slosson had kept him from getting his weekly dole and said he was unfaithful to the union, and the children cried for food, Gooch knew he "was going to hurt" Slosson. Finally, Mamie took the kids and left; that was the last straw. "I thought she had drowned herself, or something like that, an' I was crazy. I never could 'a' dreamed she was only down to see Shea —— "

"What's that?" One of the roundsmen who had been reading a morning paper sat forward in his arm-chair. Gooch repeated.

"That must be the woman it tells about here." He pointed to a paragraph headed:

WIFE APPEALS TO SHEA
WIFE AND STARVING CHILDREN OF STRIKING TEAMSTER GOOCH SIT FOR HOURS IN BRIGGS HOUSE WAITING TO SEE SHEA

Then followed a "stickful" of copy written by a reporter doing strike duty at the Briggs House; he had been one of the "fellers" to contribute to the midnight supper of Mamie and the kids, and in the absence of more important news his little "Side-light on the Strike" found place in the morning paper.

Gooch read the paragraph with more distress, seemingly, than he had evinced over the murder.

"She oughtn't never to've done it," he said with spirit. "People'll think I set her up to it, that I ain't got spunk to stand up an' take what's comin' to me in a fight. But," humbly, "I hadn't oughter done what I done, neither. Every union man that hits a blow except in self-defense is hurtin' all the others, bringin' 'em a bad name. I oughtn't to ha' done it, no matter what Slosson done. The way I feel about the union is, my life 'd be only too little to give it if it 'd help the cause any. Why couldn't I 'a' had patience, jes' patience to wait? But God A'mighty, it's hard to hear Mamie an' the kids cry for hunger! An' now my life's as good as gone, an' the shame of it, an' no good done to nobody:"

Gooch was "booked" by sympathetic jailers, and when he had been locked up, an officer went over to Blue Island Avenue to find Mamie and do what he could to reassure her.

By ten o'clock Mamie was overrun with reporters, men and women. The floor above Monahan's became, momentarily, the center-front of the stage whereon the great strike was enacting its drama, and the spot-light of the daily press was to play for a brief while between Gooch's cell at Maxwell Street, Slosson's cot at the "County," and the rooms where Mamie and Hannah sat and waited they knew not what.

The first reporter brought good news. Slosson was not dead. Nobody cared much on Slosson's account, but everybody cared on Gooch's. Toward noon a telegram came from Three Oaks, Michigan, whither word had been wired that Slosson was probably fatally hurt. "Just bury him in Chicago," was the grief-stricken response. But Slosson declined to be buried yet. The fall that would have killed any other man had only inconvenienced him; his arm was broken, but the succession of bumps had not materially damaged his head. "Drunken men's luck," the surgeon muttered. Slosson was so far out of danger before night that Gooch was let out on bail, which was easily forthcoming after the evening papers had been read.

He and Mamie and the kids had Hannah as their guest for supper in the kitchen which only last night had been so dark. None of them could eat much, except the children, who were not moved by the excitement of the evening papers. Gooch was very anxious and read every line of every account.

"I asked them young men to be sure an' put it in about how I stand about the union," he said. "I was afraid they wouldn't. I don't want any one to think we're not true till death, Mamie an' me."

"They won't," comforted Hannah, wishing she could feel as sure no one would think ill of her for having gone to confession with her hair in curling-pins; "an' what d'ye think? One o' them ladies that writes pieces fer the paper said she could get me a new dresser, an' forty dollars beside, for my old kitchen one that belonged to his ma. So poor Slosson needn't worry 'bout his rent."

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT MARS

BY

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

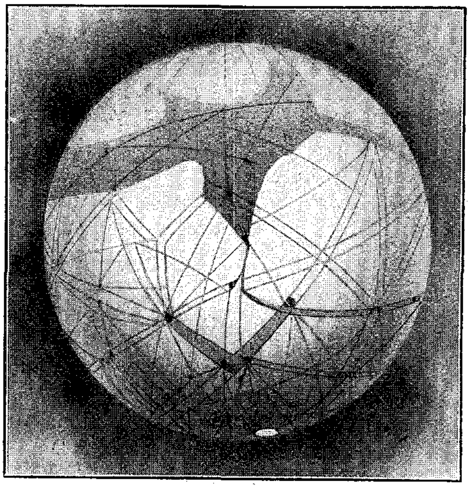
ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND DIAGRAMS

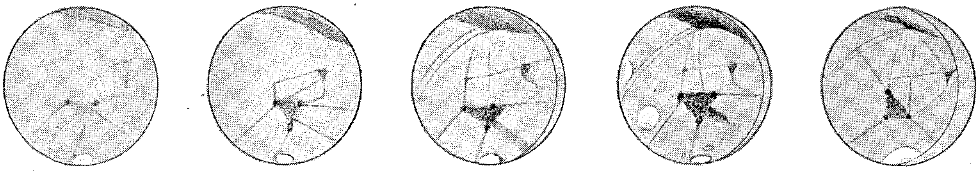
PROJECT yourself into the future, if you can, and imagine this Earth as it will be some millions of years hence. At that remote period its mountains will have been leveled; its fertile areas will have shriveled to arid deserts; its gases will partly have floated away, and its atmosphere will consequently have been impoverished and attenuated; its weather will have become so wearisomely unvaried, its skies so monotonously serene, that the passage of a cloud will be chronicled by historians; its seas and its lakes will have dried up utterly; its oceans will have poured through cracks and caverns into its interior; and all the water that now covers four-fifths of its surface will have dwindled to a small plain of ice and snow deposited about each pole. That image of the Earth's future plight may be considered a fairly accurate picture of the present condition of Mars, as it has been unfolded by the more recent discoveries.

On a planet so withered and aged that its water is confined to the frozen seas at its poles, the annual melting of the snow and ice would be an event of vital moment if its inhabitants would save themselves from certain extinction,— so vital, indeed, that the one absorbing problem would be the task of leading the polar water to those thirsty regions about the equator which would still blossom if properly nourished. In a word, irrigation on a stupendous scale would be attempted, involving not merely the few hundred thousand acres of an American alkali desert, but an entire planet.

Evidence of the accumulation and melting of Martian polar snows was first gathered fully two hundred years ago. Indeed, the reality of the polar caps is perhaps the one physical phenomenon of Mars over which astronomers have not waged a wordy war. Measured in modern days, these caps, in the dead of winter, have been found to have a diameter that sometimes reaches two thousand miles. Unlike our terrestrial polar snows, they melt away to glistening patches a few hundred miles in diameter. Once they disappeared entirely. Strange as it may seem, we know more about the poles of Mars than we do about the poles of the Earth. It has been suggested by some carping astronomical skeptic that a white polar cap does not necessarily imply snow or frost, and that the white stains are perhaps merely a solidified gas. To Prof. Percival Lowell of the Lowell Observatory and to Prof. W. H. Pickering of Harvard University we owe the most convincing proof that the caps are actually snow or frost. As they wane with advancing summer, at the rate of hundreds of square miles a day, a dark belt appears, girdling each shrinking disk of white and keeping pace with it as it contracts. The belt is blue, the characteristic color of water; and that it actually is water, Professor Pickering has demonstrated by the conclusive evidence of the polariscope,— evidence which, because of its technical character, cannot be here presented. In that fleeting belt of blue we see a polar sea, a real body of water, dependent upon which is the life of an entire planet, if life there be. Because of the wonderful tenuity of the Martian atmosphere, rain is an impossibility. We must therefore attribute the formation of the polar caps to other causes; and these causes are to be found in the precipitation of dew or frost. A Martian snowstorm, therefore, is not a howling, blinding gale accompanied by irresistible snowdrifts, but, at most, a soft zephyr attended by a gentle and almost impalpable deposit of snow.

It has been said that when our Earth has so far wasted away that its inhabitants depend for their water supply upon the melting ice and snow of the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, a gigantic effort will be made to devise some means of conducting the polar spring and summer floods to the parched equatorial and temperate zones. To Mars, the unlocking of the polar seas is of as much moment as the annual inundation by the Nile to Egypt. Assuming that Mars is inhabited by beings as intelligent as ourselves, it is reasonable to infer that they would dig huge trenches to guide the freshets of the poles to those regions where water is most sadly needed. If we would find signs of Martian intelligence, we must, accordingly, look for trenches and sluices. In the hands of Schiaparelli, Lowell, Pickering, and a few others, the telescope has revealed long, dark stripes which Schiaparelli called "canals," the discovery of which may well be numbered among the most noteworthy astronomical achievements of modern times. These stripes are in truth the life lines of the planet. Their existence was doubted for years, because no astronomer, with the exception of Schiaparelli, who saw them first, had been able to catch even a glimpse of them. Long after a few painstaking observers at last succeeded in discerning them, their reality was doubted; for they appear only in flashes, as it were, by reason of the currents in our atmosphere. Some of the very men who had seen them refused to believe their own eyes, arguing that the stripes were merely optical illusions induced by eyestrain. Two years ago Mr. Lampland, of Professor Lowell's staff, performed the very remarkable feat of photographing them, thereby forever disposing of the assumption of their illusory character. Although of great astronomical value, Mr. Lampland's photographs cannot be here reproduced because of their small size and the consequent difficulty of adequately printing their details.


The surface of Mars is composed of blue and orange areas of irregular outline, interlaced by single and double canals, unnaturally straight. The blue areas are supposed to owe their color to vegetation; the orange areas are probably deserts. As winter advances, the blue regions change in hue to orange, for the reason that their vegetation withers. The canals probably serve the purpose of irrigating the fertile provinces, and particularly the small, black oases which dot the planet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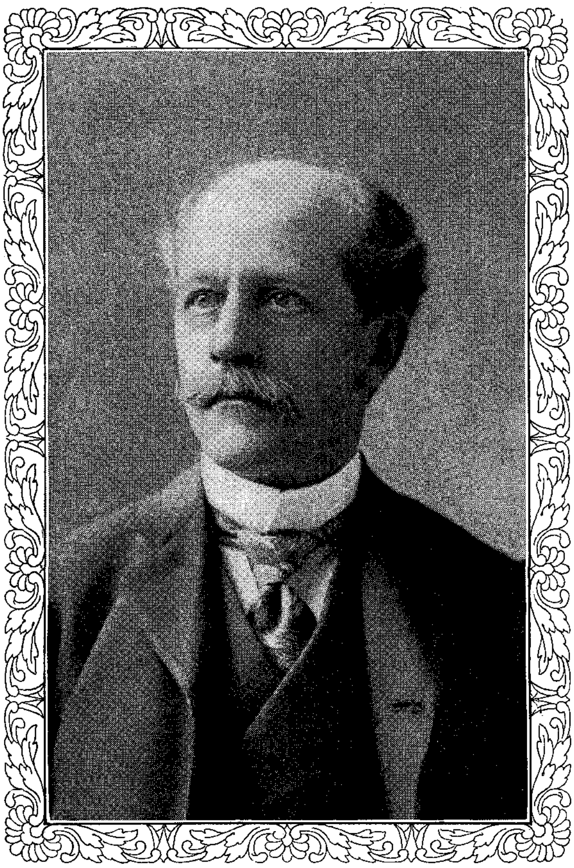
The canals of Mars appear and disappear with seasonal regularity. With the advent of spring and the consequent unlocking of the polar snows, water pours down to the tropical zones, and vegetation springs up along the banks of the canals, sharply defining their course. These five drawings, based on observations made by Professor Lowell, illustrate the development of certain canals as the year ages

That the stripes are actually canals, the work of thinking beings, has no more forcible demonstration than the manner in which they are distributed. They are not scattered in a whimsical way, but laid out without exception according to a well-conceived plan. Starting from some clearly defined base, each stripe runs directly to a large, dark spot. There it meets still other stripes, so that toward a central spot several stripes may converge. Fittingly enough, spots and converging stripes embrace those portions of the planet which we have good reason to suppose are quite desolate. The stripes are either perfectly straight or uniformly curved. So fine and narrow are they, that we see them chiefly because of their great length; for a Martian plain thirty miles in diameter would appear in a telescope about as large as the dot upon the printed letter "i." Even a city as vast as London could not be seen. If the Earth were viewed as we view Mars, from a distance that can never be less than, roughly, thirty-five million miles, all that we could see of human handiwork on this globe would probably be the extensive grain fields of Kansas, as they wax and wane and change in tint with the seasons. So long are the canals, that some of them would extend across the North American continent. Their average length of seventeen hundred miles surpasses that of any artificial waterway to which we can point. That the converging lines are not the result of a chance arrangement, you can prove to yourself very easily. Seat yourself at a table in a dark room. On a large sheet of paper draw a line. Lift your hand from the paper and draw another line which shall cross the first. Lift your hand again and draw still a third line which shall pass through the intersection of the other two. Repeat the experiment several hundred times. When you have examined your sheet of paper in the light, you will be astonished to find that not a single series of three lines succeeded in passing through a common point. A mathematician would tell you that the law of chance was decidedly against your succeeding. And yet, on Mars, not only three, but even seventeen lines may run through a common center. Nature is never so precise, so systematic. Wherever exceptional accuracy of form is found, there we may conclude that human brains and hands have been at work. The artificial origin of the mounds of Ohio was first suggested by their striking regularity.


PROFESSOR PERCIVAL LOWELL

The mere existence of the canals is startling enough; yet the phenomena which they present are even more startling. At intervals a canal will rapidly double, and two will be seen where a few nights before there appeared but a single one. It was Schiaparelli who first saw the canals, and it was he who first saw their "gemination," as it is called. For years he labored alone, undeterred by the skepticism of his fellow scientists. The correctness of his observation is now generally admitted. Moreover, on the photographs taken at the Lowell Observatory, there are traces of this curious doubling. Even if we had no photographs to fall back upon, the doubling of the canals cannot be illusory, for the reason that the phenomenon is confined to particular canals. Out of the four hundred canals plotted by Professor Lowell, only fifty-one have at any time appeared bilateral. If the doubling were an optical illusion, it would affect all the canals. Just why the canals should double, no one knows. Perhaps seasonal and vegetal causes play their part in the phenomenon.

Sometimes the canals are visible, and sometimes they are invisible, the darkening and blanching occurring with seasonal regularity. To the theory that a finite intelligence dug the canals in the first instance, it may be objected that at certain times of the year the same finite intelligence foolishly fills them again. This apparently eccentric procedure is easily explained. Professor Lowell attributes the gradual disappearance and reappearance of the lines to the decay and growth of vegetation. A time must elapse before the effect of the water so painfully conducted from the polar seas is apparent. The stripes that we really see are not stripes of water, but stripes of vegetation lining the canals. Moreover, they deepen in color as the weeks pass, just as foliage deepens in hue with age.

GIOVANNI VIRGINIO SCHIAPARELLI

So far as the telescope enables us to perceive, the surface of Mars may be considered a checkered expanse of blue-green and orange spaces. Before Professor Lowell began his exhaustive studies, it was the fashion to regard the blue-green portions as seas, and to christen them as fast as they were discovered with unastronomically poetic names, drawn mainly from the elegant but bewildering nomenclature of classical mythology. They may have been seas once, these bluish provinces, but now they are all but waterless and are midway in their career from true seas to dry deserts. Because they are the lowest portions of the planet, they will naturally receive what little water the canals may conduct from the north and south. The orange territories, on the other hand, were once regarded as continents and were likewise named with picturesque inaptitude.

From the conditions that must prevail on Mars, we know that there can be no large sheets of water. Moreover, the bluish areas are not always bluish. Their color varies in the most unaquatic way, even merging into the orange tinge of the "continents." And that they are not water, Pickering has neatly established to our satisfaction by means of the polariscope, just as he showed that the curious belts that clasped the polar snows must be seas. The truth is that Mars is all land, the blues as well as the oranges, with this important difference: the orange regions are desolate, dead deserts, the bluish areas fertile land, irrigated by the canals and painted, as we see them, by vegetation. That this must be so is evinced by the transference of blue into orange just at the time when the approach of winter would kill the foliage. Not yet reduced to the lifeless drought of the orange deserts, the blue areas receive the scant supply of water that pours from the poles and are accordingly fertilized each spring.

These presumably luxuriant expanses are defined in all cases by the elaborate interlacing network of the canals. And the canals, it has been said, always meet in spots. What are these spots? In no case isolated, invariably the centers of three or more radiating canals and invariably connected with one another by canals, the spots must be regarded as the objective points of Martian irrigation, and in all probability the sites of Martian communities. Their regular formation is as striking as the mathematical straightness of the canals, and their configuration (geometrically the most economical) is such that they cannot be regarded as natural enlargements of the canals. Their diameters vary from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty miles. They appear and disappear with the canals, like so many eyes that slowly open and close, not simultaneously, however, but shortly after the growth and decay of the canals. Manifestly, they are dependent, the one on the other; both are seasonal in their quickening and decline. So long have these spots been the object of astronomical thought, that they, too, have been theorized upon and duly christened. Not so very long ago they were held to be lakes. But the deepening in color which they undergo is enough to dispose of that hypothesis. Moreover, Pickering's polariscopic observations have dispelled the idea that they are bodies of water. It seems more likely, as Professor Lowell asserts, that their seasonal darkening and fading is caused by vegetation, which flourishes at first, but which withers and dies in autumn.

PROFESSOR W. H. PICKERING

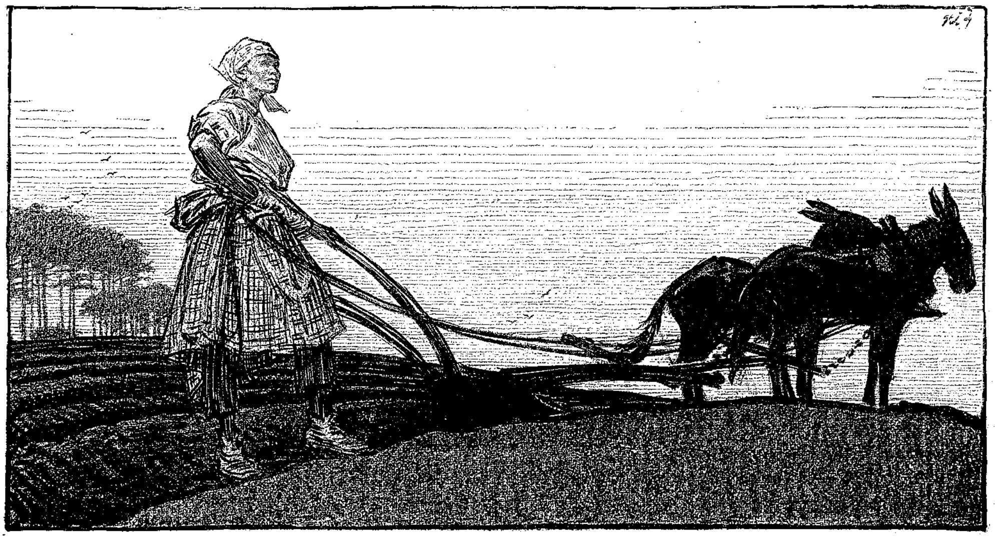
By assiduous observation, Professor Lowell has succeeded in locating one hundred and eighty-five of these spots. Located in vast deserts and resembling black pinheads when seen in the telescope, they may properly be considered oases, for the express purpose of irrigating which the canals have been constructed. At all events this simple explanation alone accounts for all the facts.

Despite the convincing, appealing simplicity of these theories of the origin and nature of the canals and spots, it was long before they obtained serious recognition. In order to escape the unpleasant supposition that other worlds may be inhabited as well as ours, the older school of skeptics persisted in regarding the caps as solid carbonic acid gas; the canals, either as scratches torn in the Martian surface by meteors,—although meteors have never been known to produce furrows with geometrical accuracy, and could not, for other reasons, have caused the markings we see—or else as cracks formed by internal explosions,—regardless of the fact that explosions never act in so curiously systematic a way. Born of the same nebulous mass out of which the Earth sprang, Mars is bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and subject to the same cosmical laws. We have, accordingly, the right to assume that primeval protoplasm has evolved on Mars, as it has evolved on the Earth, to produce a highly organized, intelligent race, capable of preserving itself from extinction.

If the canals, the spots, and the oases are indeed the handiwork of intelligent creatures, naturally the question arises: What *manner of beings are they?* Some few deductions we are justified in making from our knowledge of the physical attributes of the planet. We know, for example, that because of the exquisitely rare atmosphere of Mars, we, of this Earth, could hardly live there; the conditions would be much the same as if we dwelt miles above the Rocky Mountains. The Martian must be constructed, therefore, to breathe that thin air and live. The air capacity of his lungs must be considerably in excess of our own, and his trunk and lungs fashioned accordingly. Beyond that, however, we are unable to picture him with any degree of certainty. We cannot even guess if he resembles a human being. Mars is old, eons older than the Earth. If the laws of nature apply to it, as they must, its inhabitants must have long outstripped us in intellectual achievements. Utterly different evolutional conditions may have selected for the dominant type a thinking organism quite unhuman. It must not be forgotten that man's supremacy on this Earth is an accident, that he owes his regal position to his brain alone, and that physically he is surpassed by some of the lower animals. That the typical Martian must be a creature immensely more powerful than our professional Samsons, we may well believe. This we may deduce from the lesser pull of gravity on the surface of Mars, due to the fact that the planet is but one-ninth as massive as the Earth. A very awkward Martian could perform feats that would astonish the most nimble terrestrial acrobat. He could run one hundred yards in three or four seconds; he could leap with playful ease over a moderately high tree; he could kick a football a quarter of a mile. Because of the lesser attraction of gravitation, he must be at least three times as large as the average human being, and his muscles twenty-seven times more efficient than ours. Assuming that the Martian is a creature thus constructed and regarding him merely as a machine with brains, his canal excavating possibilities, on a planet where bodies weigh only one-third as much as on the Earth, become truly awesome. A Martian laborer could perform as much work in a given time as fifty or sixty terrestrial ditch diggers, and keep pace with a powerful Panama dredger. Two and one-half tons would be the average load that he could toss over his shoulder.

All that we know about Mars is very largely the result of pure reasoning based on observed facts. Of the difficulties which beset the astronomer in gathering these facts and founding his conclusions upon them, some conception may be formed if we place ourselves in the position of a Martian astronomer bent upon unraveling the mysteries of this Earth. The Martian would readily recognize our polar snows and interpret them correctly; he would behold our deserts as yellow blotches and would rightly consider them dead territories; and the green portions he would, no doubt, identify as vegetation. The great blue seas, however, would baffle him. Never having seen such great basins of water and observing no canals leading from them to the deserts, he would be puzzled as to their nature. Inasmuch as Martian vegetation sweeps down from the poles, he would marvel at the way in which the green hues of the Earth crawl polewards. He would wonder at our clouds, at our dense atmosphere, and at our great winding rivers, so utterly unlike the straight, artificial conduits with which he is familiar. The tremendous force of gravitation might lead him to conclude that no animal could withstand the terrific impact of falling raindrops, and that if there were living creatures, they must be armored like turtles to withstand the bombardment. He would recognize in India the effect which the melting of the Himalayan snows has upon the vegetation of that country, for the area would be sufficiently large for him to note the play of color as the seasons come and go. The oases in our large deserts, nourished as they are by natural and artificial wells, would mystify him; for no canals feed them with water.

If you were asked to read a printed page at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards, it is not conceivable that you would be able to decipher it with brilliant fluency. Yet the task of a Schiaparelli or a Lowell is even more difficult. Because the atmosphere is never absolutely calm, but constantly "boiling," Mars apparently trembles incessantly, and is often seen with a kind of quivering uncertainty. If your printed page, two hundred and fifty yards distant, were also made to dance, your ability to read it would not be improved. Is it not wonderful, then, that we know as much as we do about Mars?



THE CLODHOPPER

BY

GRACE KING

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE bell that rings the pay-day summons on the plantation is the same bell that rings the call to work every morning at daylight — that rings at mid-day for dinner — at one o'clock for work again — and at sunset for supper — rest, sleep. But there is all the difference in the world in its sound when it rings for pay-day, as the smallest negro on the plantation knows; who knows also that there is all the difference in the world between a pay-day and a work-day.

All pay-days seem the same; but in truth no two are alike. Month after month, year in and year out, about the same amount of labor is reckoned with, for the same amount of pay. There is very little variety to that. Whether the season is good or bad, that is a question that lies between the master and his banker, between the master and his hands. There is no question of net profit or loss; — the most disastrous season requires just as much labor as the most prosperous, and just as much pay for it. But below these great elemental regularities, there is every variety of difference between one pay-day and another that the weakness and force of human nature can exhibit in a monthly gathering of a hundred men and women. Thrift, thriftlessness; industry, laziness; good-nature, ill-nature; they seem, indeed, to these simple-minded tillers of the soil, objects of no more serious or constant pursuit or abhorrence than are the values and follies of the rich, for whom the soil is tilled.

In fair weather the master has his "pay" table, as it is called, a small, square "plain," deal table, placed under the shade of a great live oak near his house. He sits at it with his account book open before him while the plantation force lines up before him, his eye looking over their heads to the green fields beyond, that stretch for hundreds of acres in front and to the right and the left. The blue sky above seems not more illimitable than they, shining in the plenteous fulness of the noonday heat and glare. The overseer, who is standing behind with a tally-sheet in his hand, lets his eyes follow those of the master. He likens what he sees, not to the sky, for the sky is naught to him but a weather-gage. He likens the fields to the illimitable rich, soft earth beneath, in whose depths, as he conceives it, lies the wealth of future crops, for ages and ages to come.

The men stand in the first rank, stealthily chewing their quids of tobacco far back in their mouths and hitching up their loose trousers. The field-women stand behind, like the men, in clothing soiled from the field work. In a separate group stand the indoor workers, stable-men, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc. The young boys and girls, who carry water to the fields, stand together, giggling over their importance. The old women and men, whose working and pay-days are over, hobble near enough to hear and see what goes on. The sickly ones from the quarters are there, and the women with young babies, whom they suckle as they shift from one foot to the other and pass remarks on the paying off.

The names were called alphabetically by the master, the overseer reading the amount due from his tally-sheet and deducting from "time made," as he called it, the bill at the plantation store. Almost every man had a wrangle with the overseer over his pay, and the store account had to be proved against him, item by item, his companions, men and women, with loud laughs and side comments furnishing a disinterested chorus; — the women particularly enjoying the revelation of such secret sins of extravagance as the men usually take most care to conceal, and nodding their heads significantly to one another, where short time was proved against a man.

The women did not wrangle. They were sullen, or brazen and defiant, or good-naturedly ashamed of themselves; and they dropped courtseys when they received their money, and so the names were checked off until Maria Scott was called.

"Come along, Maria!"

"Dey callin' your name, Maria!"

"Step along, gal, 'fore somebody else gets your money!"

"I'd be quicker'n dat if dey wus callin' me to get some money!"

"Here she, Boss!"

"Here she, Marse George!"

"Here de clodhopper!" and this term brought the usual laugh from all. Maria pushed her way through the little crowd. She also was dressed in her field clothes, just as she had come from the plow at noon. Her blue and white checked color suit was shortened to her knees by a handkerchief tied around her waist, her bony legs, in trousers, like the men's, showed their week's tramping back and forth through dust, mud, and dew. She carried a baby, and as she came forward she twitched its mouth away from her breast and closed her dress over it. The baby — it was no longer a baby, but a great ungainly, three-year-old child — set up a howl and began to beat her in the face.

"Here, Maria!" called out a woman. "You give him to me. I lay I'll stop his noise pretty quick."

"I d'clar', I wish he was my child, jest for one half hour!"

"He's that rotten!"

"He's spiling for a good whippen, that's the matter with him!"

Maria, paying no attention to the comments, put her child on the ground and stepped up to the table.

"Here you are, Maria," said the master, handing some paper bills and currency to her. "Full time, full pay, and you are the only man, woman, or child on the plantation who hasn't been docked for something."

"The store makes mighty little out of Maria!" added the overseer.

Maria laughed as she tied her money in a piece of cloth she took out of her bosom. She was as tall as any man present, and the best specimen of them all for health and strength. Her face had the peculiar distinction, among negroes, of clear-cut, regular features; and her small teeth were set in clean red gums without the disfiguring blue-black discoloration of the other types about her; the whites of her eyes also were different: they were pure white, and translucent. She was what the overseer called a "Mandigo." When Maria turned to go, her child began to pull at her dress, to be taken up again.

"Why don't you walk!" screamed the women at it.

"For God's sake, Maria! You gwine to tote and suckle him the rest of your life?"

"Ef he was my child ——"

The master called out the next name.

"Pompey ——"

"Go along, Pompey!"

"Step up, Pompey!"

"Lord, Pompey! What you waiting for?"

"Marse George! Don't you forget what you done promise me!" cried a woman, who, to give better assurance of her presence, stepped out of the group of women and stood before the table. Her wet skirt and waist and rolled-up sleeves showed that she had just come from the wash-tub.

"You go back whar you belong to," growled Pompey, her husband, shoving her aside with his elbow.

But she only called out the pluckier. "Marse George, don't you forget what you done promise me!"

"Mind your business!" commanded Pompey.

"I is mindin' my business! Marse George knows I is mindin' my business."

"You better look out, Sally!" warned one of the women spectators.

"I ain't afeard! I ain't afeard o' nobody!" she responded. She was short, thin, and wiry, and barely came up to her husband's shoulder, but she stood her ground alongside of him.

Pompey, hat in hand, kept turning his face from his wife to the master, and from master to wife, his expression oscillating, with each turn, between murderous hatred and sullen expectation.

"Look here, Pompey," said the master, in his gentle voice. "You ain't doing right by Jane, and you know you ain't. Every month you go and fool away half your pay at the store, and dress, instead of dividing the other half with her; you gamble and drink it away."

The women in the crowd all tittered.

"That's so, Marse George, that's the God's truth!" chimed in Jane, with satisfaction.

"Why," continued the master, "you don't even support your own family. Jane has to do it all by herself with her washing. You know that, and everybody knows it!"

"Marse George!" protested Pompey, "don't you believe Jane! Why, Lord! Marse George, you know Jane. She can't tell the truth! The truth ain't in her. She the lyingest nigger on the place."

Here the men laughed; and so encouraged Pompey proceeded. "She couldn't tell the truth when she was a child. She lied to her mammy — she lied to her daddy — she lies to me continual. I don't believe one word she says. Marse George, you ain't gwine to believe her against me, is you?"

Jane edged her wet front close to the table, her bright little eyes darting greedily from the master's face to the money he held in his hand.

"Marse George!" she began.

"Shut up, Jane!" ordered the overseer; "we don't want any quarreling here."

"That's right! That's right!" she answered propitiatingly.

"Jane — Jane —" Pompey seemed to be speaking to himself —"Jane's got the devil in her bad to-day — and I lay I'll take it out of her ——"

The overseer now told him to stand up.

"Here, Jane!" said the master, "here's your half, and here, Pompey, is what's coming to you —" He shoved two little piles toward them.

Jane pounced upon hers and was stowing it away in her flat bosom, when Pompey turned upon her savagely.

"You put that money back, you put that money back, nigger! That's my money! I worked for that money, I ain't gwine to let nobody take it from me!"

Jane raised her chaste voice. "Dat's my money. Marse George, he done give me dat money ——"

"Take your money, Pompey, and clear out," said the master testily.

"No, sir! I won't take dat money! I want all my money! I ain't gwine to be fooled out o' my money!"

"You take your money this instant and clear out," said the master, "or —" The overseer walked around to the front of the table. At this critical moment, a great howl was set up by some child; it turned out to be Maria's baby, who, crawling around among the dogs, had been bitten by one of them. The next moment all the children were screaming, all the curs yelping, all the women vociferously accusing some dog, all the men as vociferously repelling the accusation, each man on behalf of his animal.

"It was dat dog, I swear it was dat dog!"

"I'll have the life of anybody who touches my dog!"

"I seen it, I seen it!"

"Don't you lay your hand on my dog!"

"Dat's de dog, Maria! Dat's de dog!"

"Look out, nigger! You put dat dog down!"

"It warn't his dog, Maria! It warn't him! I swear before God, it warn't his'n!" now screamed all the women, to avert the trouble they had raised.

Maria had seized some dog and was swinging it around by its hind leg, preparatory to hurling it against the trunk of a tree.

"Put that dog down!" The master's voice, now loud and angry, quelled the hubbub at once. "Maria, you take that child at once to the madam, so she can attend to it."

Maria dropped the dog before the last sentence was finished, picked up her child, and, half running, carried it toward the master's house. The child stopped crying at once and, thrusting its hand into her dress, pulled out a breast and began sucking it.

The women broke into loud, derisive guffaws.

"Dat child! Lord, dat child! He's born with the devil in him!"

"God'll punish Maria some day for dat child!"

"He warn't bit by no dog."

"I knowed he was lyin' all the time."

"He's too mean for a dog to bite."

During this diversion of attention, Pompey had stealthily taken his unelected pay from the table and put it in his pocket. And now another name was called from the account book — another settlement made — until all the past month's work upon the plantation had been reckoned with, and a new credit opened for work and for the parasite of work, or rather, the parasite of pay that breeds in human flesh, as the destroyer of the germ of the cane breeds in it sweetness.

Upon a plantation, the horizon that bounds its neighborhood is the horizon that bounds the world. The imagination of the eye and heart roves upward rather than beyond; toward the great Master and the great account book, in which the poorest worker or most extravagant spendthrift confidently hopes to find the rectification of all earthly misconduct and earthly mispay. As death comes from time to time and gathers his tributes from quarters and master's house, so the devil, in plantation parlance, comes from time to time and gathers his tares for his kingdom; and then the young, and the old, too, sometimes forsake the straight path and narrow limits of the safe fold and become also, in plantation parlance, wandering or lost sheep, as the case turns out; for sometimes they return to the plantation and work off their sins in the field, just as they used to work off their other indebtedness.

Maria's boy grew and throve according to the leavening that was born in him, fulfilling the predictions that were so liberally made by the women of the quarters. At the age when the devil usually claims his own among the young, he ran away from the plantation and his mother and took the road to what the negroes call the devil's plantation — the city. Maria set out after him on foot, her bundle hanging from a stick over her shoulder. Her name was dropped from the monthly roll; her cabin in the quarters, her place in the field gang were filled; and from the fields over which she had tramped backward and forward so faithfully, with hoe and plow, from her very childhood, earning her title of "Clodhopper," she had passed as completely as the crop that has been gathered and sold ten years ago.

It was indeed over ten years after she had left the plantation that the master, riding through his fields at the close of a fine day's work, was stopped by a woman standing alongside the road.

"Marse George! Master!" she said.

When a negro says "Master" now, a hearing is, as it were, commanded. He stopped his horse and looked at her. She was unfamiliar to him, a tall, thin, wrinkled black woman in a faded, dusty, worn gown, with a rag upon her head for a kerchief.

"Don't you know me, Marse George?" she asked, and sinking her voice to the pathetic undertone that negroes alone possess, she added, raising her face, so that he could see it better: "You ain't forgot Maria, Marse George? the Clodhopper?"

Reading her answer in his face, she stepped closer to him, laying her hand upon the neck of his horse, the old instinctive feature of confident appeal.

"Marse George," she began. A burst of merriment and singing came from the field gang far ahead, sauntering on their way home. The sun had gone down, and the great bare, newly-plowed fields lay all around in a flat level of darkness; but as if, with dawn, the sun had sent a flash of light upon death, the laughter and song of the distant field gang brightened the black, quaint face of the woman; and as if a long pent-up passion burst its bands, her frame trembled under its violence.

"Marse George! I've come back for you to put me to work in the fields. For God's sake, Marse George, put me to work again in the fields. . . . Marse George, I've come back to you, to go to work, to go to work in the fields." Over and over she repeated the words of her incoherent petition. She seemed afraid to stop for the answer she prayed.

"Where's your boy, Maria?" asked the master.

"He's in the pen, Marse George. They've put him in the pen." As she said this, the tears ran down her face, and sobs shook her breast.

"What was he sent to the penitentiary for?"

"For stealing, stealing! You know I was honest, Marse George! You know I never stole from white or black. No overseer ever said I stole. The nigger couldn't live that called me a thief. You know that, Marse George!"

"Yes," he answered gently. "You were an honest woman, Maria, and a good worker . . . but your boy was always a bad one ——"

"God knows, Marse George, I tried to make him good. God knows I did, but God has punished me, just like they told me God would punish me ——"

"What have you been doing all these years in the city, Maria?"

"Working for that boy, Marse George, working for him and nothing else. He ain't earned his salt since he left here —" with a ring of scorn and contempt in her voice, as if quoting from some past fury. "He's been suckling me all his life!"

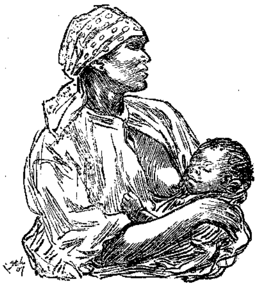
"Well, I'm glad he's in the penitentiary at last, and I hope they will keep him there."

"I followed him up there. I saw 'em lock the gates on him, a week ago yesterday, and I turned away, and I've been walking ever since to get to you, Marse George. I said to myself, if Marse George is alive, he will put me to work. Marse George, you used to say I plowed as good as any man on the plantation. You gave me man's wages, because you said I did a man's work."

"You are too old now to work in the field, Maria."

"Marse George, I'm not old, it's trouble. Just try me, Marse George, just try me! Give me a plow to-morrow." She looked all around over the fields. "Marse George, if I could only feel the plow handles once more in my hands! Just let me feel the earth under my feet once more. There ain't a night passed since I left here that I didn't wake in the morning at the plantation bell! Marse George, I ain't made for the city! And you ain't, neither,— we was born in the country — we was raised in the country, and Marse George, I want to die right here, with God's earth under my feet and God's sky over my head! You know, Marse George, they always called me a clodhopper. I am a clodhopper, that's the truth; and nothing else. I'm only a clodhopper, Marse George —" returning hurriedly to her appeal — "you try me, you'll see I ain't too old! I can do a man's work still, and earn a man's pay! Just give me the chance, Marse George. For God's sake, give me the chance!"

When the plow gang went forth to their work the next day, Maria was among them; and how grandly do they drive these teams afield in the early spring mornings. The master standing, as was his custom, on his gallery to see them start, saw the tall, thin form poised on the shaft of her sheathed plow that glided over the road as a sled over ice, her head thrown back, the ends of her kerchief flying in the breeze. He watched them turn from the long road into the cross one, beyond which the sun was just rising. And now, as was their wont, the gang raced their fast trotting mules with cracking whips and frolicsome cries, as one passed the other. And as they passed across the golden disk of the sun, each one shot into clear distinctness, and the master thus saw that Maria, as of old, led the race.



THE NAMESAKE

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

AUTHOR OF "THE TROLL GARDEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

SEVEN of us, students, sat one evening in Hartwell's studio on the Boulevard St. Michel. We were all fellow-countrymen; one from New Hampshire, one from Colorado, another from Nevada, several from the farm lands of the Middle West, and I myself from California. Lyon Hartwell, though born abroad, was simply, as every one knew, "from America." He seemed, almost more than any other one living man, to mean all of it — from ocean to ocean. When he was in Paris, his studio was always open to the seven of us who were there that evening, and we intruded upon his leisure as often as we thought permissible.

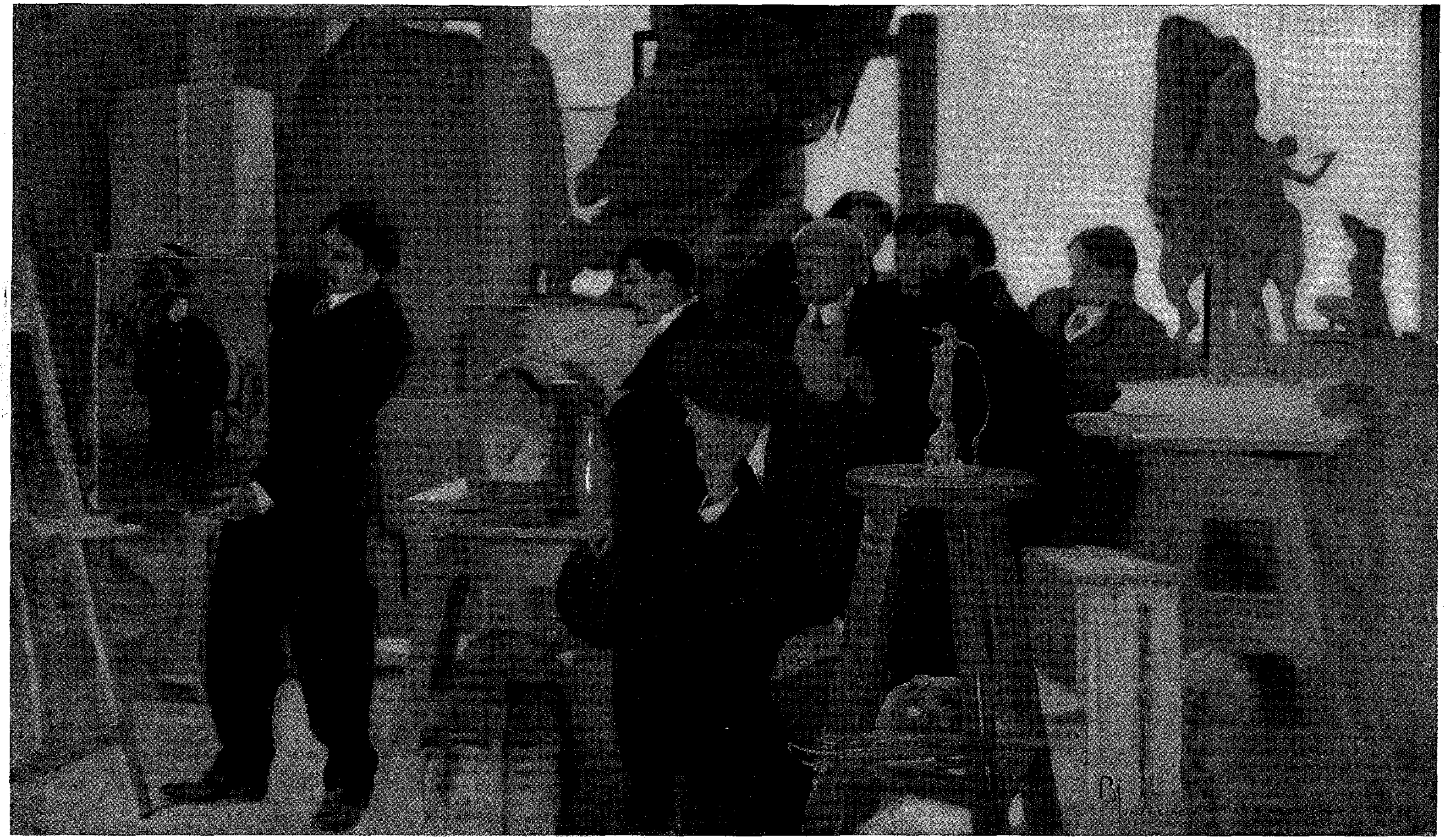
Although we were within the terms of the easiest of all intimacies, and although the great sculptor, even when he was more than usually silent, was at all times the most gravely cordial of hosts, yet, on that long remembered evening, as the sunlight died on the burnished brown of the horse-chestnuts below the windows, a perceptible dullness yawned through our conversation.

We were, indeed, somewhat low in spirit, for one of our number, Charley Bentley, was leaving us indefinitely, in response to an imperative summons from home. To-morrow his studio, just across the hall from Hartwell's, was to pass into other hands, and Bentley's luggage was even now piled in discouraged resignation before his door. The various bales and boxes seemed literally to weigh upon us as we sat in his neighbor's hospitable rooms, drearily putting in the time until he should leave us to catch the ten o'clock express for Dieppe.

The day we had got through very comfortably, for Bentley made it the occasion of a somewhat pretentious luncheon at Maxim's. There had been twelve of us at table, and the two young Poles were so thirsty, the Gascon so fabulously entertaining, that it was near upon five o'clock when we put down our liqueur glasses for the last time, and the red, perspiring waiter, having pocketed the reward of his arduous and protracted services, bowed us affably to the door, flourishing his napkin and brushing back the streaks of wet, black hair from his rosy forehead. Our guests having betaken themselves belated to their respective engagements, the rest of us returned with Bentley — only to be confronted by the depressing array before his door. A glance about his denuded rooms had sufficed to chill the glow of the afternoon, and we fled across the hall in a body and begged Lyon Hartwell to take us in.

Bentley had said very little about it, but we all knew what it meant to him to be called home. Each of us knew what it would mean to himself, and each had felt something of that quickened sense of opportunity which comes at seeing another man in any way counted out of the race. Never had the game seemed so enchanting, the chance to play it such a piece of unmerited, unbelievable good fortune.

It must have been, I think, about the middle of October, for I remember that the sycamores were almost bare in the Luxembourg Gardens that morning, and the terraces about the queens of France were strewn with crackling brown leaves. The fat red roses, out the summer long on the stand of the old flower woman at the corner, had given place to dahlias and purple asters. First glimpses of autumn toilettes flashed from the carriages; wonderful little bonnets nodded at one along the Champs-Elysées; and in the Quarter an occasional feather boa, red or black or white, brushed one's coat sleeve in the gay twilight of the early evening. The crisp, sunny autumn air was



“DESPITE THE DULLNESS OF THE LIGHT, WE INSTANTLY RECOGNIZED THE BOY OF HARTWELL’S ‘COLOR SERGEANT’”

all day full of the stir of people and carriages and of the cheer of salutations; greetings of the students, returned brown and bearded from their holiday, gossip of people come back from Trouville, from St. Valery, from Dieppe, from all over Brittany and the Norman coast. Everywhere was the joyousness of return, the taking up again of life and work and play.

I had felt ever since early morning that this was the saddest of all possible seasons for saying good-by to that old, old city of youth, and to that little corner of it on the south shore which since the Dark Ages themselves — yes, and before — has been so peculiarly the land of the young.

I can recall our very postures as we lounged about Hartwell's rooms that evening, with Bentley making occasional hurried trips to his desolated workrooms across the hall — as if haunted by a feeling of having forgotten something — or stopping to poke nervously at his *perroquets*, which he had bequeathed to Hartwell, gilt cage and all. Our host himself sat on the couch, his big, bronze-like shoulders backed up against the window, his shaggy head, beaked nose, and long chin cut clean against the gray light.

Our drowsing interest, in so far as it could be said to be fixed upon anything, was centered upon Hartwell's new figure, which stood on the block ready to be cast in bronze, intended as a monument for some American battlefield. He called it "The Color Sergeant." It was the figure of a young soldier running, clutching the folds of a flag, the staff of which had been shot away. We had known it in all the stages of its growth, and the splendid action and feeling of the thing had come to have a kind of special significance for the half dozen of us who often gathered at Hartwell's rooms — though, in truth, there was as much to dishearten one as to inflame, in the case of a man who had done so much in a field so amazingly difficult; who had thrown up in bronze all the restless, teeming force of that adventurous wave still climbing westward in our own land across the waters. We recalled his "Scout," his "Pioneer," his "Gold Seekers," and those monuments in which he had invested one and another of the heroes of the Civil War with such convincing dignity and power.

"Where in the world does he get the heat to make an idea like that carry?" Bentley remarked morosely, scowling at the clay figure. "Hang me, Hartwell, if I don't think it's just because you're not really an American at all, that you can look at it like that."

The big man shifted uneasily against the window. "Yes," he replied smiling, "perhaps there is something in that. My citizenship was somewhat belated and emotional in its flowering. I've half a mind to tell you about it, Bentley." He rose uncertainly, and, after hesitating a moment, went back into his workroom, where he began fumbling among the litter in the corners.

At the prospect of any sort of personal expression from Hartwell, we glanced questioningly at one another; for although he made us feel that he liked to have us about, we were always held at a distance by a certain diffidence of his. There were rare occasions — when he was in the heat of work or of ideas — when he forgot to be shy, but they were so exceptional that no flattery was quite so seductive as being taken for a moment into Hartwell's confidence. Even in the matter of opinions — the commonest of currency in our circle — he was niggardly and prone to qualify. No man ever guarded his mystery more effectually. There was a singular, intense spell, therefore, about those few evenings when he had broken through this excessive modesty, or shyness, or melancholy, and had, as it were, committed himself.

When Hartwell returned from the back room, he brought with him an unframed canvas which he put on an easel near his clay figure. We drew close about it, for the darkness was rapidly coming on. Despite the dullness of the light, we instantly recognized the boy of Hartwell's "Color Sergeant." It was the portrait of a very handsome lad in uniform, standing beside a charger impossibly rearing. Not only in his radiant countenance and flashing eyes, but in every line of his young body there was an energy, a gallantry, a joy of life, that arrested and challenged one.

"Yes, that's where I got the notion," Hartwell remarked, wandering back to his seat in the window. "I've wanted to do it for years, but I've never felt quite sure of myself. I was afraid of missing it. He was an uncle of mine, my father's half-brother, and I was named for him. He was killed in one of the big battles of Sixty-four, when I was a child. I never saw him — never knew him until he had been dead for twenty years. And then, one night, I came to know him as we sometimes do living persons — intimately, in a single moment."

He paused to knock the ashes out of his short pipe, refilled it, and puffed at it thoughtfully for a few moments with his hands on his knees. Then, settling back heavily among the cushions and looking absently out of the window, he began his story. As he proceeded further and further into the experience which he was trying to convey to us, his voice sank so low and was sometimes so charged with feeling, that I almost thought he had forgotten our presence and was remembering aloud. Even Bentley forgot his nervousness in astonishment and sat breathless under the spell of the man's thus breathing his memories out into the dusk.

"It was just fifteen years ago this last spring that I first went home, and Bentley's having to cut away like this brings it all back to me.

"I was born, you know, in Italy. My father was a sculptor, though I dare say you've not heard of him. He was one of those first fellows who went over after Story and Powers, — went to Italy for 'Art,' quite simply; to lift from its native bough the willing, iridescent bird. Their story is told, informingly enough, by some of those ingenuous marble things at the Metropolitan. My father came over some time before the outbreak of the Civil War, and was regarded as a renegade by his family because he did not go home to enter the army. His half-brother, the only child of my grandfather's second marriage, enlisted at fifteen and was killed the next year. I was ten years old when the news of his death reached us. My mother died the following winter, and I was sent away to a Jesuit school, while my father, already ill himself, stayed on at Rome, chipping away at his Indian maidens and marble goddesses, still gloomily seeking the thing for which he had made himself the most unhappy of exiles.

"He died when I was fourteen, but even before that I had been put to work under an Italian sculptor. He had an almost morbid desire that I should carry on his work, under, as he often pointed out to me, conditions so much more auspicious. He left me in the charge of his one intimate friend, an American gentleman in the consulate at Rome, and his instructions were that I was to be educated there and to live there until I was twenty-one. After I was of age, I came to Paris and studied under one master after another until I was nearly thirty. Then, almost for the first time, I was confronted by a duty which was not my pleasure.

"My grandfather's death, at an advanced age, left an invalid maiden sister of my father's quite alone in the world. She had suffered for years from a cerebral disease, a slow decay of the faculties which rendered her almost helpless. I decided to go to America and, if possible, bring her back to Paris, where I seemed on my way toward what my poor father had wished for me.

"On my arrival at my father's birthplace, however, I found that this was not to be thought of. To tear this timid, feeble, shrinking creature, doubly aged by years and illness, from the spot where she had been rooted for a lifetime, would have been little short of brutality. To leave her to the care of strangers seemed equally heartless. There was clearly nothing for me to do but to remain and wait for that slow and painless malady to run its course. I was there something over two years.

"My grandfather's home, his father's homestead before him, lay on the high banks of a river in Western Pennsylvania. The little town twelve miles down the stream, whither my great-grandfather used to drive his ox-wagon on market days, had become, in two generations, one of the largest manufacturing cities in the world. For hundreds of miles about us the gentle hill slopes were honey-combed with gas wells and coal shafts; oil derricks creaked in every valley and meadow; the brooks were sluggish and discolored with crude petroleum, and the air was impregnated by its searching odor. The great glass and iron manufactories had come up and up the river almost to our very door; their smoky exhalations brooded over us, and their crashing was always in our ears. I was plunged into the very incandescence of human energy. But, though my nerves tingled with the feverish, passionate endeavor which snapped in the very air about me, none of these great arteries seemed to feed me; this tumultuous life did not warm me. On every side were the great muddy rivers, the ragged mountains from which the timber was being ruthlessly torn away, the vast tracts of wild country, and the gulches that were like wounds in the earth; everywhere the glare of that relentless energy which followed me like a searchlight and seemed to scorch and consume me. I could only hide myself in the tangled garden, where the dropping of a leaf or the whistle of a bird was the only incident.

"The Hartwell homestead had been sold away little by little, until all that remained of it was garden and orchard. The house, a square brick structure, stood in the midst of a great garden which sloped toward the river, ending in a grassy bank which fell some forty feet to the water's edge. The garden was now little more than a tangle of neglected shrubbery; damp, rank, and of that intense blue-green peculiar to vegetation in smoky places where the sun shines but rarely, and the mists form early in the evening and hang late in the morning.

"I shall never forget it as I saw it first, when I arrived there in the chill of a backward June. The long, rank grass, thick and soft and falling in billows, was always wet until midday. The gravel walks were bordered with great lilac-bushes, mock-orange, and bridal-wreath. Back of the house was a neglected rose garden, surrounded by a low stone wall over which the long suckers trailed and matted. They had wound their pink, thorny tentacles, layer upon layer, about the lock and the hinges of the rusty iron gate. Even the porches of the house, and the very windows, were damp and heavy with growth: wistaria, clematis, honeysuckle, and trumpet vine. The garden was grown up with trees, especially that part of it which lay above the river. The bark of the old locusts was blackened by the smoke that crept continually up the valley, and their feathery foliage, so merry in its movement and so yellow and joyous in its color, seemed peculiarly precious under that somber sky. There were sycamores and copper beeches; gnarled apple-trees, too old to bear; and fall pear-trees, hung with a sharp, hard fruit in October; all with a leafage singularly rich and luxuriant, and peculiarly vivid in color. The oaks about the house had been old trees when my great-grandfather built his cabin there, more than a century before, and this garden was almost the only spot for miles along the river where any of the original forest growth still survived. The smoke from the mills was fatal to trees of the larger sort, and even these had the look of doomed things — bent a little toward the town and seemed to wait with head inclined before that on-coming, shrieking force.

"About the river, too, there was a strange hush, a tragic submission — it was so leaden and sullen in its color, and it flowed so soundlessly forever past our door.

"I sat there every evening, on the high veranda overlooking it, watching the dim outlines of the steep hills on the other shore, the flicker of the lights on the island, where there was a boat-house, and listening to the call of the boatmen through the mist. The mist came as certainly as night, whitened by moonshine or starshine. The tin water-pipes went splash, splash, with it all evening, and the wind, when it rose at all, was little more than a sighing of the old boughs and a troubled breath in the heavy grasses.

"At first it was to think of my distant friends and my old life that I used to sit there; but after awhile it was simply to watch the days and weeks go by, like the river which seemed to carry them away.

"Within the house I was never at home. Month followed month, and yet I could feel no sense of kinship with anything there. Under the roof where my father and grandfather were born, I remained utterly detached. The somber rooms never spoke to me, the old furniture never seemed tinctured with race. This portrait of my boy uncle was the only thing to which I could draw near, the only link with anything I had ever known before.

"There is a good deal of my father in the face, but it is my father transformed and glorified; his hesitating discontent drowned in a kind of triumph. From my first day in that house, I continually turned to this handsome kinsman of mine, wondering in what terms he had lived and had his hope; what he had found there to look like that, to bound at one, after all those years, so joyously out of the canvas.

"From the timid, clouded old woman over whose life I had come to watch, I learned that in the backyard, near the old rose garden, there was a locust-tree which my uncle had planted. After his death, while it was still a slender sapling, his mother had a seat built round it, and she used to sit there on summer evenings. His grave was under the apple-trees in the old orchard.

"My aunt could tell me little more than this. There were days when she seemed not to remember him at all.

"It was from an old soldier in the village that I learned the boy's story. Lyon was, the old man told me, but fourteen when the first enlistment occurred, but was even then eager to go. He was in the court-house square every evening to watch the recruits at their drill, and when the home company was ordered off he rode into the city on his pony to see the men board the train and to wave them good-by. The next year he spent at home with a tutor, but when he was fifteen he held his parents to their promise and went into the army. He was color sergeant of his regiment and fell in a charge upon the breastworks of a fort about a year after his enlistment.

"The veteran showed me an account of this charge which had been written for the village paper by one of my uncle's comrades who had seen his part in the engagement. It seems that as his company were running at full speed across the bottom lands toward the fortified hill, a shell burst over them. This comrade, running beside my uncle, saw the colors waver and sink as if falling, and looked to see that the boy's hand and forearm had been torn away by the exploding shrapnel. The boy, he thought, did not realize the extent of his injury, for he laughed, shouted something which his comrade did not catch, caught the flag in his left hand, and ran on up the hill. They went splendidly up over the breastworks, but just as my uncle, his colors flying, reached the top of the embankment, a second shell carried away his left arm at the arm-pit, and he fell over the wall with the flag settling about him.

"It was because this story was ever present with me, because I was unable to shake it off, that I began to read such books as my grandfather had collected upon the Civil War. I found that this war was fought largely by boys, that more men enlisted at eighteen than at any other age. When I thought of those battlefields — and I thought of them much in those days — there was always that glory of youth above them, that impetuous, generous passion stirring the long lines on the march, the blue battalions in the plain. The bugle, whenever I have heard it since, has always seemed to me the very golden throat of that boyhood which spent itself so gaily, so incredibly.

"I used often to wonder how it was that this uncle of mine, who seemed to have possessed all the charm and brilliancy allotted to his family and to have lived up its vitality in one splendid hour, had left so little trace in the house where he was born and where he had awaited his destiny. Look as I would, I could find no letters from him, no clothing or books that might have been his. He had been dead but twenty years, and yet nothing seemed to have survived except the tree he had planted. It seemed incredible and cruel that no physical memory of him should linger to be cherished among his kindred,— nothing but the dull image in the brain of that aged sister. I used to pace the garden walks in the evening, wondering that no breath of his, no echo of his laugh, of his call to his pony or his whistle to his dogs, should linger about those shaded paths where the pale roses exhaled their dewy, country smell. Sometimes, in the dim starlight, I have thought that I heard on the grasses beside me the stir of a footfall lighter than my own, and under the black arch of the lilacs I have fancied that he bore me company.

"There was, I found, one day in the year for which my old aunt waited, and which stood out from the months that were all of a sameness to her. On the thirtieth of May she insisted that I should bring down the big flag from the attic and run it up upon the tall flagstaff beside Lyon's tree in the garden. Later in the morning she went with me to carry some of the garden flowers to the grave in the orchard,— a grave scarcely larger than a child's.

"I had noticed, when I was hunting for the flag in the attic, a leather trunk with my own name stamped upon it, but was unable to find the key. My aunt was all day less apathetic than usual; she seemed to realize more clearly who I was, and to wish me to be with her. I did not have an opportunity to return to the attic until after dinner that evening, when I carried a lamp up-stairs and easily forced the lock of the trunk. I found all the things that I had looked for; put away, doubtless, by his mother, and still smelling faintly of lavender and rose leaves; his clothes, his exercise books, his letters from the army, his first boots, his riding-whip, some of his toys, even. I took them out and replaced them gently. As I was about to shut the lid, I picked up a copy of the Æneid, on the fly-leaf of which was written in a slanting, boyish hand,

Lyon Hartwell, January, 1862.

He had gone to the wars in Sixty-three, I remembered.

"My uncle, I gathered, was none too apt at his Latin, for the pages were dog-eared and rubbed and interlined, the margins mottled with pencil sketches — bugles, stacked bayonets, and artillery carriages. In the act of putting the book down, I happened to run over the pages to the end, and on the fly-leaf at the back I saw his name again, and a drawing — with his initials and a date — of the Federal flag; above it, written in a kind of arch and in the same unformed hand:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"

It was a stiff, wooden sketch, not unlike a detail from some Egyptian inscription, but, the moment I saw it, wind and color seemed to touch it. I caught up the book, blew out the lamp, and rushed down into the garden.

"I seemed, somehow, at last to have known him; to have been with him in that careless, unconscious moment and to have known him as he was then.

"As I sat there in the rush of this realization, the wind began to rise, stirring the light foliage of the locust over my head and bringing, fresher than before, the woody odor of the pale roses that overran the little neglected garden. Then, as it grew stronger, it brought the sound of something sighing and stirring over my head in the perfumed darkness.

"I thought of that sad one of the Destinies who, as the Greeks believed, watched from birth over those marked for a violent or untimely death. Oh, I could see him, there in the shine of the morning, his book idly on his knee, his flashing eyes looking straight before him, and at his side that grave figure, hidden in her draperies, her eyes following his, but seeing so much farther — seeing what he never saw, that great moment at the end, when he swayed above his comrades on the earthen wall.

"All the while, the bunting I had run up in the morning flapped fold against fold, heaving and tossing softly in the dark — against a sky so black with rain clouds that I could see above me only the blur of something in soft, troubled motion.

"The experience of that night, coming so overwhelmingly to a man so dead, almost rent me in pieces. It was the same feeling that artists know when we, rarely, achieve truth in our work; the feeling of union with some great force, of purpose and security, of being glad that we have lived. For the first time I felt the pull of race and blood and kindred, and felt beating within me things that had not begun with me. It was as if the earth under my feet had grasped and rooted me, and were pouring its essence into me. I sat there until the dawn of morning, and all night long my life seemed to be pouring out of me and running into the ground."

Hartwell drew a long breath that lifted his heavy shoulders, and then let them fall again. He shifted a little and faced more squarely the scattered, silent company before him. The darkness had made us almost invisible to each other, and, except for the occasional red circuit of a cigarette end traveling upward from the arm of a chair, he might have supposed us all asleep.

"And so," Hartwell added thoughtfully, "I naturally feel an interest in fellows who are going home. It's always an experience."

No one said anything, and in a moment there was a loud rap at the door, — the concierge, come to take down Bentley's luggage and to announce that the cab was below. Bentley got his hat and coat, enjoined Hartwell to take good care of his *perroquets*, gave each of us a grip of the hand, and went briskly down the long flights of stairs. We followed him into the street, calling our good wishes, and saw him start on his drive across the lighted city to the Gare St. Lazare.

SOMEPIN NICE FOR CELIA

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF THE GIPSY," "THE WAGES OF SALVATION," ETC.

MRS. Nitschkan, in her usual careless, almost masculine attire, stood in the door of her cabin gazing out at the mountains in all their verdant and triumphant glory, the evanescent glory of the late springtime. A pick and fishing-rod lay across the door-sill, a lean, flea-bitten dog dozed at her feet; her arms were akimbo, and a pipe was thrust between her teeth, which, when disclosed by her frequent smile, showed milk-white in her heavily tanned face.

Suddenly her blue, twinkling gaze dropped from the hills to the road which ran before her cabin, and she started slightly, a smile of blended amusement and apprehension crossing her face, for at her gate, fumbling with the knotted rope which held it to the post, were three of her coadjutors and most intimate friends. Now, the arrival of one of them might have shown a feminine longing for consolation or the necessity of relating a grievance; two might have been taken symbolically to represent an important bit of gossip; but three indicated a union of strength for a definite purpose. It meant business, and Mrs. Nitschkan knew it; but, true backwoods-woman that she was, if she scented danger, she gave no outward sign.

"Hello, girls," she called jovially, as the three advanced along the path,— an oddly assorted group to the casual observer. There was Mrs. Thomas, a pink and white Amazon with a softly feminine and appealing manner; Mrs. Landvetter, stout to unwieldiness, stolid, laconic, knitting as she walked; and Mrs. Evans, a tiny, alert creature, the essence of concentrated ambition and capability.

"Have any of you seen Celia?" continued Mrs. Nitschkan, removing the pipe from her mouth. "I sent her to the store an hour ago, and she ain't turned up yet. I don't know whether to do some assessment work or spend the afternoon fishing; but I wisht she'd come, I want to get off."

Her three visitors exchanged significant glances which were not lost upon their friend.

"Is she hangin' 'round with any of them worthless hounds of boys, 'stead of doin' her errand and marchin' straight home?" she asked sharply.

"I don't see but what she's got a right to beaux. You was married 'fore you was her age," remarked Mrs. Evans, cocking her sleek head like a little brown bird. "What for are you so cranky, Sadie Nitschkan, that you got to take on so every time one of the boys pokes his nose around the house?"

"'Cause Celia's got other work to do 'sides thinkin' of gettin' married," said her mother succinctly. "I don't work no claim expectin' to get nothin' out of it, do I? An' I don't bring a lot of kids into the world and spend years teachin' 'em manners,"— she was interrupted by a brief and scornful laugh from Mrs. Landvetter, who, on observing that her friend was gazing at her earnestly and ominously, hastily converted it into a rapid and interested count of the stitches in her interminable piece of lace. "Spend years teachin' 'em manners," repeated Mrs. Nitschkan emphatically, "an' sacrifice myself to stay home an' punish 'em when I might be jantin' 'round my own self; to have 'em go and get married just when they get to the useful age."

"Well, that's between you and her," replied Mrs. Evans coldly; "though I will say, Sadie Nitschkan, that there ain't a soul in this camp that don't consider but what you're actin' real devilish to Celia. But," with a comprehensive gesture of indifference, "we didn't come to point out your plain duty as a mother to you, and ——"

"Wait a moment, Mis' Evans," lisped Mrs. Thomas, with a touch of asperity in her voice. "Times when I go callin' I ain't used to standin' on my feet 'till my ankles cracks under me."

"Nor to haf my tongue hang out 'cause it's so dry" muttered Mrs. Landvetter deeply, clicking her needles together, with her an unfailing sign of mental disturbance.

"Oh, Lord, ain't you all in the fine humor this mornin'!" commented the mountain woman. She removed the pick and fishing-rod, dragged the dog out of the way, and threw open the door. "Come on right in,"—her tone was grudging,—"and if you wait a minute, I'll stir up the fire and get some water boilin'." Then, as the women entered, the habit of hospitality asserted itself, and she set out rocking-chairs and made a show of bustling preparation of the invariable beverages, tea and coffee.

"Sadie," began Mrs. Evans, adding lump after lump of sugar to her cup, "Sadie, we don't want you to take it hard, nor to rare 'round none; but the entertainment committee of the Bon Ami Club has visited both me an' Mrs. Thomas lately and has pestered us to death about something we don't think we have no call to be pestered about. They say they've called on you again and again, and sent you a written notice, all to tell you it's your turn, and about four times your turn, to entertain the club. Now, Sadie, that ain't right."

Mrs. Thomas sighed deeply and shook her head, and Mrs. Landvetter groaned aloud.

"You and Jack," continued Mrs. Evans accusingly, spurred to fresh efforts by these evidences of moral support, "you and Jack always got the time to shake your feet in other folks' houses an' eat up their vittles; but somethin' pressin' is always on hand when it's up to you to pay back the entertainment."

"Yes, Sadie," complained Mrs. Thomas, emboldened by Mrs. Nitschkan's silence and Mrs. Evans' courage in attack, "yes, Sadie, I've had to have them to my house twict in succession lately, 'cause you always got some excuse handy when your time comes, an' then we've got to shoulder things for friendship's sweet sake." Mrs. Thomas was nothing, if not sentimental.

"I had a excuse every time," returned Mrs. Nitschkan in sullen defense, "an' they was mighty good excuses."

"Maybe they was, and maybe they wasn't," remarked Mrs. Evans; "but I've noticed this—" with the disillusion of those of the strenuous life, in regard to the activity of others—"I've noticed that it's this way in business or society or religion or politics, there's always some that has to take all the burden and the heat of the day."

"An' if you noticed right, Effie Evans," replied Mrs. Nitschkan tartly, her patience worn thin,—a pseudo and uncharacteristic patience born of the knowledge of guilt,—"them's always the bossy kind that thinks nobody can bear a burden with any style, or sit in the sun without a umberrel' but theirselves. They got to mix in and manage, whether or no."

The tiny white dents that always appeared about Mrs. Evans' nose when she was angry were strikingly in evidence; but she maintained an admirable self-control. "Sadie," in tones of cold reproof, "I told you that it was no good to rare and tear; and to quarrel with your best friends ain't goin' to help you now. All we want to know is, are you goin' to entertain the Bon Amis, or are you not?"

"It's the devil's own bother," fretted Mrs. Nitschkan in frank disgust. "You got to cook for days an' then see it all swep' down their throats in half an hour. An' you got to put a green string on every one of Mrs. Landvetter's forks, an' a red string on every one of your spoons; an' then have Mrs. Thomas showin', for a year to come, the cracks that got put in the chiny set her mother give her when she was married. An' you an' Mrs. Landvetter here the next mornin' at daybreak to say that there was three forks an' two spoons missin'. How," petulantly, "kin I be responsible for the spoons an' forks when society's as mixed as it is now in Zenith?"

During this outburst her friends merely looked at each other with the upraised eyebrows of scorn and slowly shook their heads. "Sadie—" Mrs. Evans held steadily to her point—"the question that's before you is, will you or will you not entertain the Bon Amis?"

"I s'pose I got to," ungraciously; "a willin' horse is always drove to death."

"When will you have 'em, Sadie?" probed Mrs. Thomas; "next Tuesday night?"

"Oh, I guess so, I s'pose so, maybe," agreed Mrs. Nitschkan, rebellious, but cornered.

"Very well. Come girls." The tiny spokeswoman arose with magisterial dignity. "We'll go and deliver the invitations."

"Oh, you ain't no call to do that yet," interposed Mrs. Nitschkan eagerly. "Jack's got a awful hand on him. It looks like blood pizen sure."

"An' yet, he's workin'." Mrs. Evans paused half way to the gate to fling this over her shoulder.

"Ef you see Celia, tell her to come a-runnin'," adjured Mrs. Nitschkan dejectedly from the door.

Meanwhile Celia, just seventeen, was loitering down the piny trails beside a handsome young fellow with clean, well set-up limbs and a determined, earnest face. Pretty Celia was the capable daughter of an incompetent mother. Educators discourse much on the value of a proper environment and training for the young of the human species; but theories aside, practical results seem rather in favor of casting the "bantling on the rocks"; and so, despite Mrs. Nitschkan's joyous lack of responsibility, Celia had grown up her mother's antithesis. She was a thoroughly feminine little creature, already famous for those womanly accomplishments for which her mother had ever shown a marked distaste. She was assiduous in keeping the tables and floors scoured and shining, and the scarlet geraniums in the windows fresh and blooming. All morning she would brew and bake, and through the long afternoons she sewed diligently, making her own and her sister's trim little gowns, instead of following the example of the other children and "goin' fishin' with Mommie."

"Well, honey," said the young miner, reluctantly loosing her arm as they emerged from the dusky trail padded with pine needles into the clear sunlight of the mountain road, "if you must go now, can't I walk up past the house this evening and sort of santer in for a few minutes?"

Celia shrank visibly. "Oh, no, please don't, Harvey. Mommie would as like as not throw you out. You know she ain't got no objection at all to a rough-house. I'll catch it now hot and heavy for stayin' so long."

But in the press of weightier matters, Celia's delinquencies had passed from Mrs. Nitschkan's mind; and when her daughter entered the cabin, with a brave front but a sinking heart, she found her mother seated at a table shuffling a well-thumbed deck of cards and intently scanning those she laid before her. For once her care-free face wore an expression approaching worry.

"Runnin' the cards, Mommie?" asked the girl, as she hung up her hat and tied on an apron.

"That's what," replied her mother abstractedly. "I thought I'd run 'em over an' try and get some light, so as I kin tell how to go ahead. How anyone kin get along without a pack of cards! It's sure a lamp to the feet, like what missioner told about last Sunday. Look here! Did you ever see anything like it?" pointing to the cards in neat rows before her; "trouble, trouble, nothin' but trouble. If it ain't actual murder an' death, it's too near it to be any joke. Look how them spades turns up every whipstitch, an' Gosh A'mighty knows trouble's come to me while you been gone. Celia, how kin folks doubt?"

"What's happened, Mommie? I saw Mis' Evans an' Mis' Thomas an' Mis' Landvetter with their heads together; what's up now?"

"This here's a Wednesday," groaned Mrs. Nitschkan; "well, next Tuesday night I got to entertain those dratted Bon Amis. That means we got to begin about Friday to cook for them pizen coyotes, an' wash an' scrub an' get the house ready; an'," with eyes of wistful longing, "the fish thick out there in the creek, an' I wanted to do a little prospectin' next week. I'll tell you what, Celia, ef you kin get me outen this scrape, I'll give you somepin nice for sure."

"Maybe I can," said Celia brightly.

"I don't know, though, ef it's a square deal," continued her mother, solemnly shaking her head, "to match my child agin Effie Evans."

"She won't know I'm matched," replied Celia easily; "she ain't on to us."

"Gosh A'mighty! That don't make no difference. Effie Evans don't need no mousehole to tell her there's a mouse around, she can smell 'em in the walls."

"Well, I'm a-goin' to get ahead of her this time," averred Celia, with the happy confidence of youth.

"Maybe you can, an' maybe you can't, child. You ain't been tried and proved like Effie Evans has. Why, that woman's been smelted. Do you remember what the missioner was readin' us last Sunday 'bout Daniel, and all? Well, if Effie Evans had 'a' been there, I'll tell you now, Celia, what'd 'a' happened. She can't bear for nobody, man, woman, child, or devil, to get ahead of her; and she'd 'a' looked at that fiery furnace an' then give them Bible boys cards and spades about gettin' the hairs of their heads singed. She'd 'a' took in their asbestos coats and gone 'em one better. Effie Evans would have wore organdie trimmed with val lace."

"Mommie!" expostulated Celia, "I believe you're a-puttin' your money on Mis' Evans 'stead of on me."

"I ain't, Celia, you're my flesh an' blood, an' I got the what-y'-may-call-it that the Bishop talks about — the mother-love for you. But what I got for Mis' Evans is respect. Why, that woman ain't no bigger'n a minute, and yet she's all mind. Don't tell me that Effie Evans' brains is in her head. They ain't nothin' of the kind. They're all over her, in her hands an' feet an' everywheres. I do solemnly believe that she kin think harder with one of her little toes than most people with their whole brain. And Marthy Thomas ain't so slow, neither, when she kin get men outen her head."

Celia cocked her rounded chin. "I'm just as smart as those two," she asserted, in a very splendor of self-reliance. Her mother almost crossed herself at this temerity.

But Celia was quick in thought and action, and the next day returned to the subject. "Mommie," she asked blushingly, as she scrubbed white the kitchen table, "if I think of some way to help you skin out of that party, could I have Harve here to set in the evenings? I scoured the front room an' all, an' you an' Poppy always set in the kitchen."

Her mother, who had been pouring cream with a liberal hand into a fresh cup of coffee, turned and gave her a long, piercing glance. "You ain't so big, Celia," she remarked with cool impartiality, after wiping her mouth on her sleeve, "you ain't so big but what I could give you a good hidin' if you stirred me up enough. Understand, once an' fer all: I'll have no nonsense about beaux. You're entirely too young. Now if you think up some real good plan, I'll give you somepin nice as I promised; an' it's goin' to be this"; she turned over the advertising pages of a magazine and with undisguised pleasure and interest showed Celia a picture, which, however, failed to arouse the same emotions in the younger woman's breast, for she viewed it first with astonishment, then repugnance, and finally turned away with a burst of tears.

"I don't call that somepin nice," she wailed.

"I'm the best judge of what's nice," affirmed her mother. "An' anyway, Celia, I got a little plan of my own to get ahead of Marthy Thomas an' Effie Evans, that I guess is better'n what any inexperienced girl could trump up."

Celia made no rejoinder, but drooped spiritlessly against the window-sill, her tears continuing for some time to water the big, velvety, green leaves of the scarlet geraniums.

But the heart of seventeen is proverbially and phenomenally elastic; and the next afternoon when her mother, accompanied by the younger children, had gone "prospectin'," Celia fastened the buttons of her new blue dimity frock with nervous fingers and, pinning on her white hat trimmed with pink tinted morning-glories, hastened to keep a little appointment in the Land o' Love. But the Land o' Love has invisible barriers, and occasionally trespassers stray therein, seeing with dull, unawakened eyes only commonplace scenes; quite ignorant and unwitting that they tread enchanted ground. And so it happened that Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Thomas, returning from a Friday afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, adventured suddenly into a little tree-sheltered glade of Arcady where the sunlight fell very dreamily, and the wind sighed very softly, and the bluejays and thrushes fluttered through the branches of quivering aspen and pine. And Harvey, wiping away the tears in Celia's dark eyes, had stooped to kiss her, and Celia had looked down to blush and looked up — to encounter the gaze of her mother's most intimate friends.

"Oh!" she cried, putting her hands to her burning cheeks, "Oh, Mis' Evans! Oh! Mis' Thomas!"

"'Course you know, ladies, that Celia and me's engaged," said Harvey, stepping manfully forward, "but her mother won't hear of me comin' near the house, an' — an' 'course we got to see each other some time." The explanation became an appeal.

There is undoubtedly some Puck who touches the eyelids of those who look upon young lovers, and the lost youth of the two busy, practical Marthas gazed at them so pleadingly from Harvey's and Celia's eyes that their hearts were touched with a sudden compassion and tenderness; and Celia, feeling their unspoken sympathy, broke into voluble speech.

"Of course we're engaged," she cried, at once indignantly and piteously; "you know, Mis' Evans, that I wouldn't take on that way with no fellow that I wasn't engaged to; but you see we got to sneak all the time, an' you know," growing vehement under her sense of injustice, "you know what a good, steady fellow Harvey is; an' he has been offered to be foreman over to the Crescent Consolidated in Red Fox, an' he's goin' next week. You know Mommie's got no heart for anything but gipsyin', an' she won't hear to nothin' between Harve an' me. An'," weeping from a full heart, "she promised me that if I thought of a way to get her out of entertainin' the Bon Amis, she'd give me somepin nice, an' I was tryin' to think of somethin' that would tickle her to death; when she showed me what she was goin' to give me. It—it," with shame-stricken sobs, "was a patent, double-j'inted, electrical fishin'-rod, like she saw in a picture in the back of a magazine Mis' Evans lent us, an' — an' I wanted a 'cordion plaited skirt."

"There, there, honey," soothed Harvey, "you shall marry me an' have your 'cordion plaited skirt."

The two ladies exchanged glances at once expressing indignant credence and complete comprehension.

"Ain't that just like Sadie Nitschkan?" demanded Mrs. Thomas of Mrs. Evans. "It do beat the dogs."

Her tiny friend shrugged her shoulders in impatience. "Look a-here, Celia," she began authoritatively, "there ain't no reason why you and Harve shouldn't get married. You can't neither of you expect to get nothin' better than each other. Your Paw's on your side, ain't he? Yes. Well, now, me and Mis' Thomas'll help. You come to my house in the afternoons and do your sewin', an' we'll have you married before you know it, and Harve can take you to Red Fox with him."

"That's it, ladies!" cried Harvey joyously, shaking the hands of first one and then the other. "That's what I been beggin' her to do."

"But Mommie!" gasped Celia, her face alight with tremulous rapture.

"I guess Marthy Thomas an' me can handle your Mommie," returned Mrs. Evans, with magnificent recklessness; "so long, children."

In the two or three days now remaining before the Tuesday selected for Mrs. Nitschkan to pay off her obligations to society, that daughter of the hills gave up with apparent cheerfulness her various open-air activities and excursions, and devoted herself with praiseworthy if suspicious zest to her household duties.

"I guess it's a-goin' to be pulled off, all right," said Celia hopefully, as she sewed diligently on her white organdie wedding-dress, in Mrs. Evans' kitchen. "Mommie, she's working hearty, and I've heard no more talk about getting even with you ladies. 'Course her cleanin's real slack, an' she ain't cooked near enough for 'em. I told her so; but she says it's all they'll get. She seems awful good-humored, too."

Mrs. Thomas shook her head. "That's a bad sign," she murmured dolefully.

"Oh, I don't think that means anything," averred Mrs. Evans. "It's like goin' to church or gettin' used to new teeth or havin' your picture took. If it's got to be done, you can do it cheerful. Anyway, she's got her j'inted fishin'-rod to tide her along an' keep her spirits up till it's over."

"I do' know," deplored Mrs. Thomas, "I jus' kind o' feel deviltry in the air."

"Fiddlesticks!" returned the smaller woman crossly. "We'll get Celia an' Harve good an' married, an' then we'll go up an' join the Bon Amis at Sadie's, an' be as innocent as you please till Celia's note is brought."

Her cheerful predictions seemed about to be verified, for the fateful Tuesday arrived without any unexpected lightnings from the clear sky of Mrs. Nitschkan's serene activity. She had, according to Celia's reports, set her house in order and was now looking forward, with a resignation which savored of joyous anticipation, to the invasion of the Bon Amis.

Until the eleventh hour, however, Mrs. Thomas refused to take heart at these gratifying evidences of a tamed and chastened spirit; and it was not until after putting the children to bed for the night that she permitted herself to draw a long sigh of relief.

"Praise Gawd, a lot of the Bon Amis just went past the house on their way to Sadie's!" she exclaimed devoutly, turning from the window to assist Mrs. Evans in putting the finishing touches to the bride's toilet. "I kind o' sensed deviltry; but I guess I need a little sasparilla or mountain sage tea."

"I guess yes." Mrs. Evans knelt before Celia, her mouth full of pins. "My patience, Marthy! What was that?" Both women started to their feet in sudden agitation and stood listening a moment in silence, their eyes grown wide, their faces pale.

There was a sound of many voices without, of loud laughter, coming nearer — nearer: then a thunderous knocking on the door.

Mrs. Thomas fell back limply against the wall. "I sensed it right," she moaned. "It wasn't no need for sasparilla."

Her friend, ever quick to act, snatched up a candle. "Get out in the back room with Harve and the preacher, Celia," she ordered the trembling bride. "Come on, Marthy, we got to face it now."

The knocking was becoming louder and more insistent every minute, and with trembling fingers the two women unbarred the outer door.

"Surprise! Surprise!" called a chorus of voices, Mrs. Nitschkan's tones leading all the rest; and the Bon Amis, with a concerted rush, entered the house, each member of the club bearing a basket.

"It's a picnic in the form of a pro-gressive supper," announced Mrs. Nitschkan. "We're a-goin' to eat the first part of it here, and then go on to your house, Effie Evans, for the pies an' cakes an' things."

There was nothing to do but acquiesce. Already the bolder spirits were dragging out tables and laying cloths in preparation for the feast; the uproarious throng enjoying with Mrs. Nitschkan her rollicking and malicious satisfaction in the evident consternation of her two friends.

Mrs. Evans, however, wasted no time among the merrymakers, but quickly withdrew to the back chamber, where she held brief counsel with the frowning bridegroom, the weeping bride, the nervous minister, and her allies, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Landvetter.

'It's all over, Harve," wailed Celia. "Mommie, she's sure got ahead of us."

"Shut up, Celia," commanded Mrs. Evans sharply, "and get a little flour out of the barrel to put on your nose. I ain't afraid of your Mommie, and I'm goin' to face her now."

"Oh, don't have it out before folks," besought timid Celia. "Take her out in the backyard where there ain't no lamps to throw, and where she can't break dishes and furniture."

"I'll tend to her," replied Mrs. Evans magnificently. "Go on to the kitchen, Mrs. Landvetter, and get some good, strong, hot coffee ready to pour into her when she gets the 'strikes.'"

"Don't you want Harve?" asked Celia, with reluctant generosity. "He ain't afraid of anything, even of Mommie."

"This ain't no time for men folks. When a female has to be dealt with, it takes females to do it," replied her mentor.

A moment later she pushed her way through the throng and touched Mrs. Nitschkan on the elbow.

"Come here a minute, Sadie. Marthy wants you to help with the coffee and heat up some of the things."

Mrs. Nitschkan followed good-humoredly, slapping her thighs and indulging in crowing triumph.

"Well, Effie Evans, I sure got ahead of you that time," she laughed.

Mrs. Evans first fastened the kitchen door, then, turning, faced her. "No, Sadie," composedly, "you ain't got ahead of me now, nor," with emphasis, "ever will. It can't be done. Sadie Nitschkan, I got something to tell you that will make you kick and plunge; but it ain't going to do you a mite of good, and all you got to do is to take your medicine an' drink it down like it was a cup of Landvetter's best coffee. Sadie, Celia's a-going to be married in this house in about half an hour."

The smile and triumph faded suddenly from Mrs. Nitschkan's face. Her small, twinkling eyes began to roll ominously and show red, and her relaxed figure became immediately tense and alert as that of a panther on guard.

"What you puttin' up on me?" Her voice was a mere guttural growl. "Celia! A-goin' to be married here at Martha Thomas'! Oh, I guess not! I guess you don't know what all you're talkin' about, Effie Evans. You forget I'm feelin' particularly good, right now?" rolling up her sleeves and showing the great knots of swelling muscles on her arms. "And I'm prepared to do some stunts in the way of cleanin' out this. There won't be a whole dish or a whole stick of furniture or even a pictur' left in this house when I get through. Get out of my way."

With one big sweep of her arm she brushed her companion aside as if she had been a fly; but with incredible rapidity, the tiny woman recovered herself and sprang before the locked portal.

"No, Sadie Nitschkan,"— the steady eyes held in check the infuriated woman — "you ain't a-goin' to do no such thing. You don't want them Bon Amis laughing like jackals, 'cause you put up a game on your two best friends, and they was smart enough to turn the tables on you. Oh, no, I guess not!" Her words dropped hard and cold as icicles.

Mrs. Nitschkan's courage sprang from a sense of trained and responsive muscles and of tremendous physical strength; but at the sound of that cool voice, the sight of those unwavering eyes, there swept over her an old awe of the smaller woman's far higher courage. It was an almost superstitious fear and respect which chilled the hot blood of her passion; the instinctive obedience of the flesh to the indomitable spirit. Too often had this fighting gipsy paid deference to the steel-like, unflinching quality of her friend to ignore it now, when, rising above the frail physique, it faced unafraid the brute strength which threatened it, and dominated the situation by sheer consciousness of power.

For a moment, Mrs. Nitschkan, chilled and subdued, confused by forces she could not understand, fell back a step or two. Then, a hot remembrance of her wrongs giving her a new impulse, she started forward muttering hoarse rage, as if to seize Mrs. Evans and break her; but her dominating purpose was cowed, her muscles felt powerless, and she fell back a step or two, rolling her head and muttering, finally to sink flaccidly into a chair.

Quick as a flash Mrs. Evans threw open the door and beckoned Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Landvetter, whose attitudes suggested that they might have been in close proximity to the keyhole.

"Here, girls," she ordered, "help me to get her settled more comfortable. Oh, it's the 'strikes,' you see. Yes, let 'em come, Sadie. Take it easy and yell all you want. It'll do you good."

Mrs. Nitschkan had speedily recovered from her momentarily dazed condition and was now rocking rhythmically back and forth in her chair, throwing her arms above her head and bringing her clenched fists down on her knees, while alternating uncanny and piercing laughter with gasping sobs and cries.

Mrs. Evans watched over her with a dispassionate and scientific interest while the other women busied themselves about the stove; Mrs. Thomas occasionally pausing to shake her head admiringly and murmur, "Ain't she havin' 'em beautiful?"

"Oh!" wailed the gipsy, now at the height of her "strikes," "to think of what a body's got to bear; bein' turned down by your own child and done by your two best friends! It's too hard; but," pausing suddenly in her emotional exhibition, her face purpling, and her eyes again showing red, "I bet I'll get even with Celia. I'm a-goin' to give that girl a good hidin'."

"Now Sadie, Sadie," adjured Mrs. Thomas, "you can't hide a married woman. If there's any hidin' to be done, the husbands are a-goin' to do it theirselves. They ain't goin' to let no mother-in-law get in her whacks."

"Yes, and you've had your cry out now, and you can listen to sense," remarked Mrs. Evans decisively. "Here's your coffee. Take and drink it while it's hot. Now listen; instead of having to give Celia a weddin' and stay at home and sew your fingers to the bone getting her ready, you've been jantin' 'round, fishin' and prospectin', with all the trouble taken off your hands, and no thanks to you that Celia's caught one of the best miners in the county and fixed herself for life."

Mrs. Nitschkan sniffed wrathfully, but drank her coffee.

"Yes," cooed Mrs. Thomas, "an' think what the Bon Amis'll say to two surprises in one evening. They'll say no one ever gave 'em so much for their money as Mrs. Nitschkan's done. Why," her imagination soaring, "twenty years from now they'll be sayin' that in this camp."

The gipsy's eyes began to sparkle. "Ef it would be thought that I managed it; that it wasn't no low-down trick played on me by my two best friends — " she began tentatively.

"They can be made to think so; they shall," affirmed Mrs. Evans.

At that moment there was a tap at the door, and Harvey peered in, his face white, his eyes gleaming. Behind him appeared the reluctant and skulking figure of Mr. Nitschkan.

"Air you ladies ready?" asked the bridegroom. "Preacher says it's time to begin."

"Comin' right off, Harve. Here, Jack," dragging forward Mr. Nitschkan, "you give Sadie your arm an' go right on in."

It was an imposing entrance they made. From the moment she appeared at the door, Mrs. Nitschkan felt herself the object of a new respect and attention. Hasty word of the event about to occur had been passed among the Bon Amis; and now they stood open-mouthed, lost in admiration of the hostess who had devised these various and original methods of entertainment. Some bitterness had undoubtedly been felt by the more conscientious members of the club, that one of their members had so long and successfully evaded the pleasing duties of hospitality; but this was not only completely forgiven, but forgotten, in view of the revelation of resource and spectacular ingenuity which Mrs. Nitschkan had displayed when finally awakened to the sense of her responsibilities.

It was noticed by the more observing that during the ceremony the minister seemed somewhat distrait and fidgetty, and that Celia clung timidly to Harvey's arm; but the mother of the bride, now fully conscious of the importance of her position and lustily enjoying the glare of the lime-light, was the first to extend her hearty and effusive congratulations.

"Oh, yes," she remarked later to a group of admiring Bon Amis, "I picked out Harve for Celia long ago; but I was afraid they wouldn't take to each other 'less I opposed 'em like pizen. Shows how much I think of Harve, when I sent East, clean to New York, for a weddin' present fer him, a double-j'inted, patent electrical fishin'-rod. Why, even the Bishop, he says to me not long ago, shakin' his finger at me, just like this—'Mrs. Nitschkan,' he says, 'ain't you the sly-boots, though! Why, ef you'd 'a' been Eve in the garden of Eden, the Serpent, he wouldn't never have had the courage to offer you that apple. He'd be sure you knew too much about mines not to 'spicion that what was handed out to you for nothin' was likely sure to be salted.'"

ROSE DOLORES

BY

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE moan of Rose Dolores, she made her plaint to me;
"My hair is lifted by the wind that sweeps in from the sea;
I taste its salt upon my lips—O jailer, set me free!"

"Content thee, Rose Dolores, content thee, child of care!
There's satin shoon upon thy feet and emeralds in thy hair,
And one there is who hungers for thy step upon the stair."

The moan of Rose Dolores: "O jailer, set me free!
These satin shoon and green-lit gems are terrible to me:
I hear a murmur on the wind, the murmur of the sea!"

"Bethink thee, Rose Dolores, bethink thee ere too late!
Thou wert a fisher's child, alack, born to a fisher's fate;
Would'st lay thy beauty 'neath the yoke—would'st be a fisher's mate?"

The moan of Rose Dolores: "Kind jailer, let me go!
There's one who is a fisher—ah! my heart beats cold and slow
Lest he should doubt I love him—I! who love not heaven so!"

"Alas, sweet Rose Dolores, why beat against the bars?
Thy fisher lover drifteth where the sea is full of stars;
Why weep for one who weeps no more—since grief thy beauty mars!"

The moan of Rose Dolores (she prayed me patiently):
"O jailer, now I know who called from out the calling sea,
I know whose kiss was in the wind—O jailer, set me free!"

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

III

THE QUIMBY CONTROVERSY

MARY BAKER G. EDDY, nine years after the death of Phineas P. Quimby, published a book entitled "Science and Health," in which she developed a system of curing disease by the mind. In this work she mentions Quimby only incidentally and acknowledges no indebtedness to him for the idea upon which her system is based. Upon this foundation Mrs. Eddy has since established the Christian Science church, the sect which regards her as the real discoverer and only accredited teacher of metaphysical healing. Quimby himself, though he founded no religious organization, to-day has thousands of followers; the several schools of Mental Scientists are convinced that he was the discoverer and founder of mental healing in this country. Mrs. Eddy's partizans maintain that she received her inspiration from God, while Quimby's adherents maintain that she obtained her ideas very largely from Quimby. Interrupting, for the present, the narrative of Mrs. Eddy's life, this article will attempt to present the arguments of both sides in this controversy.

Quimby's followers do not assert that Quimby wrote "Science and Health," or that he is the responsible author of all the ideas now formulated in the Christian Science creed. In brief, their position is this: that Mrs. Eddy obtained the radical principle of her Science,—the cure of disease by the power of Divine mind,—from Quimby; that she left Portland with a manuscript which formed the basis of her book, "Science and Health"; that she publicly figured for several years after Quimby's death as the teacher and practitioner of his system; that she had, herself, before 1875, repeatedly acknowledged her obligations to him; and that since the publication of the first edition of "Science and Health," in her determined efforts to disprove this obligation, she has not hesitated to bring discredit upon her former teacher. They do not maintain that Quimby is in any sense the founder of the present Christian Science organization; they do declare, however, that had Mrs. Eddy never visited Quimby, never listened to his ideas or studied his writings, such an organization would probably not now exist. On the other hand, Christian Scientists repudiate any suggestion that Mrs. Eddy, or their ecclesiastical establishment, is in the slightest degree indebted to the Portland healer.

Mrs. Eddy's Claims to Divine Inspiration

Christian Scientists believe that Mrs. Eddy received the truths of Christian Science as a direct revelation from God. She came to fulfil and to complete the mission of Jesus Christ. Jesus, that is, possessed only partial wisdom. "Our Master healed the sick," she writes in "Science and Health," . . . "and taught the generalities of its divine Principle to his students; but he left no definite rule for demonstrating his Principle of healing and preventing disease. This remained to be discovered through Christian

Science."[*] "Jesus' wisdom ofttimes was shown by his forbearing to speak," she writes, "as well as by his speaking, the whole truth. . . . Had wisdom characterized all his[†] sayings, he would not have prophesied his own death and thereby hastened it or caused it."[‡] In other words, Jesus, by foretelling His crucifixion, created that thought, and the thought ultimately hastened His death. In a letter written about 1877, part of which is reproduced photographically elsewhere, Mrs. Eddy again suggests that her mission completes that of the New Testament:

> Lynn March 11th
>
> My dear Student,
>
> I did not write the day your letter came, a belief was clouding the sunshine of Truth and it is not fair weather yet. But Harry, be of good cheer "behind the clouds the sun is still shining." *I know the crucifixion of the one who presents Truth in its higher aspect will be this time through a bigger error, through mortal mind instead of its lower strata or matter, showing that the idea given of God this time is higher, clearer, and more permanent than before.*[§] My dear companion and fellow-laborer in the Lord[‖] is grappling stronger than did Peter with the enemy, he would cut off their hands and "ears"; you dear student, are doubtless praying for me — and so the Modern Law giver is upheld for a time. I shall go to work for the book as soon as I can think clearly for agony, or outside of the belief
>
> May the All Love hold and help you ever
>
> Your Teacher
> M B G E.

In "Retrospection and Introspection" Mrs. Eddy writes:

> No person can take the individual place of the Virgin Mary. No person can compass or fulfill the individual mission of Jesus of Nazareth. No person can take the place of the author of Science and Health, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science. Each individual must fill his own niche in time and eternity.
>
> The second appearing of Jesus is unquestionably, the spiritual advent of the advancing idea of God as in Christian Science.[¶]

Christian Science Foretold in the Book of Revelation

Mrs. Eddy believes that Christian Science is foretold in the Book of Revelation. In "Science and Health" she writes:

> John the Baptist prophesied the coming of the Immaculate Jesus and declared that this spiritual idea was the Messiah who would baptize with the Holy Ghost — Divine Science. The son of the Blessed represents the fatherhood of God; and the Revelator completes this figure with the Woman, or type of God's motherhood.[*]

Again:

> Saint John writes, in the tenth chapter of his Book of Revelation: "And I saw another mighty angel come down from Heaven, clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire. And he had in his hand a little book open; and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot upon the earth." Is this angel, or message from God, Divine Science, that comes in a cloud? To mortals obscure, abstract, and dark; but a bright promise crowns its brow. When understood, it is Truth's prism and praise; when you look it fairly in the face, you can heal by its means, and it hath for you a light above the sun, for God "is the light thereof." . . . This angel had in his hand a "little book," open for all to read and understand. Did this same book contain the revelation of Divine Science, whose "right foot" or dominant power was upon the sea,— upon elementary, latent error, the source of all error's visible forms? . . . Then will a voice from harmony cry: "Go and take the little book. Take it and eat it up, and it shall make thy belly bitter; but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey." Mortal, obey the heavenly evangel. Take up Divine Science. Study it, ponder it. It will be indeed sweet at its first taste, when it heals you; but murmur not over Truth, if you find its digestion bitter. . . . In the opening of the Sixth Seal, typical of six thousand years since Adam, there is one distinctive feature which has *special reference to the present age.*[†]
>
> Rev. xii. 1. "And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven,— a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." . . . Rev. xii. 5. "And she brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up unto God, and to his Throne." Led on by the grossest element of mortal mind, Herod decreed the death of every male child, in order that the man Jesus (*the masculine representative of the spiritual idea*)[*] might never hold sway, and so deprive Herod of his crown. The impersonation of the spiritual idea had a brief history in the earthly life of our Master; but "of his kingdom there shall be no end," for *Christ, God's idea, will eventually rule all nations and peoples — imperatively, absolutely, finally — with Divine Science. This immaculate idea, represented first by man and last by woman,* will baptize with fire; and the fiery baptism will burn up the chaff of error with the fervent heat of Truth and Love, melting and purifying even the gold of human character.[‡]

The following extracts from Mrs. Eddy's writings indicate the magnitude of her claims and her conception of her own exalted mission:

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[*] "Science and Health" (1898), p. 41.

[†] Both this and other quotations in this article have been modified in later editions of Mrs. Eddy's books. The phrase above now stands: "This wisdom, which characterized his sayings did not prophesy his death and thereby hasten or permit it." The author thinks it hardly necessary, in what follows, to indicate the various readings of the same quotation, but will content herself with naming the particular editions in which the phrases, as quoted, appear. When no edition is mentioned, the latest edition is to be understood.

[‡] "Miscellaneous Writings" (1897), pp. 83 and 84.

[§] The italics are not Mrs. Eddy's.

[‖] This is apparently a reference to Asa G. Eddy, her husband.

[¶] "Retrospection and Introspection," pp. 95 and 96.

[*] "Science and Health" (1888), p. 513.

[†] The italics in this paragraph are not Mrs. Eddy's.

[‡] "Science and Health" (1898), pp. 550, 551, 552 and 557.

She says in "Science and Health":

> In the year 1866, I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing, and named it Christian Science. God had been graciously fitting me, during many years, for the reception of a final revelation of the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing. . . . No human pen or tongue taught me the Science contained in this book . . . and neither tongue nor pen can ever overthrow it.*

"Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy says, continues the teachings of St. Paul.

> On our subject, St. Paul first reasons upon the basis of what is seen, the effects of Truth on the material senses; thence, up to the Unseen, the testimony of spiritual sense; and right there he leaves the subject.
>
> Just there, in the intermediate line of thought, is where the present writer found it, when she discovered Christian Science. And she has *not* left it, but continues the explanation of the power of Spirit up to its infinite meaning, its Allness. †

Mrs. Eddy's followers believe that her discovery, in a manner, has repeated the day of Pentecost and the coming of the Holy Ghost to man. She says:

> This understanding is what is meant by the descent of the Holy Ghost,— that influx of devine Science which so illuminated the Pentecostal Day, and is now repeating its ancient history. . . .
>
> In the words of St. John: "He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you *forever*." This Comforter I understand to be Devine Science.‡

In "Miscellaneous Writings," Mrs. Eddy further says of her Science and her ministry:

> Above the fogs of sense and storms of passion, Christian Science and its Art will rise triumphant: ignorance, envy, and hatred — earth's harmless thunder — pluck not their heaven-born wings. Angels, with overtures, hold charge over both, and announce their principle and idea. . . .
>
> No works similar to mine on Christian Science existed, prior to my discovery of this Science. Before the publication of my first work on this subject, a few manuscripts of mine were in circulation. The discovery and founding of Christian Science has cost more than thirty years of unremitting toil and unrest; but, comparing those with the joy of knowing that the sinner and the sick are helped upward, that time and eternity bear witness to this gift of God to the race, I am the debtor. . . .
>
> In 1895, I ordained the BIBLE, and SCIENCE AND HEALTH WITH KEY TO THE SCRIPTURES, the Christian Science Text-book, as the Pastor, on this planet, of all the churches of the Christian Science Denomination. This ordinance took effect the same year, and met with the universal approval and support of Christian Scientists. Whenever and wherever a church of Christian Science is established, its Pastor is the Bible and My Book.
>
> In 1896, it goes without saying, preëminent over ignorance or envy, that Christian Science *is founded by its discoverer*, and built upon the Rock of Christ. The elements of earth beat in vain against the immortal parapets of this Science. Erect and eternal, it will go on with the ages, go down the dim posterns of time unharmed, and on every battlefield rise higher in the estimation of thinkers, and in the hearts of Christians.*

To Christian Scientists, therefore, Mrs. Eddy's discovery or revelation was a great turning-point in the history of the human race, and the manner in which it came about is of the highest importance.

Mrs. Eddy Gives Three Different Dates for Her Discovery

It is difficult to ascertain definitely just when Mrs. Eddy arrived at the conclusion that mortal mind, not matter, causes sin, sickness, and death, as her own recollection of her initial revelation seems to be somewhat blurred. "As long ago as 1844," she writes in the *Christian Science Journal*, in June, 1887, "I was convinced that mortal mind produced all disease and that the various medical systems were in no proper sense scientific. In 1862, when I first visited Mr. Quimby, I was proclaiming — to druggists, Spiritualists, and mesmerists — that science must govern all healing."

To her discovery of the principle of mental healing, she has assigned no less than three different dates:

In a letter to the Boston *Post*, March 7, 1883, she says:

> We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853, when we were convinced that mind had a science, which, if understood, would heal all disease.

Again, in the first edition of "Science and Health" (1875), she says:

> We made our first discovery that science mentally applied would heal the sick, in 1864, and since then have tested it on ourselves and hundreds of others and never found it fail to prove the statement herein made of it.

In "Retrospection and Introspection" she says:

> It was in Massachusetts, in February, 1866. . . . that I discovered the Science of Devine Metaphysical Healing, which I afterwards named Christian Science.†

In later editions of 'Science and Health," and in numerous other places, Mrs. Eddy definitely fixes 1866 as the year of her discovery. This is now the generally accepted date. Her enemies have naturally made much of the seeming inconsistency of these statements. To disprove her claim that she had a knowledge of mind healing as far back as 1844 or 1853, they quote Mrs. Eddy's own words in the *Christian Science Journal* of June, 1887. She there says that before her visit to Quimby in 1862, "I knew nothing of the Science of Mind-healing. . . . Mind Science was unknown to me."

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* "Science and Health" (1898), pp. 1 and 4.
† "Miscellaneous Writings" (1897), p. 188.
‡ "Science and Health" (1906), pp. 43 and 55.

* "Miscellaneous Writings" (1897), pp. 374, 382 and 383.
† "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 38.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that each of these dates might be intrinsically correct, as each might mark an important advance in Mrs. Eddy's mastery of her science. It would be extremely difficult for any discoverer to date exactly the inception of an idea which eventually absorbed him completely. Doubtless these seeming inaccuracies on Mrs. Eddy's part would have been passed over as due to mere inexactness of expression, had not each date been given to meet some specific charge as to her indebtedness to Quimby — and given, as it would seem, mainly for the purpose of extricating herself from the difficulty of the moment.

As shown above, in the first edition of "Science and Health" (1875), she said that it was in 1864 that she first discovered that "science mentally applied would heal the sick."

Eight years after Mrs. Eddy had announced 1864 as the correct and authentic date of her discovery, Julius A. Dresser,* in a letter to the Boston *Post* (February 24, 1883) advanced Quimby's claim. It was in a reply to this letter, written March 7, 1883, published in the same paper that Mrs. Eddy first asserted: "We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853."

Four years later (February 6, 1887), Mr. Dresser delivered an address upon "The True History of Mental Science," at the Church of Divine Unity, in Boston, in which he declared that Quimby was the originator of the present science of mental healing and that Mrs. Eddy did not understand disease as a state of mind until she was his patient and pupil. This address caused such comment and discussion, that four months later (June, 1887) Mrs. Eddy answered it through the *Christian Science Journal* by asserting: "As long ago as 1844, I was convinced that mortal mind produced all disease. . . . In 1862 . . . I was proclaiming . . . that science must govern all healing."

Mrs. Eddy's Accounts of the Fall on the Ice in Lynn, in February, 1866

The unprejudiced historian finds discrepancies, not only in the dates of Mrs. Eddy's discovery, but in her accounts of the particular episodes which occasioned it. In the several editions of "Science and Health," for example, there are two elaborate versions. In the early editions Mrs. Eddy associates her discovery with experiments which she made to cure herself of dyspepsia; in later editions, as the result of a miraculous recovery from a spinal injury received in a fall on the ice in Lynn, in 1866. Both these episodes are related in all editions of the book. In the early versions, however, the recovery from dyspepsia receives the greater emphasis; while in recent editions the fall on the ice assumes the chief importance, with the other story forced more and more into the background.

In the first edition of "Science and Health" (1875), Mrs. Eddy gives the following account of how she was led to see the truth:

> When quite a child, we adopted the Graham system for dyspepsia, ate only bread and vegetables, and drank water, following this diet for

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* Julius A. Dresser was born in Portland, Maine, February 12, 1838. He was in college in Waterville, Maine, when his health failed. He had a strongly emotional religious nature and intended to become a minister in the Calvinistic Baptist Church. When he went to Mr. Quimby in the summer of 1860, he apparently had only a short time to live. Quimby told him his "religion was killing him." Quimby treated him successfully for typhoid pneumonia, according to Mr. Dresser's son, Horatio W. Dresser of Cambridge, and "gave him the understanding which enabled my father to live thirty-three years after his restoration to health."

Mr. Dresser became an enthusiastic convert to the Quimby faith and for some years devoted himself to explaining Quimby's principle of mental healing to new patients. In this way he met Miss Annetta G. Seabury, whom he married in September, 1863, and Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson.

After his marriage Mr. Dresser took up newspaper work in Portland and in 1866 moved to Webster, Massachusetts, where he edited and published The Webster *Times*.

The death of Quimby was a great shock to Mr. and Mrs. Dresser. It was generally expected by Quimby's followers that Mr. Dresser would take up the work as Quimby's successor. Mrs. Dresser hesitated to attempt it publicly, knowing her own and her husband's sensitiveness, and after consideration they decided not to undertake it at that time. "This," says Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, "was a fundamentally decisive action, and much stress should be placed upon it. For Mrs. Eddy naturally looked to father as the probable successor, and when she learned from father that he had no thought of taking up the public work, *the field became free for her*. I am convinced that she had no desire previous to that time to make any claims for herself. Her letters give evidence of this."

Mr. Dresser's health again weakened from overwork, and after living in the West for a time he returned to Massachusetts and began his public work as mental teacher and healer. In Boston Mr. Dresser found that Mrs. Eddy's pupils and rejected pupils were practising with the sick, and he believed that their work was inferior to Quimby's. This gave him confidence to begin. In 1882 Mr. and Mrs. Dresser began to practise in Boston, and in 1883 they were holding class lectures, teaching from the Quimby manuscripts and practising the Quimby method.

From this the facts with regard to Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Quimby spread, and this was the beginning of the Quimby controversy.

years; we became more dyspeptic, however, and of course thought we must diet more rigidly; so we partook of but one meal in twenty-four hours, and this consisted of a thin slice of bread, about three inches square, without water; our physician not allowing us with this simple meal, to wet our parched lips for many hours thereafter; whenever we drank, it produced violent retchings. Thus we passed most of our early years, as many can attest, in hunger, pain, weakness and starvation. At length we learned that while fasting increased the desire for food, it spared none of the sufferings occasioned by partaking of it, and what to do next, having already exhausted the medicine men, was a question. After years of suffering, when we made up our mind to die, our doctors kindly assuring us this was our only alternative, our eyes were suddenly opened, and we learned suffering is self-imposed, a belief, and not Truth. That God never made men sick; and all our fasting for penance or health is not acceptable to Wisdom because it is not the science in which Soul governs sense. Thus Truth, opening our eyes, relieved our stomach, also, and enabled us to eat without suffering, giving God thanks; but we never afterwards enjoyed food as we expected to, if ever we were a freed slave, to eat without a master; for the new-born understanding that food could not hurt us, brought with it another point, *viz.*, that it did not help us as we had anticipated it would before our changed views on this subject; food had less power over us for evil or for good than when we consulted matter before spirit and believed in pains or pleasures of personal sense. As a natural result we took less thought about "what we should eat or what drink," and fasting or feasting consulted less our stomachs and our food, arguing against their claims continually, and in this manner despoiled them of their power over us to give pleasure or pain, and recovered strength and flesh rapidly, enjoying health and harmony that we never before had done.

The belief that fasting or feasting enables man to grow better, morally or physically, is one of the fruits of the "tree of knowledge" against which Wisdom warned man, and of which we had partaken in sad experience; believing for many years we lived only by the strictest adherence to dietetics and physiology. During this time we also learned a dyspeptic is very far from the image and likeness of God, from having "dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, or beasts of the field"; therefore that God never made one; while the Graham system, hygiene, physiology, materia medica, etc., did, and contrary to his commands. Then it was that we promised God to spend our coming years for the sick and suffering; to unmask this error of belief that matter rules man. Our cure for dyspepsia was, to learn the science of being, and "eat what was set before us, asking no questions for conscience' sake; yea to consult matter less and God more."

In the latest editions, Mrs. Eddy relates this incident, but does not connect herself with it. "I knew a woman," she says, "who, when quite a child, adopted the Graham system to cure dyspepsia," giving the incident merely as an illustration of Christian Science healing.

At present, Christian Scientists date the dawn of the new era from February 1, 1866, on the evening of which day Mrs. Eddy fell on the ice. She says in "Retrospection and Introspection":

> It was in Massachusetts, February, 1866, and after the death of the magnetic doctor, Mr. P. P. Quimby, whom Spiritualists would associate therewith, but who was in no-wise connected with this event, that I discovered the Science of Divine Metaphysical Healing, which I afterwards named Christian Science. The discovery came to pass in this way. During twenty years prior to my discovery I had been trying to trace all physical effects to a mental cause; and in the latter part of 1866 I gained the Scientific certainty that all causation was Mind, and every effect a mental phenomenon.
>
> My immediate recovery from the effects of an injury caused by an accident, an injury that neither medicine nor surgery could reach, was the falling apple that led me to the discovery how to be well myself, and how to make others so.
>
> Even to the Homeopathic physician who attended me, and rejoiced in my recovery, I could not then explain the *modus* of my relief. I could only assure him that the Divine Spirit had wrought the miracle — a miracle which later I found to be in perfect Scientific accord with divine law.*

In a sketch of Mrs. Eddy, published by the Christian Science Publishing Society, still a later version is given:

> In company with her husband, she was returning from an errand of mercy, when she fell upon the icy curbstone, and was carried helpless to her home. The skilled physicians declared that there was absolutely no hope for her, and pronounced the verdict that she had but three days to live. Finding no hope and no help on earth, she lifted her heart to God. On the third day, calling for her Bible, she asked the family to leave the room. Her Bible opened to the healing of the palsied man, Matt. ix, 2. The truth which set him free, she saw. The power which gave him strength, she felt. The life divine, which healed the sick of the palsy, restored her, and she rose from the bed of pain, healed and free.

Several documents can be brought in refutation of this claim. Mrs. Eddy's own letter to Julius A. Dresser, after the death of Quimby, apparently disproves the miraculous account given above. This letter, already quoted in full in the preceding chapter, contains the first recorded reference to this accident:

> Two weeks ago I fell on the sidewalk (writes Mrs. Eddy), and struck my back on the ice, and was taken up for dead, came to consciousness amid a storm of vapors from cologne, chloroform, ether, camphor, etc., but to find myself the helpless cripple I was before I saw Dr. Quimby.

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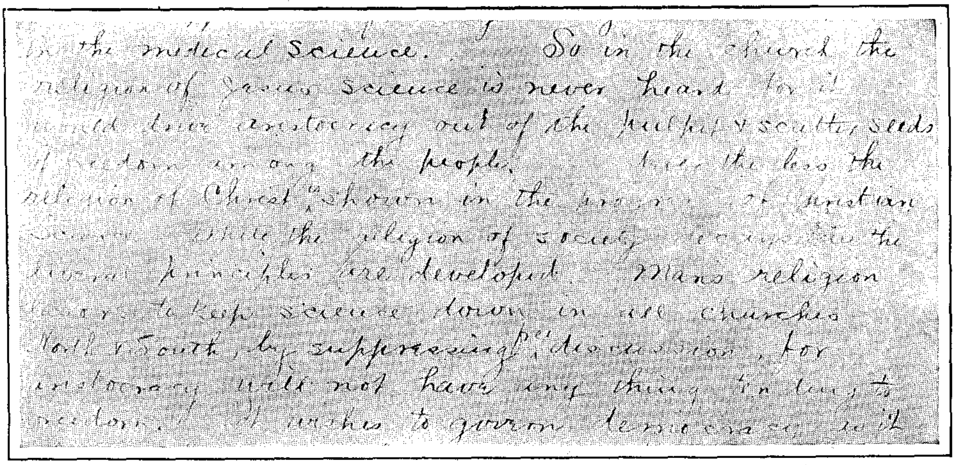
* "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 38.



in the medical Science. So in the church the
religion of Jesus Science is never heard for it
would drive aristocracy out of the pulpit & scatter seeds
of freedom among the people. Hence the less the
religion of Christ is shown in the form of Christian
Science while the religion of society occupies the
[illegible] principles are developed. Mans religion
[illegible] to keep Science down in all churches
North & South, by suppressing free discussion, for
aristocracy will not have any thing tend to
freedom. It wishes to govern democracy [illegible]

Facsimile of part of a manuscript by Phineas P. Quimby. It is interesting because it contains the words "Christian Science." This manuscript was written in 1863

> The physician attending said I had taken the last step I ever should, but in two days I got out of my bed *alone* and *will* walk; but yet I confess I am frightened, and out of that nervous heat my friends are forming, spite of me, the terrible spinal affection from which I have suffered so long and hopelessly. . . . Now can't *you* help me? I believe you can. I write this with this feeling: I think that I could help another in my condition if they had not placed their intelligence in matter. This I have not done, and yet I am slowly failing. Won't you write me if you will undertake for me if I can get to you?

In this letter, although it was written two weeks after the mishap in question, Mrs. Eddy makes no reference to a miraculous recovery. In fact, she apparently fears a return of her old spinal trouble and asks Mr. Dresser to protect her against it by the Quimby method. She adds that, although she has not placed her "intelligence in matter," she is "slowly failing."

In the first edition of "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy refers to this recovery, but merely as an interesting demonstration of Scientific healing. She also describes it in a letter written in 1871 to Mr. W. W. Wright. Wright, a well-known citizen of Lynn and a prospective student, addressed several questions to Mrs. Eddy concerning Christian Science. "What do you claim for it," he says, "in cases of sprains, broken limbs, cuts, bruises, etc., when a surgeon's services are generally required?" To which Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Glover, replied:

> I have demonstrated upon myself in an injury occasioned by a fall, that it did for me what surgeons could not do. Dr. Cushing of this city pronounced my injury incurable and that I could not survive three days because of it, when on the third day I rose from my bed and to the utter confusion of all I commenced my usual avocations and notwithstanding displacements etc I regained the natural position and functions of the body How far my students can demonstrate in such extreme cases depends on the progress they have made in this Science.

Here again Mrs. Eddy cites the experience merely as a remarkable instance of the power of Christian Science; and does not connect it in any way with her revelation.

Dr. Alvin M. Cushing's Account of the Fall on the Ice

The Dr. Cushing to whom Mrs. Eddy refers in this letter is still living at Springfield, Massachusetts. He has the clearest recollection of Mrs. Eddy and the accident in question. He is an ex-president of the Massachusetts Homeopathic Society. From his records he has made the following affidavit:

> COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
> COUNTY OF HAMPDEN, SS.:
>
> Alvin M. Cushing, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am seventy-seven years of age, and reside in the City of Springfield in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. I am a medical doctor of the homeopathic school and have practised medicine for fifty years last past. On July 13 in the year 1865 I commenced the practice of my profession in the City of Lynn, in said Commonwealth, and, while there, kept a careful and accurate record, in detail, of my various cases, my attendance upon and my treatment of them. One of my cases of which I made and have such a record is that of Mrs. Mary M. Patterson, then the wife of one Daniel Patterson, a dentist, and now Mrs. Mary G. Eddy, of Concord, New Hampshire.

MRS. PHINEAS P. QUIMBY

Who served as Quimby's amanuensis when he dictated the famous manuscript "Questions and Answers"

On February 1, 1866, I was called to the residence of Samuel M. Bubier, who was a shoe manufacturer and later was mayor of Lynn, to attend said Mrs. Patterson, who had fallen upon the icy sidewalk in front of Mr. Bubier's factory and had injured her head by the fall. I found her very nervous, partially unconscious, semi-hysterical, complaining by word and action of severe pain in the back of her head and neck. This was early in the evening, and I gave her medicine every fifteen minutes until she was more quiet, then left her with Mrs. Bubier for a little time, ordering the medicine to be given every half hour until my return. I made a second visit later and left Mrs. Patterson at midnight, with directions to give the medicine every half hour or hour as seemed necessary, when awake, but not disturb her if asleep.

In the morning Mrs. Bubier told me my orders had been carried out and said Mrs. Patterson had slept some. I found her quite rational but complaining of severe pain, almost spasmodic on moving. She declared that she was going to her home in Swampscott whether we consented or not. On account of the severe pain and nervousness, I gave her one-eighth of a grain of morphine, not as a curative remedy, but as an expedient to lessen the pain on removing. As soon as I could, I procured a long sleigh with robes and blankets, and two men from a near-by stable. On my return, to my surprise found her sound asleep. We placed her in the sleigh and carried her to her home in Swampscott, without a moan. At her home the two men undertook to carry her upstairs, and she was so sound asleep and limp she "doubled up like a jack-knife," so I placed myself on the stairs on my hands and feet and they laid her on my back, and in that way we carried her upstairs and placed her in bed. She slept till nearly two o'clock in the afternoon; so long I began to fear there had been some mistake in the dose.

Said Mrs. Patterson proved to be a very interesting patient, and one of the most sensitive to the effects of medicine that I ever saw, which accounted for the effects of the small dose of morphine. Probably one-sixteenth of a grain would have put her sound asleep. Each day that I visited her, I dissolved a small portion of a highly attenuated remedy in one-half a glass of water and ordered a teaspoonful given every two hours, usually giving one dose while there. She told me she could feel each dose to the tips of her fingers and toes, and gave me much credit for my ability to select a remedy.

I visited her twice on February first, twice on the second, once on the third, and once on the fifth, and on the thirteenth day of the same month my bill was paid. During my visits to her she spoke to me of a Dr. Quimby of Portland, Maine, who had treated her for some severe illness with remarkable success. She did not tell what his method was, but I inferred it was not the usual method of either school of medicine.

There was, to my knowledge, no other physician in attendance upon Mrs. Patterson during this illness from the day of the accident, February 1, 1866, to my final visit on February 13th, and when I left her on the 13th day of February, she seemed to have recovered from the disturbance caused by the accident and to be, practically, in her normal condition. I did not at any time declare, or believe, that there was no hope for Mrs. Patterson's recovery, or that she was in a critical condition, and did not at any time say, or believe, that she had but three or any other limited number of days to live. Mrs. Patterson did not suggest, or say, or pretend, or in any way whatever intimate, that on the third, or any other day, of her said illness, she had miraculously recovered or been healed, or that, discovering or perceiving the truth of the power employed by Christ to heal the sick, she had, by it, been restored to health. As I have stated, on the third and subsequent days of her said illness, resulting from her said fall on the ice, I attended Mrs. Patterson and gave her medicine; and on the 10th day of the following August, I was again called to see her, this time at the home of a Mrs. Clark, on Summer Street, in said City of Lynn. I found Mrs. Patterson suffering from a bad cough and prescribed for her. I made three more professional calls upon Mrs. Patterson and treated her for this cough in the said month of August, and with that, ended my professional relations with her.

I think I never met Mrs. Patterson after August 31, 1866 but saw her often during the next few years and heard that she claimed to have discovered a new method of curing disease.

Each of the said visits upon Mrs. Patterson, together with my treatment, the symptoms and the progress of the case, were recorded in my own hand in my record book at the time, and the said book, with the said entries made in February and August, 1866, is now in my possession.

I have, of course, no personal feeling in this matter. In response to many requests for a statement, I make this affidavit because I am assured it is wanted to perpetuate the testimony that can now be obtained, and will be used only for a good purpose. I regard it as a duty which I owe to posterity to make public this particular episode in the life of Mary Baker G. Eddy.

ALVIN M. CUSHING.

On this second day of January, in the year one thousand, nine hundred and seven, at the City of Springfield, Massachusetts, personally appeared before me, Alvin M. Cushing, M. D., to me personally known, and made oath that he had read over the foregoing statement, and knows the contents thereof, and that the same are true; and he, thereupon, in my presence, did sign his name at the end of said statement, and at the foot of each of the three preceding pages thereof.

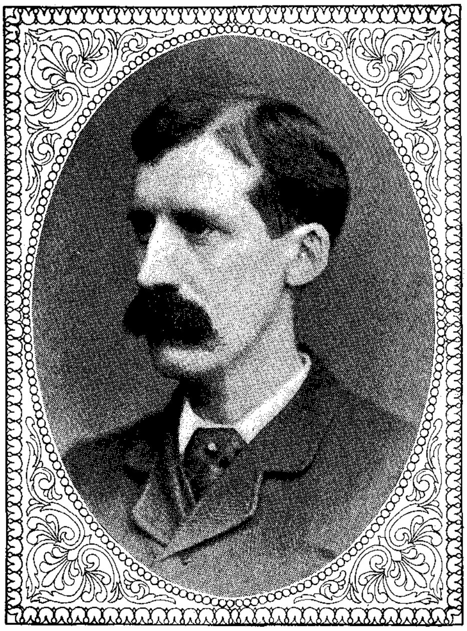
RAYMOND A. BIDWELL, *Notary Public.*

It will be noted that although Mrs. Eddy's revelation and miraculous recovery occurred on February third, Dr. Cushing visited her professionally three times after she had been restored to health by divine power. Dr. Cushing says that he visited her on the third day — when, writes Mrs. Eddy, she had her miraculous recovery; and also two days later. In August, seven months after her discovery of Christian Science, he was called in to treat her for a cough, and made four professional visits during that month.

Quimby Called His System Christian Science in 1863

Quimby's adherents believe that Mrs. Eddy's own contradictory statements invalidate her claims that God miraculously revealed to her the principle of Christian Science. They assert that, on the other hand, they can clearly prove that she obtained the basic ideas of her system from Phineas P. Quimby. They can prove their contention, they add, from the sworn testimony of many reputable witnesses. They do not rely, however, chiefly upon personal testimony. They put forth as the chief witness against Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Eddy herself. They seek to disprove practically all her later statements regarding Quimby by quoting from her own admitted writings and from letters.

They assert that Mrs. Eddy obtained from Quimby, not only her ideas, but the very name of her new religion. Mrs. Eddy herself says that in 1866 she named her discovery Christian Science. Quimby, however, called his theory Christian Science at least as early as 1863. In a manuscript written in that year, entitled "Aristocracy and Democracy," he used these identical words. This part of his manuscript is reproduced herewith in facsimile. In the main, however, Quimby called his theory the "Science of Health and Happiness," the "Science of Christ," and many times simply "Science."

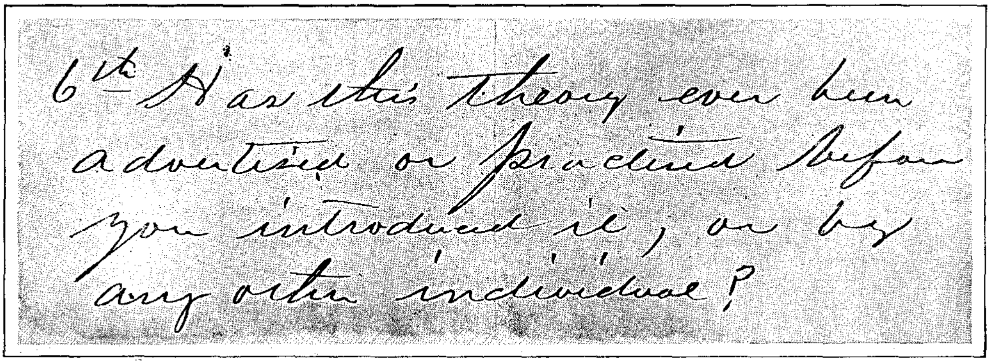


GEORGE A. QUIMBY

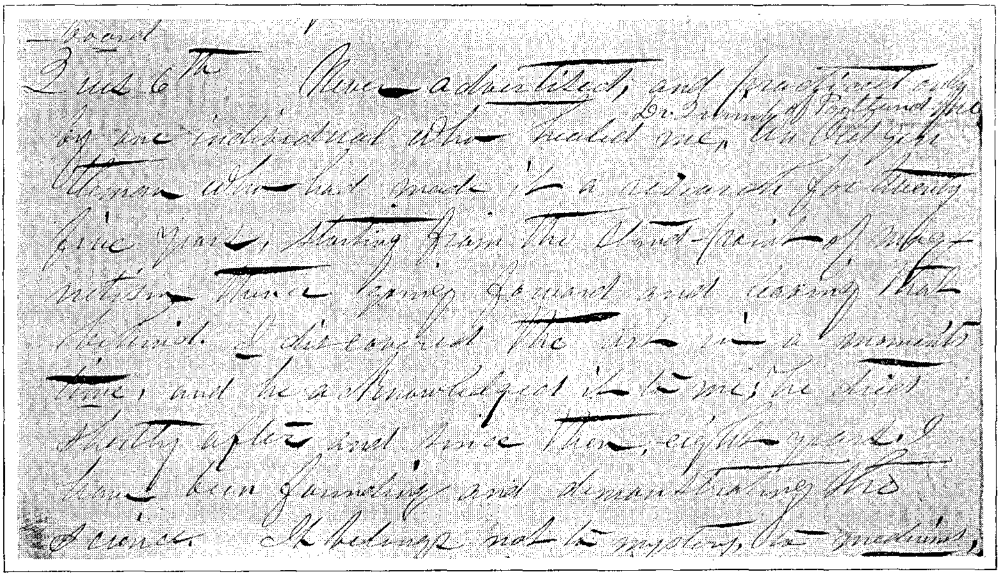
Son of Phineas P. Quimby. Mr. Quimby was his father's secretary and is the present custodian of the Quimby manuscripts

Mrs. Eddy's Charge that Quimby was a Mesmerist

The controversy is chiefly upon two points: whether Quimby healed mentally, through the divine power of mind, or physically, through mesmerism or animal magnetism; and whether he himself developed his own theory and wrote his own manuscripts or obtained his ideas from Mrs. Eddy. Mrs. Eddy, when accused of having appropriated Quimby's theories, has always declared that her system had not the slightest similarity to his. Christian Scientists heal by the direct power of God, precisely as did Jesus Himself. They regard mesmerism, or hypnotism, as the supreme error. "Animal magnetism," once wrote the Rev. James Henry Wiggin, Mrs. Eddy's literary adviser, "is *her* devil. No church can long get on without a devil, you know." Therefore, if Mrs. Eddy proves that Quimby practised this art, and healed by it, to her followers she has more than proved her case. In "Retrospection and Introspection," she says that Quimby was a "magnetic doctor" and implies that he was a spiritualist. "It was in Massachusetts,



6th Has this theory ever been advertised or practised before you introduced it, or by any other individual?



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Ques 6th Never advertised, and practised only by one individual who healed me, Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me, an old gentleman who had made it a research for twenty five years, starting from the stand-point of magnetism thence going forward and leaving that behind. I discovered the art in a moments time, and he acknowledged it to me; he died shortly after and since then, eight years, I have been founding and demonstrating this Science. It belongs not to mystery, the mediums,

On March 11, 1871, Mr. W. W. Wright, of Lynn, addressed nine questions to Mrs. Eddy (then known as Mrs. Mary M. Glover) concerning Christian Science. The above are photographic reproductions of Mr. Wright's sixth question, in his own handwriting and Mrs. Eddy's answer, in her handwriting. Mrs. Eddy explicitly says that the system she was then teaching had been practised "by one individual who healed me, Dr. Quimby, of Portland, Me, an old gentleman who had made it a research for twenty five years, starting from the stand-point of magnetism thence going forward and leaving that behind"

February, 1866," she says, "and after the death of the magnetic doctor, Mr. P. P. Quimby, whom Spiritualists would associate therewith, but who was in no-wise connected with this event, that I discovered the Science of Divine Metaphysical Healing, which I afterwards named Christian Science." This idea she has elaborated many times. In "Miscellaneous Writings" she tells the story of her visit to Quimby in these words:

> About the year 1862, while the author of this work was at Dr. Vail's Hydropathic Institute in New Hampshire, this occurred: A patient considered incurable left that institution, and in a few weeks returned apparently well, having been healed, as he informed the patients, by one Mr. P. P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine.
>
> After much consultation among ourselves, and a struggle with pride, the author, in company with several other patients, left the Water Cure, *en route* for the aforesaid doctor in Portland. He proved to be a magnetic practitioner. His treatment seemed at first to relieve her but signally failed in healing her case.
>
> Having practised Homeopathy, it never occurred to the author to learn his practice, but she did ask him how manipulation could benefit the sick. He answered kindly and squarely; in substance, "Because it conveys *electricity* to them." That was the sum of what he taught her of his medical profession.*

In the *Christian Science Journal* for June, 1887, Mrs. Eddy repeats the same idea.

> I never heard him intimate that he healed disease mentally; and many others will testify

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*"Miscellaneous Writings" (1897), p. 378.

that, up to his last sickness, he treated us magnetically, manipulating our heads, and making passes in the air while he stood in front of us. During his treatments I felt like one having hold of an electric battery and standing on an insulated stool. His healing was never considered or called anything but Mesmerism.

Years Ago Mrs. Eddy Denied that Quimby Healed by Mesmerism

In numerous other articles, Mrs. Eddy has declared that Quimby healed by animal magnetism; that he never said he healed mentally, never recognized the superiority of mind to matter, or any divine principle in his work. These statements, however, hardly agree with that made in the letter to W. W. Wright written in 1871 and quoted in this article, in which she refers to Quimby as "an old gentleman who had made it (her science) a research for twenty five years, starting from the stand-point of magnetism thence going forward and leaving that behind."

In the letter published on November 7, 1862, in the Portland *Courier*, Mrs. Eddy herself defended Quimby from the very charge which she now brings against him — that he healed by animal magnetism. On this point, she wrote:

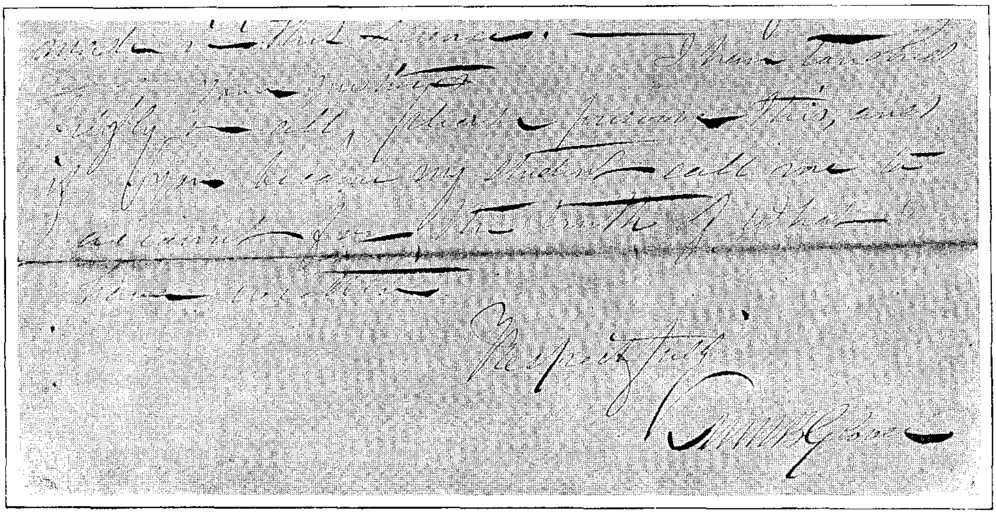
> Again, is it by animal magnetism that he heals the sick? Let us examine. I have employed electro-magnetism and animal magnetism, and for a brief interval have felt relief, from the equilibrium which I fancied was restored to an exhausted system or by a diffusion of concentrated action. But in no instance did I get rid of a return of all my ailments, because I had not been helped out of the error in which opinions involved us. My operator believed in disease, independent of the mind; hence I could not be wiser than my master. But now I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery. This truth which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself, if received understandingly, changes the currents of the system to their normal action; and the mechanism of the body goes on undisturbed. That this is a science capable of demonstration, becomes clear to the minds of those patients who reason upon the process of their cure. The truth which he establishes in the patient cures him (although he may be wholly unconscious thereof); and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease. . . . After all, this is a very spiritual doctrine; but the eternal years of God are with it, and it must stand firm as the rock of ages. And to many a poor sufferer may it be found, as by me, "*the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*"

Hardly anything could be more specific than this.

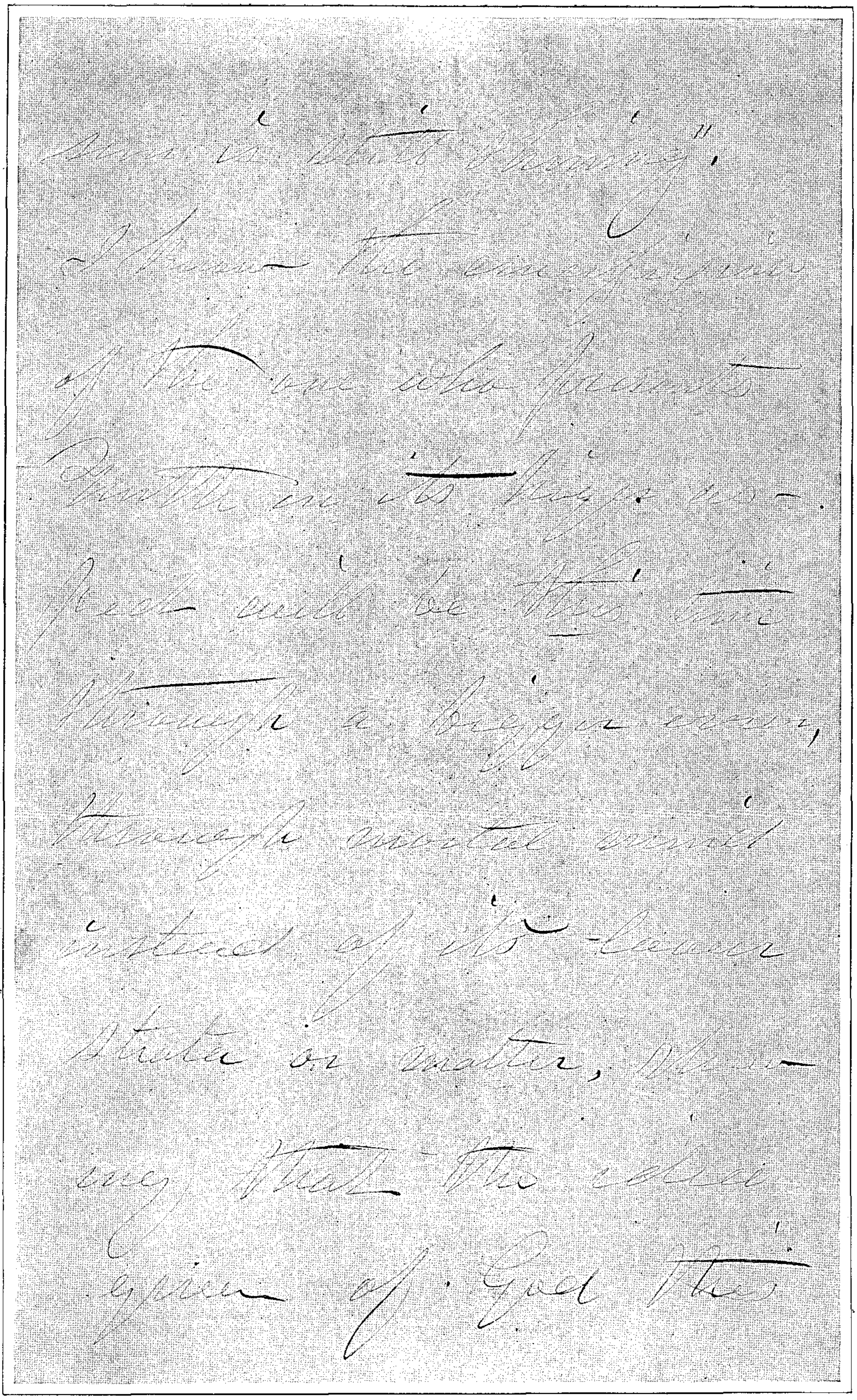
In 1862, Mrs. Eddy, while she was still Quimby's patient, declared that he healed, not by animal magnetism, but by the "truth which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself." Again, "the truth which he establishes in the patient cures him . . . and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease."

In 1871, while teaching and practising Quimby's method for a livelihood, she declared that he started "from the standpoint

Facsimile of the conclusion of Mrs. Eddy's letter to Mr. W. W. Wright. She says: "Please preserve this, and, if you become my student call me to account for the truth of what I have written"



[illegible] that [illegible]
[illegible]
rightly [illegible] all, Please preserve this, and
if you become my student call me to
account for the truth of what I
have written
Respectfully
M M Glover



sense is death dawning";

I know the coming [illegible]

of the one who presents

Truth in its higer as-

pect will be the time

through a higer mean,

through mortal mind

instead of its lower

strata or matter, show-

ing that the idea

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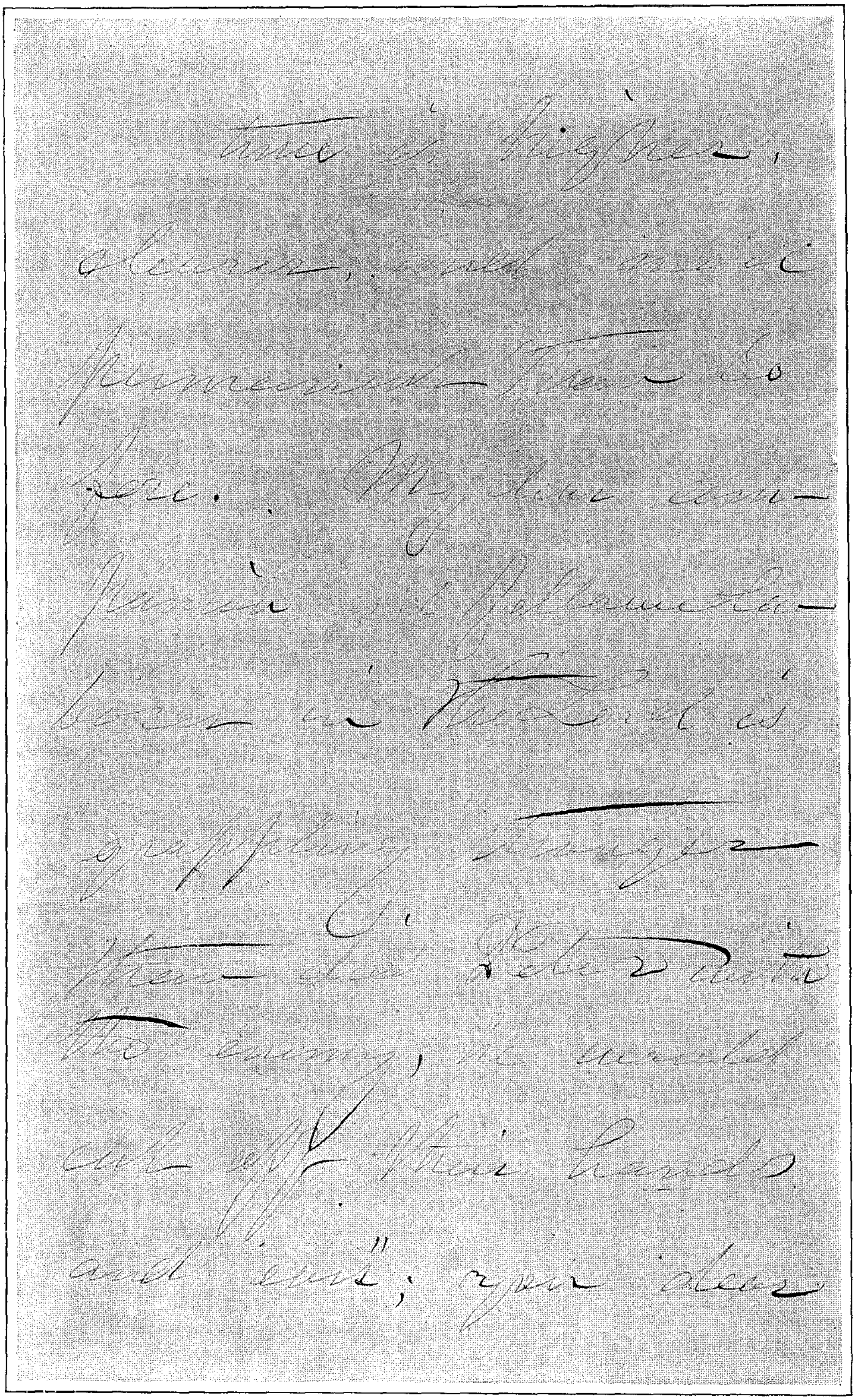
FACSIMILE OF PARTS OF A LETTER, WRITTEN BY MRS. EDDY, ABOUT 1877, TRUTH IN ITS HIGER (HIGHER) ASPECT'' AND SAYS THAT ''THE IDEA GIVEN



time is higher,
clearer, and more
permanent than be-
fore. My true com-
panion and followers la-
borer in the Lord is
grappling tongs
Then did Peter smite
the enemy, he would
cut off their hands
and "evil"; you clear

IN WHICH SHE SPEAKS OF "THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE ONE WHO PRESENTS OF GOD THIS TIME IS HIGHER, CLEARER, AND MORE PERMANENT THAN BEFORE" of magnetism thence going forward and leaving that behind."*

In 1887, when at the head of a great organization of her own, she says : "he treated us magnetically . . . His healing was never considered or called anything but Mesmerism."

Mrs. Eddy's Statements that Quimby Healed as Did Christ

Now Mrs. Eddy says that Quimby's method was purely "physical"; then, in 1862, she wrote that, "after all, this is a very spiritual doctrine," and describes it as "the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works." In another communication to the Portland *Courier*, written November, 1862, Mrs. Eddy specifically declared that Quimby healed after Christ's method. She said:

> P. P. Quimby stands upon the plane of wisdom with his truth. Christ healed the sick, but not by jugglery or with drugs. As the former speaks as never man before spake, and heals as never man healed since Christ, is he not identified with truth? And is not this the Christ which is in him? We know that in wisdom is life, "and the life was the light of man." P. P. Quimby rolls away the stone from the sepulchre of error, and health is the resurrection. But we also know that "light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

Mrs. Eddy repeated the same thought in the verses which she published, over her own name, in a Lynn newspaper, on February 22, 1866. She entitled them, "Lines on the Death of Dr. P. P. Quimby, Who Healed with the Truth that Christ Taught in Contradistinction to All Isms." The letters written by Mrs. Eddy to Quimby in the years 1862, '63, '64, and '65, extracts from which were printed in the last article, express the same conviction. On September 14, 1863, in asking for an "absent treatment," Mrs. Eddy wrote : "I would like to have you in your omnipresence visit me at 8 o'clock this evening." In a letter dated Warren, May, 1864, she writes that she has been ill, but adds: "I am up and about today i e by the help of the Lord (Quimby)." In the quotation from "Retrospection and Introspection" above, Mrs. Eddy associates Quimby with spiritualists. Yet, forty years ago, she delivered a public lecture to prove that he was not a spiritualist. She records the event in a letter to Quimby, dated Warren, April 24, 1864:

> Jesus taught as man does *not*, who then is wise but *you? Posted at the public marts of* this city is this notice, Mrs. M. M. Patterson will lecture at the Town Hall on P. P. Quimby's Spiritual Science healing disease, as opposed to Deism or Rochester Rapping Spiritualism.

Quimby's manuscripts, his defenders assert, clearly show that when Mrs. Eddy knew him he had dropped mesmerism for his new system. In 1859—three years before he ever saw Mrs. Eddy — he clearly distinguished between physical and spiritual healing — between the permanent healing of disease through God, Wisdom, or the Christ method, and its temporary and ineffectual healing through Ignorance, symbolically called Beelzebub.

> The question is asked me by some, is the curing of disease a science? I answer yes. You may ask who is the founder of that science? I answer Jesus Christ. Then comes the question, what proof have you that it is a science? Because Christ healed the sick, that of itself is no proof that he knew what he was doing. If it was done, it must have been done by some law or science, for there can be no such thing as accident with God, and if Christ was God, he did know what he was doing. When he was accused of curing disease through Beelzebub or ignorance, he said, If I cast out devils or disease through Beelzebub or ignorance, my kingdom or science cannot stand, but if I cast out devils or disease through a science or law, then my kingdom or law will stand, for it is not of this world. When others cast out disease they cured by ignorance, or Beelzebub, and there was no science in the cure, although an effect was produced, but not knowing the cause, the world was none the wiser for their cures. At another time when told by his disciples, that persons were casting out devils in his name, and they forbid them, he said, they that are with us are not against us, but they that are not with us, or are ignorant of the laws of curing, scattereth abroad, for the world is none the wiser. There, you see, he makes a difference between his mode of curing and theirs. If Christ's cures were done by the power of God, and Christ was God, he must have known what that power or science was, and if he did, he knew the difference between his science, and their ignorance. His science was His Kingdom, therefore it was not of this world, and theirs being *of* this world, he called it the Kingdom of Darkness. To enter into Christ's Kingdom, or science, was to enter into the laws of knowledge, of curing the evils of this world of darkness. As disease is an evil, it is of this world and in this kingdom of darkness. To separate one world from another, is to separate life, the resurrection of one is the destruction of the other.*

Mrs. Eddy's Charge that Quimby Manipulated His Patients

Mrs. Eddy, to prove that Quimby was merely a mesmerist, emphasizes the fact that he frequently rubbed his patients' heads.

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* See extract from letter to Mr. W. W. Wright, p. 514 of this article.

* From a manuscript written in 1859.

According to the present Christian Science belief, that is the cardinal sin. Physical contact with the patient implies that the treatment is of this world; in order that healing be Divine, Christ-like, its only instrument must be mind. On this one point the controversy has been long and bitter. It figures as conspicuously in this dispute as did the word *filioque* in the contentions of the early Christian Church. Mrs Eddy, in the *Christian Science Journal* of June, 1887 says:

> If, as Mr. Dresser says, Mr. Quimby's theory (if he had one) and practice were like mine, purely mental, what need had he of such physical means as wetting his hands in water and rubbing the head? Yet these appliances he continued until he ceased practice; and in his last sickness the poor man employed a homeopathic physician. The Science of Mind-healing would be lost by such means and it is a moral impossibility to understand or to demonstrate this science through such extraneous aids. Mr. Quimby, never to my knowledge, thought that matter was mind; and he never intimated to me that he healed mentally, or by the aid of mind. Did he believe matter and mind to be one, and then rub matter in order to convince the mind of truth? Which did he manipulate with his hands, matter or mind? Was Mr. Quimby's entire method of treating the sick intended to hoodwink his patients?

THE CHILDREN OF PHINEAS P. QUIMBY

From a daguerreotype made by Quimby himself

Quimby's followers freely admit that, on some occasions, he dipped his hands in water and rubbed the patient's head. They deny, however, that this was an essential part of the cure. Mr. Julius A. Dresser explains the circumstances thus:

> Some may desire to ask, if in his practice, he ever in any way used manipulation. I reply that, in treating a patient, after he had finished his explanations, and the silent work, *which completed the treatment,* he usually rubbed the head two or three times, in a brisk manner, for the purpose of letting the patient see that something was done. This was a measure of securing the confidence of the patient at a *time when he was starting a new practice,* and stood alone in it. I knew him to make many and quick cures at a distance sometimes with persons he never saw at all. He never considered the touch of the hand as at all necessary; but let it be governed by circumstances, as was done eighteen hundred years ago.*

In Mrs. Eddy's early days, she treated in precisely the same way. As will be described in the next article, she lived in several Massachusetts towns, teaching and practising the Quimby cure. She always instructed her students, after treating their patients mentally, to rub their heads. In addition, Mrs. Eddy would dip her hands in water and lay them over the stomach of the patient, repeating, as she did this, the words: "Peace, be still." Several of Mrs. Eddy's students of that time are still practising, and they still, in accordance with her instructions of nearly forty years ago, manipulate their patients. It was not until 1872 that she learned that the practice was pernicious. She tells the story as follows, in a pamphlet, "The Science of Man," published in 1876:

> When we commenced this science, we permitted students to manipulate the head, ignorant that it could do harm, or hinder the power of mind acting in an opposite direction, viz., while the hands were at work and the mind directing material action. We regret to say it was the sins of a young student that called our attention to this question for the first time, and placed it in a new moral and physical aspect. By thorough

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* "The True History of Mental Science," p. 25.

> examination and tests, we learned manipulation hinders instead of helps mental healing; it also establishes a mesmeric connection between patient and practitioner that gives the latter opportunity and power to govern the thoughts and actions of his patients in any direction he chooses, and with error instead of truth. This can injure the patients and must always prevent a scientific result. . . . Since our discovery of this malpractice in 1872, we have never permitted a student with our consent to manipulate in the least, and this process unlearned is utterly worthless to benefit the sick.[*]

This is an admission on Mrs. Eddy's part that, for six years after her discovery of the "absolute principle of metaphysical healing," she herself taught the method which she now asserts disproves that Quimby ever healed by the power of mind. Quimby's adherents maintain that the fact that during these six years she followed his instructions implicitly and rubbed her patients' heads, is merely another proof that she obtained her original conception of mental healing from him. In "Miscellaneous Writings" Mrs. Eddy explains this head-rubbing on the same ground as did Quimby,— that is, that the average weak and doubting mind needed an outward sign:

> It was after Mr. Quimby's death, that I discovered, in 1866, the momentous facts relating to Mind and its superiority over matter, and named my discovery Christian Science. Yet, there remained the difficulty of adjusting in the scale of Science a metaphysical *practice*, and settling the question, What shall be the outward sign of such a practice: if a Divine Principle alone heals, what is the human modus for demonstrating this? . . . My students at first practised in slightly differing forms. Although *I* could heal mentally, without a sign save the immediate recovery of the sick, my students' patients, and people generally, called for a sign — a material evidence wherewith to satisfy the sick that something was being done for them; and I said, "Suffer it to be so now," for thus saith our Master. Experience, however, taught me the impossibility of demonstrating the Science of Metaphysical Healing by any outward form of practice.[†]

Mrs. Eddy's Assertion that She was Quimby's Teacher

Other pupils of Quimby, among them Mr. Julius A. Dresser, resented his being presented to the world by Mrs. Eddy as a mesmerist and a magnetic healer. They asserted again and again that he healed by mental science purely, and that Mrs. Eddy had misrepresented him and his methods. Mr. Dresser made a statement to that effect in the Boston *Post*, February 24, 1883. Mrs. Eddy replied to this letter (Boston *Post*, March 7, 1883), admitting that Quimby "may have had a theory in advance of his method," but making the claim that it was she who first asked him to "write his thoughts out," and that she would sometimes so transform his manuscripts that they were virtually her own compositions. She says:

> We never were a student of Dr. Quimby's. . . . Dr. Quimby never had students, to our knowledge. He was an Humanitarian, but a very unlearned man. He never published a work in his life; was not a lecturer or teacher. He was somewhat of a remarkable healer, and at the time we knew him he was known as a mesmerist. We were one of his patients. He manipulated his patients, but possibly back of his practice he may have had a theory in advance of his method. . . . We knew him about twenty years ago, and aimed to help him. We saw he was looking in our direction, and asked him to write his thoughts out. He did so, and then we would take that copy to correct, and sometimes so transform it that he would say it was our composition, which it virtually was; but we always gave him back the copy and sometimes wrote his name on the back of it.

In a revised edition of Julius A. Dresser's pamphlet, "The True History of Mental Science," Mr. Dresser's son, Horatio W. Dresser, says:

> It has frequently been claimed that Mrs Eddy was Quimby's secretary, and that she helped him to formulate his ideas. It has also been stated that these manuscripts were Mrs. Eddy's writings, left by her in Portland; that the articles printed in this pamphlet were Mrs. Eddy's words, as nearly as she can recollect them (*Christian Science Sentinel*, February 16, 1899). *There is absolutely no truth* in any of these statements or suppositions. Mrs. Eddy never saw a page of the *original* manuscripts; and Volume I, loaned her by my father in 1862, was his *copy from a copy*. Mrs. Eddy may have made a copy of this volume for her own use, but the majority even of the copied articles Mrs. Eddy never saw. I have read and copied all of these articles, and can certify that they contain a very original and complete statement of the data and theory of mental healing. There are *over eight hundred closely written pages*, covering one hundred and twenty subjects, written previous to March, 1862, more than six months before Mrs. Eddy went to Dr. Quimby.

In the 1884 edition of "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy, writing of Quimby, says:

> The old gentleman to whom we have referred had some very advanced views on healing, but he was not avowedly religious neither scholarly. We interchanged thoughts on the subject of healing the sick. I restored some patients of his that he failed to heal, and left in his possession some manuscripts of mine containing corrections of his desultory pennings which I am informed, at his decease, passed into the hands of a patient of his,

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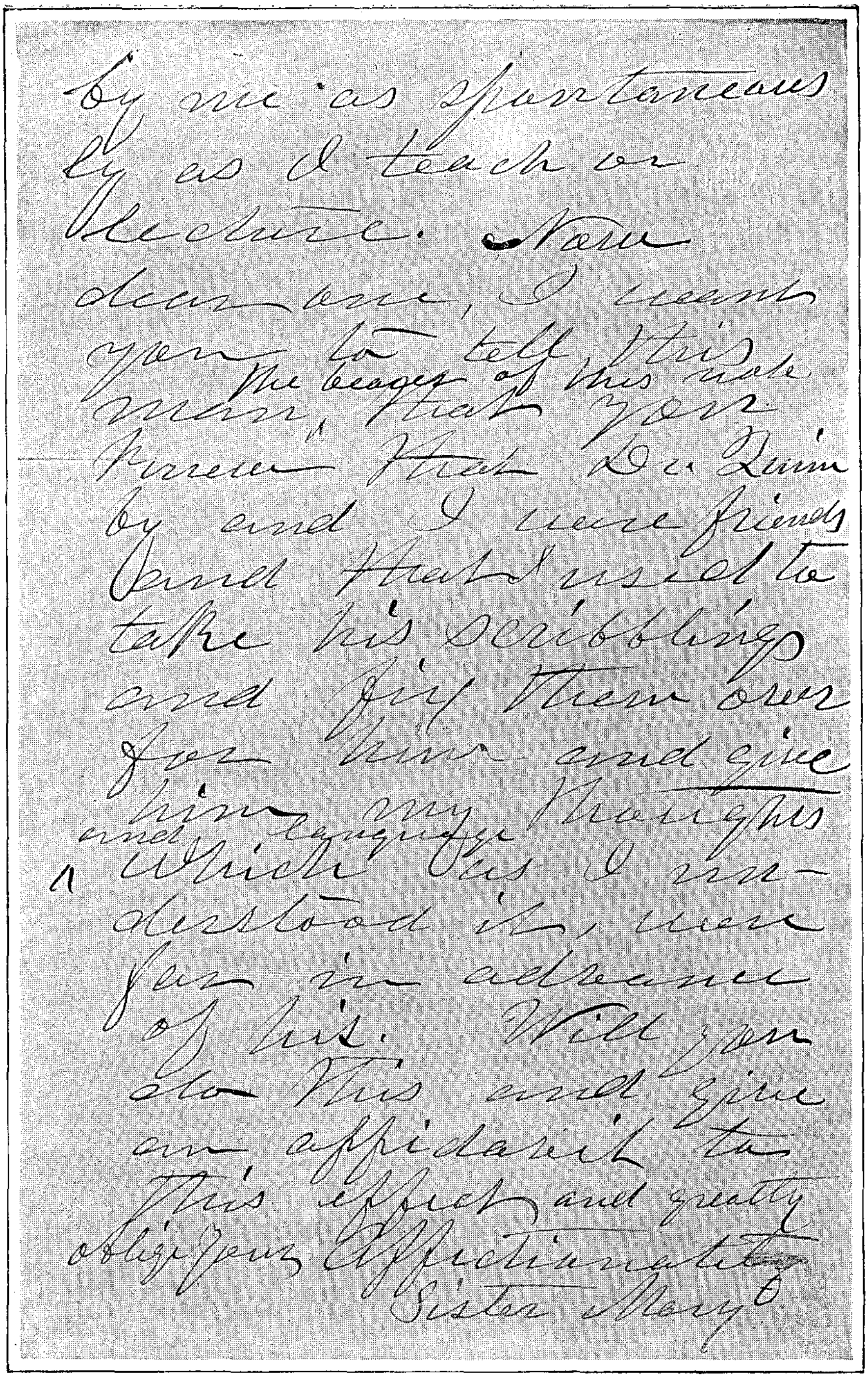
[*] P. 12.

[†] "Miscellaneous Writings" (1897), pp. 379 and 380.



by me as spontaneous-
ly as I teach or
lecture. Now
dear one, I want
you to tell this
the bearer of this note
man, that you
knew that Dr. Quim
by and I were friends
and that I used to
take his scribblings
and fix them over
for him and give
him my thoughts
and language
which as I un-
derstood it, were
far in advance
of his. Will you
do this and give
an affidavit to
this effect and greatly
oblige your Affectionately
Sister Mary.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY MRS. EDDY IN 1883 TO MRS. SARAH G. CROSBY, OF WATERVILLE, MAINE, ASKING FOR AN AFFIDAVIT THAT MRS. EDDY "USED TO TAKE HIS (QUIMBY'S) SCRIBBLINGS AND FIX THEM OVER"

> now residing in Scotland. He died in 1865 and left no published works. The only manuscript that we ever held of his, longer than to correct it, was one of perhaps a dozen pages, most of which we had composed.

This manuscript of "perhaps a dozen pages," is clearly the one called by Quimby, "Questions and Answers." The original copy, now in the possession of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in the handwriting of Quimby's wife, is dated February, 1862, six months before Quimby had ever seen Mrs. Eddy. From this manuscript Mrs. Eddy taught for several years after Quimby's death, and she sold copies of it to her early students for $300 each.* Its history will be given in detail and its contents analyzed in the next article.

Mrs. Eddy's Early Statements that She was Quimby's Student — Refers to Her "Pupilage"

In refutation of Mrs. Eddy's general assertion that she herself taught Quimby what he knew about mental science, and that she corrected and so largely contributed to the Quimby manuscripts, Quimby's defenders again quote Mrs. Eddy herself. They once more draw upon her early letter to the Portland *Courier*. This, they say, does not read like a letter written by master to pupil. If Mrs. Eddy were the teacher and Quimby the student, would she, they ask, speak of him in this wise? "Now, then, his works are but the result of superior wisdom, which can demonstrate a science not understood. . . . But now I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery." If Mrs. Eddy, they add, were at that time writing Quimby's manuscripts, would she, in this same letter, have expressed herself thus:— "At present I am too much in error to elucidate the truth, and can touch only the keynote for the master hand to wake the harmony. . . . To many a poor sufferer may it be found, as by me, 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'"

Mrs. Eddy's poem on Quimby's death, already quoted, is apparently the grateful tribute of pupil to teacher. Its concluding lines ill sustain Mrs. Eddy's present position:

"Rest should reward him who hath made
us whole,
Seeking, though tremblers, where his
footsteps trod."

Her letters to Quimby, 1862-'65, also fail to substantiate this impression that Quimby was under Mrs. Eddy's instruction. "I have the utmost faith in your philosophy," she wrote in 1862. Other phrases scattered through the letters read:*

"Dear doctor, what could I do without you? . . . I am to all who see me a living wonder, and a living monument of your power. . . . My explanation of your *curative principle* surprises people . . . Who is wise but you?" She wrote from Warren, Maine, in the spring of 1865, that she had been asked to treat sick people after the Quimby method. She refuses to do so, she adds, because she considers that she is still in her "pupilage."

Extract from Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby's Affidavit

In connection with Mrs. Eddy's claim that she herself largely wrote the Quimby manuscripts, the following extract from an affidavit of Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby, of Waterville, Maine, an intimate friend of Mrs. Eddy when she was under Quimby's treatment, is also of interest:

> I know little of the history of said Mrs. Patterson between 1866 and 1877, when she called me professionally† to Lynn, in February, 1877, a few weeks after her marriage to Asa G. Eddy, to report a course of lessons to a class of nine pupils. She told me she wished a copy of these lessons for Mr. Eddy to study, that he, too, might teach classes. These lectures were in all material respects the same as I had myself been taught by said Dr. Quimby and that Mrs. Patterson and I had so often discussed, and which she had tried so hard to make me understand and adopt when we were together in Portland and later in Albion; — the same teaching about Truth and Error and matter and disease, the same method of curing disease by Truth casting out Error, the same claim that it was the method adopted by Jesus. I do not hesitate to say that Mrs. Eddy's teachings in 1877, and Dr. Quimby's teachings in 1864 were substantially the same; in fact, as I heard them both, *I know they were.*
>
> In June, 1883, an attorney representing said Mrs. Patterson came to see me at Waterville, my present home, and interviewed me regarding her work with Dr. Quimby in Portland in 1864. I refused to answer his questions and he left, but returned the next day bearing an affectionate

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* For the $300 Mrs. Eddy's students also obtained twelve lessons in the Quimby cure.

*For further extracts from Mrs. Eddy's letters to Quimby, see McCLURE'S for February.

† Mrs. Crosby was an expert court stenographer.

letter from said Mrs. Patterson. The following is a copy thereof:—

"My dear Sister,
Sarah,—

I wanted to see you myself but it was impossible for me to leave my home and so have sent the bearer of this note to see you for me.

Two nights ago I had a sweet dream of *Albert** and the dear face was so familiar, Oh how I loved him! and in the morning a thought popped into my head to ask Sarah to help me in this very trying hour.

These are the circumstances. A student† of my husband's took the class-book of mine that he studied, put his name to most of it, and published it as his own after he was through with the class.

Then was the time I ought to have sued him, but Oh, I do so dislike a quarrel that I hoped to get over it without a law-suit.

So I noticed in my next edition of 'Science & Health' his infringement with a sharp reprimand thinking that would stop him, but this winter he issued another copy of my work as the author, *and then I sued him.* The *next thing* he *did was* to publish the falsehood that I stole my works from the late Dr. Quimby. When everything I ever had published has been written or edited by me as spontaneously as I teach or lecture.

Now dear one, I want you to tell this man, the bearer of this note, that you know that Dr. Quimby and I were friends and that I used to take his scribblings and *fix them over for him and give* him my thoughts and language which as I understood it, were far in advance of his.

Will you do this and give an affidavit to this effect and greatly oblige your Affectionate Sister Mary."‡

I read the foregoing appeal for help from said Mrs. Patterson, then Eddy, and as it was clearly a request that I should make oath to what was not true, I informed the attorney that I should not make the affidavit asked by his client, as it would not be a true statement. He then threatened to summon me to the trial, but I think I made him understand that I would not be a desirable witness on his side of the case. He thereupon departed, and I was not summoned to testify. And since that interview, I have only a public knowledge of said Mrs. Patterson-Eddy.

Mrs. Eddy's Admission that She Taught the Quimby System

In her private correspondence, Mrs. Eddy has said, in so many words, that she taught the Quimby system. Reference has already been made to the correspondence in March, 1871, between Mrs. Eddy — then Mrs. Glover — and Mr. W. W. Wright, of Lynn. Mr. Wright specifically asked this question:

> 6th: Has this theory ever been advertised or practised before you introduced it, or by any other individual?

To this Mrs. Eddy replied:

> *6th: Never advertised, and practised by only* one individual who healed me, Dr. Quimby of Portland Me, an old gentleman who had made it a research for twenty five years, starting from the stand-point of magnetism thence going forward and leaving that behind. *I* discovered the art in a ***moment's time,*** and he acknowledged it to me; he died shortly after and since then, eight years, I have been founding and demonstrating the science. . . . please preserve this, and if you become my student call me to account for the truth of what I have written
> Respectfully
> M M B Glover

Mrs. Eddy has never attemped to reconcile the statements which she made before the publication of "Science and Health" with the very different ones which she has made since.

Mrs. Eddy Says that She Wrote Her Tributes to Quimby under Mesmeric Influence

The explanation by which she seeks to account for her early expressions of devotion and gratitude to Quimby is not one which tends to lessen the perplexities of the historian. She simply asserts that she wrote these tributes to Quimby while under mesmeric influence and is not properly responsible for them at all.

In the Boston *Post*, in a letter dated March 7, 1883, after Julius A. Dresser had made public some of the letters already quoted, she wrote as follows:

> Did I write those articles purporting to be mine? I might have written them twenty or thirty years ago, for I was under the mesmeric treatment of Dr. Quimby from 1862 until his death in 1865. He was illiterate and I knew nothing then of the Science of Mind-healing, and I was as ignorant of mesmerism as Eve before she was taught by the serpent. Mind Science was unknown to me; and my head was so turned by animal magnetism and will-power, under his

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* It will be remembered that the "spirit" friendship of Mrs. Patterson's dead brother, Albert Baker, for Mrs. Crosby, formed a close bond in the friendship of the two women, and that he communicated with Mrs. Crosby through his sister.—See McClure's for February.

† In the early '80's, Edward J. Arens published a pamphlet entitled "Old Theology in its Application to the Healing of the Sick; the Redemption of Man from the Bondage of Sin and Death, and His Restoration to an Inheritance of Everlasting Life." In this Arens borrowed liberally, in word and idea, from "Science and Health." *In 1883 Mrs. Eddy sued Arens for* infringement of copyright. Arens said, in defense, that he had not borrowed from Mrs. Eddy, but from the late P. P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine. He added that Mrs. Eddy had herself appropriated Quimby's ideas, — in other words, that both had drawn their philosophy from the same source. The court decided in Mrs. Eddy's favor and issued a perpetual injunction *restraining Arens from circulating his books.* On the strength of this decision Mrs. Eddy and her followers have declared that the United States courts have decided the issue of the Quimby controversy in her favor. There is nothing in this decision contrary to the claims of Quimby's friends. The court, they agree, simply decided that Mrs. Eddy held a valid copyright upon "Science and Health" and that Arens had violated that copyright. *They have never denied either of these facts.* They freely admit that Mrs. Eddy wrote "Science and Health" as it stands, and that she has a property interest in it. They are not discussing legal technicalities, but only the moral issue involved, — which, they add, did not and properly could not, be considered by the court.

‡ The original of this letter is in the possession of McClure's Magazine.

treatment, that I might have written something as hopelessly incorrect as the articles now published in the Dresser pamphlet. I was not healed until after the death of Mr. Quimby; and then healing came as the result of my discovery in 1866, of the Science of Mind-healing, since named Christian Science.

In 1887, when Julius A. Dresser published his "True History of Mental Science," the Quimby-Eddy controversy reached its climax. Mrs. Eddy, says Horatio W. Dresser, requested her literary adviser, Rev. James Henry Wiggin, to answer the pamphlet. Mr. Wiggin asked Mrs. Eddy if she had written the letters in the Portland newspapers, the letter to Dresser, the poem on Quimby's death, and other effusions. Mrs. Eddy admitted that she had. "Then," replied Mr. Wiggin, "there is nothing to say," and declined the task. In a personal letter now in the possession of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Wiggin says:

> What Mrs. Eddy has, as documents clearly prove, she got from P. P. Quimby, of Portland, Me., whom she eulogized after death as the great leader and her special teacher. . . . She has tried to answer this charge of the adoption of Quimby's ideas, and called me in to counsel her about it; but her only answer (in print!) was that if she said such things twenty years ago, she must have been under the influence of Animal Magnetism.

Mrs. Eddy's Offer to Publish the Quimby Manuscripts

Mrs. Eddy, however, issued the following challenge:

> TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
>
> Mr. George A. Quimby son of the late Phineas P. Quimby, over his own signature and before witnesses, stated in 1883, that he had in his possession at that time all the manuscript that had been written by his father. And I hereby declare that to expose the falsehood of parties publicly intimating that I have appropriated matter belonging to the aforesaid Quimby, I will pay the cost of printing and publishing the first edition of those manuscripts with the author's name: *Provided, that I am allowed first to examine said manuscripts, and do find that they were his own compositions, and not mine, that were left with him many years ago, or that they have not since his death, in 1865, been stolen from my published works.* Also that I am given the right to bring out this one edition under the copyright of the owner of said manuscripts, and all the money accruing from the sales of said book shall be paid to said owner. Some of his purported writings, quoted by Mr. D —, were my own words as near as I can recollect them.
>
> There is a great demand for my work, "Science and Health, with Key to Scriptures," hence Mr. D —'s excuse for the delay to publish Quimby's manuscripts namely, that this period is not sufficiently enlightened to be benefited by them (?) is lost, for if I have copied from Quimby, and my book is accepted, it has created a demand for his.
>
> MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

This proposition was ignored by Mr. Quimby, owing to his own knowledge of Mrs. Eddy and of his father's manuscripts. Quimby's adherents declare that the provisions made in her offer indicate what her claims would have been if the manuscripts had been given into her hands — as she had already announced that Dr. Quimby's writings were her own — and that the proposition was made with the object of securing possession of the manuscripts.

In a letter to Mr. A. J. Swartz, dated February 22, 1888, George A. Quimby explained his position:

> Your letter with enclosure at hand. I judge that you offer to defend the memory of my father, the late P. P. Quimby. . . . Please permit me to say that I have no doubt of your kind intention to come to the rescue of my father, but I do not feel that there is the slightest necessity for it. . . . If I were in prison, in solitary confinement for life, I should be too busy to get into any kind of a discussion with Mrs. Eddy.
>
> I have my father's manuscripts in my possession, but will not allow them to be copied nor to go out of my hands. Answering your further inquiries, I have no written article of Mrs. Eddy's in my possession, have never had, nor did my father ever have, nor did she ever leave any with either of us. Neither of us have ever "stolen" any of her writings nor anything else. In fact, we both have been able to make a living without stealing. . . .
>
> Yours truly,
> GEORGE A. QUIMBY.

From the history of this controversy, it is evident that, for Mrs. Eddy, there have existed two Phineas P. Quimbys: one the Quimby who was her physician and teacher, who roused her from the fretful discontent of middle-age, and who gave her purpose and aspiration; the other the Quimby who, after the publication of "Science and Health," became, in a sense her rival,— whom she saw as an antagonist threatening to invalidate her claims. If she has been a loser through this controversy, it is not because of what she borrowed from Quimby, but because of her later unwillingness to admit her obligation to him. Had she observed that etiquette common enough in what she terms the "profane sciences," where personal ambition is subsidiary to a desire for truth, and where discoverers and investigators are scrupulous to acknowledge the sources from which they have obtained help, it would have strengthened rather than weakened her position.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE COLOGNIZING OF KANSAS

BY

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "PARDNERS," "THE POT-HUNTERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY MARTIN JUSTICE

IT seems like there ain't but one way to beat a faro game," said Kink, "and that's with an ax. I've tried them all, and I never had no success but the oncet."

"Did you ever break the bank?" I inquired.

"I did; with a stick of dynamite."

We were putting the final touches to the last clean-up, blowing and weighing the gold; Kink drying the wet dust and removing the black sand by blowing it in a scoop, while I attended to the scales. Mrs. Martin had gone to town for the mail, so we had full chance to adventure whither we chose, and our fancies led us idly into the past.

"The play come up like this," he continued. "I crow-hops into Tularos one day, spurnin' all things sordid and trivial, for I have four hundred dollars of the realm, eight months of thirst, and a spiritual cordiality for emotion and stimulus. I am that drawed and haggard with onwee that the bartender remarks it.

"'What's doin' in the way of episodes and distractions of mind in this camp?' says I.

"'Nothin',' says he, 'except faro and roulette and stud poker.'

"'Them devices is pueryle and meager. I want something vigorous and man's-size, something to turn my liver over. I've been dead eight months. Ain't you got no opery house or lynchin's or rag-time or feuds?'

"'No,' says he. 'This here camp is sure a sylvan refuge for the jaded. There ain't even been a sheep-herder or a chink massacreed since old man Stubbs had the treemors, and now that he's took the cure, the future looks dark and unengaging. There's nothin' but them mercenary gamblin' games.'

"I nosed around for an hour, but I never see such a stupefied camp, and, bein' that bulged out with hunger for emergencies, I am forced agin the green cloth to save my mental balance.

"'What's the limit to this snare?' I asks of the invalid in the operating chair, having found the lay-out.

"'A dollar,' says he.

"'Bein' twenty-eight years old, with much of my life's work still undone, I ain't got time to dribble along that-a-way,' says I. 'I intend to annex your bank-roll quick, and spend it before the coin goes out of date or the pictures is wore off of the bills, so if you've got a hundred hid out anywhere, I'll roll you for it, all in a lump.'

"He gropes into the drawer, listless and feeble, but collects a hundred up into a pile and deals the cards. I lose, the first turn. He's settin' sideways in his chair and don't even onfurl his legs.

"'This fluke only serves to postpone the evil day fer you,' says I. 'Turn them fer another hundred.' Again I lose.

"'I had figgered on cleanin' you up, hittin' you a belt with the surcingle, and lettin' you go before this, but I don't begretch the waste of time. You aim to help me get some enthusiasms out of life, don't you? I appreciate your coöperation. Now, I got you. Let her go.'

"I coppers the bullet and lets the filly run open, for a hundred each. He pushes out the top card, and the next two lays queen, ace. He drags in the hard-earned savings of my last four months without a symptom of joy in his eye, then, when I sets back my chair, he yawns and says:

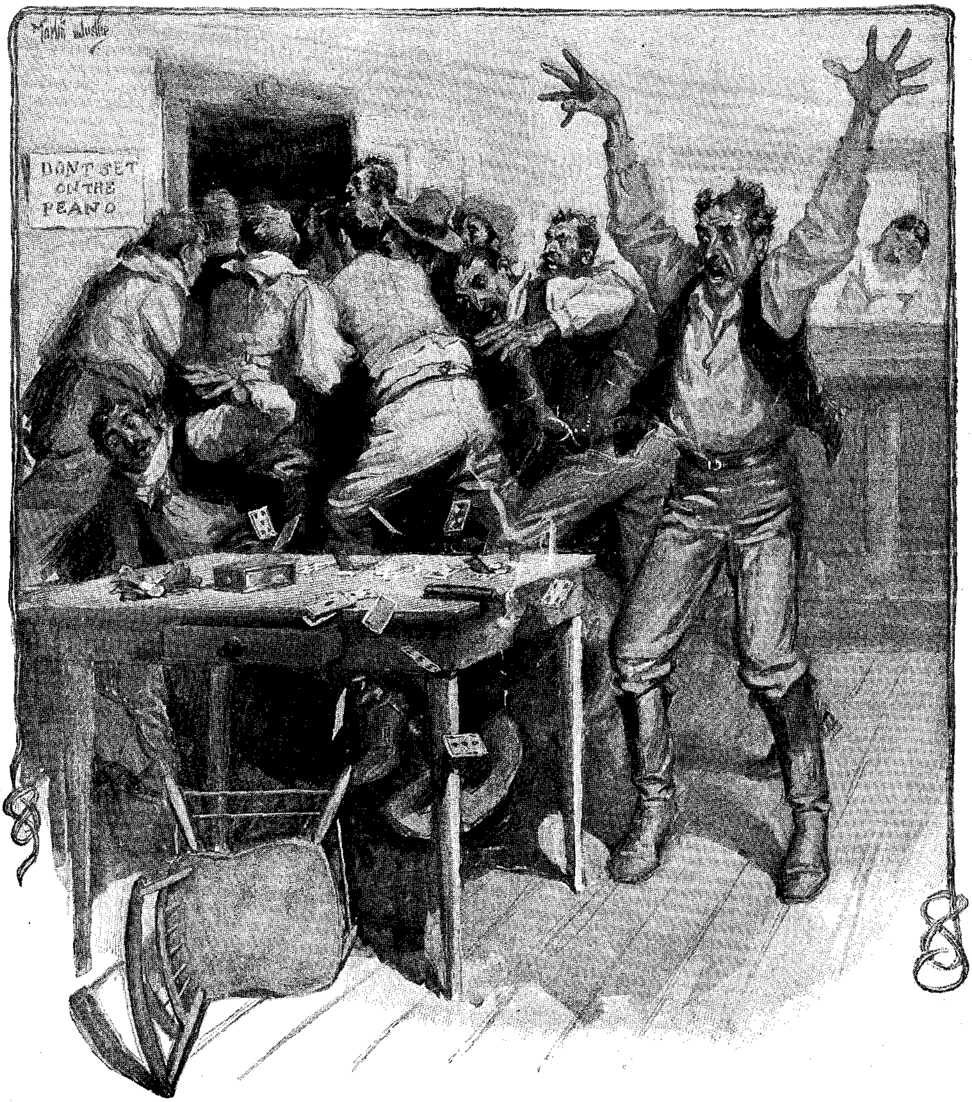
"'If you happen into anything that will bust this monotony, lemme know. I'm 'most dead.'

"Naturally, I am someparalyzed at havin' my anticipations mire down this-a-way inside of three minutes. Yes, I am left at the post, and bein' young, I am prone to anger. I frisks myself for loose change wherewith to continue the carnage, while my indignities rise up in my nose, but I am disappointed. I am let out complete, thinks I, till I find a lone twenty-dollar gold piece in my vest pocket as I goes out the door. I turns around.

"'Here! You overlooked this one,' says I, and I throws it at him as hard as I can. Then I hikes out to the railroad track and sets on a hand-car inventin' synonyms fer the worst words I knowed. Talk about blues, I am the human wiggle-stick.

"It's along about dark when I exhaust all the bad names in three languages and recall the fact that I ain't et none sence mornin'. I goes back to the gamblin' room and braces Mr. Dealer.

"'I'm as holler as a gun-bar'l,' says I. He hands out a dollar, looking sour and grouchy,


Martin Justice
DON'T SET ON THE PEANO

"'We'll all go up in a bunch,' I screams" without even the compliments of the season. The reluctant way he does it offends me, but I swallers my pride for an appetizer and ambles into a grocery across the way to buy an ontree of crackers and cheese; also a salad course of baloony sausage. After I'd substituted my own for the baloony skin, I feel better. Havin' had the feast of reason, I crave the flow of soul. I hunger for the poets, so I eat a pound of French mixed candies with verses on 'em.

"'Are you the sport that lost the four hundred this afternoon?' asks the grocery-creature, full of pryin' indecencies.

"'No, sir; I am the isospondylous, malacopterygian sucker who done so. Why?'

"'Well, nothin', only that's a brace game.'

"'A brace?' says I.

"'Sure. It's a phony box.'

"'Um-m!' says I. 'I might 'a' knowed it from the way that tin-horn parted with this supper money. No square sport will begretch a grub-stake to his victims. I begin to fear that my system ain't had its fill of excitations as yet, none whatever. I am goin' to squander that money over again, and I promise to enjoy it more the next time.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'Um-m!' says I.

"While I am lookin' about the store, I spies some pea-soup sticks. Ever see 'em? They are split peas ground up like sawdust and wrapped in greased paper; about eight inches long by an inch in diameter. They look jest like ca'tridges of giant-powder, same size, same color and everything. They're mighty handy to pack on a trip. All you do is break off a piece and boil it up. I've et cords and oceans of it. I have twenty cents left, and I buy one soup ca'tridge, also about four inches of fuse.

"'What time does Number Ten, the east-bound accommodation pull out?' I inquires of the man as I leaves.

"'Ten o'clock,' says he.

"'Um-m!' says I.

"At nine forty-five I stampedes into the gamblin' joint, which is filled like a spade flush. My hair is mussed up, my collar open, and my eyes sort of riled and locoed. I stand around for a few minutes actin' queer, twitchin' my muscles and lickin' my lips, nervous, till I see that the whole room has spotted my dishybilly, then I edges over to the galaxy at the faro table where my dyspeptic crook is takin' good money away from some punchers.

"'Gimme a light,' says I to one of 'em, and when I have it, I continues to the dealer:

"'Do you still hunger fer excitement?'

"'I smacks my lips over it,' says he, and his eye is on me, cold as a rattler, while he slips his hand into the gun drawer.

"'Well, here it is,' I yells, yankin' out the roll of pea-soup with the fuse hangin' to it. I touches it off with the blazin' match, and it begins to sizzle.

"'We'll all go up in a bunch,' I screams, in the tones of a busted tug whistle, givin' a laugh like the ravin's of John McCullough, that I heard in a phonygraph once.

"However, the dramatic polish of them merriments goes unheeded, because the crowd is moved by one uncommon impulse, and the sound of their hoofs is like the roar of thunder.

"Noise busted out of them cow-men like they'd blowed off a cylinder-head. They didn't holler, but horrid discord just pizened the air.

"In a gun fight, a man can hide back of the bar or crawl under the stove or into the neck of a beer bottle, if he's scared enough, but sech protective stratagems is wholly vain agin dynamite.

"It appeared like everybody got a fair, honest start, because they all run a dead heat to the door, where they met and wedged, then clawed their way out into the night and far away.

"As for the dealer, a cold draught fanned my artificially fevered brow from the window through which he had departed. He ran plum out of town, wearin' the window-sash for a necktie. Not a soul was left to tell the tale.

"I scooped off the bank roll and stepped to the back door. There was considerable currency lyin' on the crap table, and silver glittered on the wheel, but I passed them by. It was not fer me. I had busted the bank and was content. For all I knew, the other games was on the square, and mine was only a mission of vengeance.

"Five minutes later I climbed into a side-door Pullman on Number Ten, just as she pulled out from the water-tank.

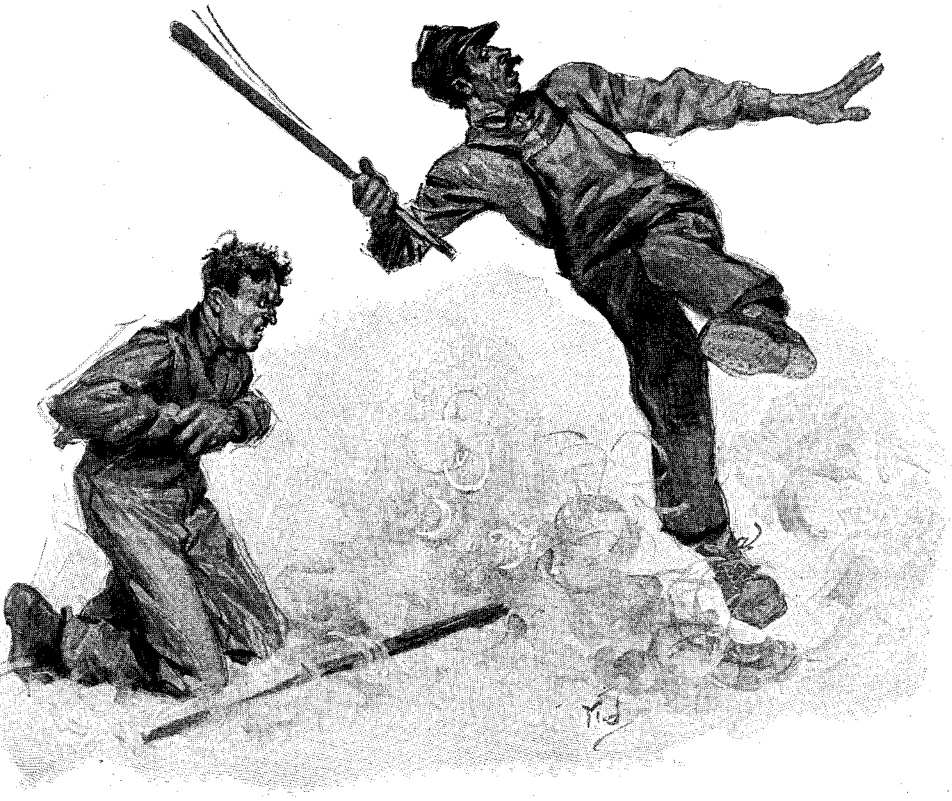
"Long about daylight, a brakey collected two dollars from me. You see, it's a custom out there for to charge the blanket-stiffs a regular tariff.

"What's a blanket-stiff? Why, he's a half hobo that travels with his beddin' and is 'ristocratic in his predilections for box-cars instead of riding a brake-beam. Likewise, he cavils at the blind baggage.

"Well, I'm jest gettin' fixed to count my money, when we pull into a siding in the foot-hills and stop. I hear a voice outside.

"'Whoa, Balaam!'

"I see the head of a burro lookin' in the car door, inquirin' and sleepy. Somehow reco'nize my old friend Mojave Mike Butters, the foot-racer. He's sure a baleful and horrible sight, all poverty-stricken and destitute, but I don't say nothin', just hitch back into the gloom and snore, while he puts his blankets in the other end of the car, leads the animal over, and sets down. I'm holdin' out on him a-purpose.



"The men had sticks and tried to storm him, but

I allus want to laugh when I look a burro in the face, he's that simple and unassumin' and 'Have-you-used-Pear's-soap?' lookin', but I don't do it, because I know he's got me sized up, proper, and has divined all my weaknesses and secret faults and is criticizing me from my number twelve feet to my number six hat.

"This one is carryin' a pack, and there's a man with him. The feller yanks off the pack-saddle, throws it in the car, then hists Mr. Balaam in and clambers aboard himself. When I get a square look at him, I

"We're in a big, empty furniture car with both side and end doors. Excelsior is all over the floor, which proves a godsend to Balaam, for he thinks he's struck some kind of blond bunch-grass.

"By and by the brakeman comes projectin' through and sees Mike in his corner, with the jack gorging himself all contented and pastural.

"'How far you goin'?' says he.

"'End of the division,' Mike answers.

"'Two dollars apiece!' says he. 'We charge full fare for mules.'

"'Two dollars *apiece!*' says Mojave. 'I don't like your classifications, for Balaam ain't a mule, nor I ain't a burro.'

"'All right, call him a mockin'-bird, only give me four dollars.'

"'I ain't got it.'

"'What! Well, get out of this car. G'wan, now before I throw you out. What you mean anyhow, crawlin' in here broke?'

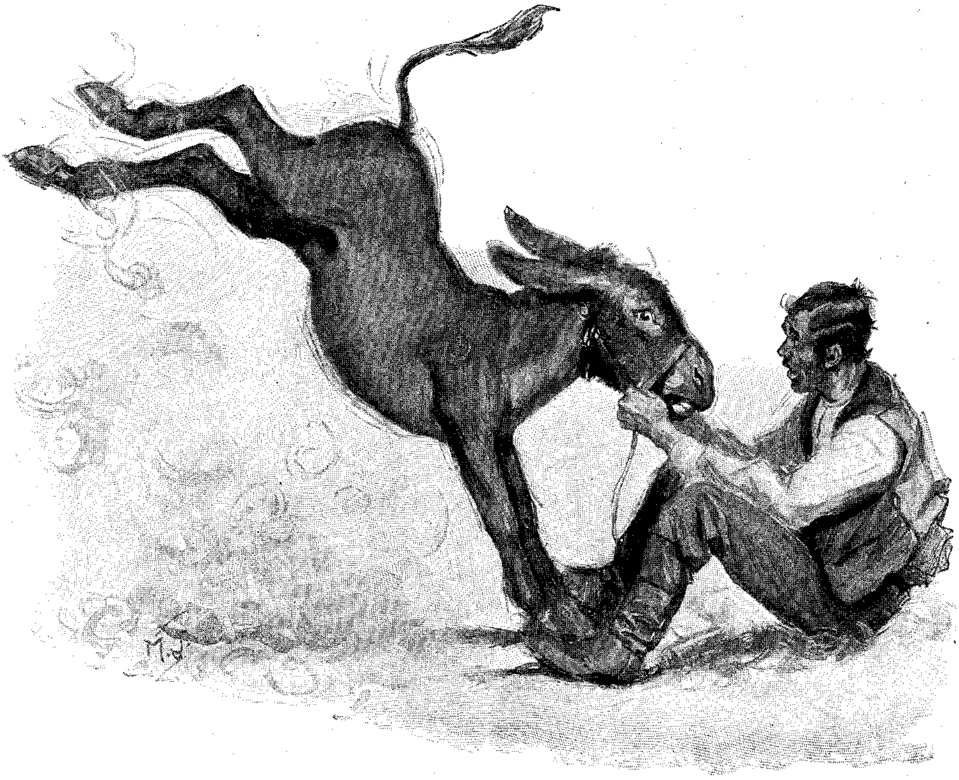
"Mr. Brakeman is some wrathy, but Mike don't move only to reach out an' get Balaam by the halter. The brute is still eatin' succulent bunches of excelsior, dreamy and amiable, while peace and friendship look out of his brown eyes, and his tail swishes with content. All is sunshine for Balaam.

"'Out you go, you blamed hobo,' says the railroad man, makin' for Mike.

"'Look out! There ain't goin' to be doors enough in this car for you,' says Mike; and givin' Balaam's halter a twist, he says, 'H'ist, Boy!'

"Balaam h'isted. He throwed down his mouse-colored head, and the whole back end of him come loose. He sure severed his connections and cut his home ties. His little hoofs hit the brakeman in the stummick so that the breath come out of him with a 'Whoof!' like the squawk of an automobile horn. The gentleman riz up, laid both hands upon Balaam's tracks, and sat down hard in the other corner, then doubled up like he had only one joint in his back, wrapped his arms around himself three times, and began to kick like a hen with its head cut off, while he made little gasping noises like wind leakin' into an old pump.

"Mike scratched Balaam, and the little feller waggled his ears sagacious, winkin' at me, meanwhile chewin' the juice out of



that donkey's buttress was plumb impregnable" another batch of shavin's that growed near by.

"'You sound like you was ripe enough to pick,' said Mike to the railroader. 'I don't like 'em when they go "pank."'

"It seemed like the man couldn't reach no amicable settlement with his breath, whatever, and it was ten minutes before he'd arranged a satisfactory workin' basis with it. Then he crawled out, hiccoughin' cuss words and threats all hashed up like a beef stew. In mebbe half an hour he come back with his pardner, but Mike was intrenched behind Balaam. The men had sticks and tried to storm him, but that donkey's buttress was plumb impregnable. Compared to him, Port Arthur was as easy of access as a political meetin', and Gibraltar had signs of 'Welcome' all over it. I never see no real kickin' before nor since. The air growed congested and thick with it, and there was enough hoof in the atmosphere at any minute to run a glue factory for a year. Mike was actin' gunner's mate, findin' the ranges and aimin' him like a pivot gun, while the little feller hitch-kicked, drop-kicked, place-kicked, punted, and kicked goal from the field. He kicked the sticks out of their hands, he kicked the taste out of their mouths, and if Mike had let him go, he'd have kicked them so high they'd have starved before they lit. He kicked them together into a pile, kicked them out the end door, and resumed his browsin'.

"'How's foot-racin', Mike?' says I, crawlin' forth from my retreat.

"'Why, hello!' says he, shaking hands. 'I've just been run out of a little town up here without my hat. Me and Balaam is goin' East. If you're broke, too, I'll let you ride on my ticket — he's good fer a carload.'

"'*We* are quitting the West ourselves,' says I, tappin' my wish-bone with dignity, for I feels the bank roll agin my ribs and am filled with figgers of speech.

"'"We,"' repeats Mike, inquisitive and suspicious. 'You say "we" like you had money. I seen it in a book oncet that only three people is licensed to say "we," — kings, editors, and men with tapeworms. I add to it a man with great wealth. Which one of the four are you? Do you mean to say you've got money on your disreppitable person and stood by while me and Balaam *worked* our passage?'

"For repartee, I showed a roll the size of a clothes-bag and told my story. We counted the money, and it totaled five hundred and twenty dollars, to a cent: my original stake and the gambler's hundred dollars which I would have won from him if I hadn't been cheated.

"'This here is our opportunity to forsake the old life and acquire honesties. We'll go into business,' says Mojave, declarin' himself in on the deal immediate. 'I was cut out for them pursuits natural. I got the ability.'

"'Does it take that much of a stack to set in on this commercial venture,' I inquires. 'I ben aimin' to assuage this famine fer fun that I'm bloated with.'

"'It ain't no ways essential,' Mike admits, 'and I'm considerable leery of over-capitalization, myself. S'pose we lay by two hundred dollars fer business an' spend the rest in wassail, thus avoidin' watered stock and sech perils. I've got a scheme where that's all we need.'

"'As long as it's honest, it gets my play,' says I; 'but understand, I ain't goin' to corner none of the great necessities of life with this money, nor squeeze the widders and orphans.'

"'No, it's simply the introduction of western modes and civilization into the jungles of the decayin' East. We'll open up in Kansas.'

"Thereupon he gave me the blue print of a plan that assayed eighteen dollars to the ounce, bein' a total rest from cow-punchin'.

"Well, it's some three weeks later that the Butters-Martin Mastodon Minstrels busts into Kansas and lays waste with delight every hamlet it plays. It costs nary a cent to see it, which same appeals to farmers of all ranks. Mike is lit up like a Dewey arch, a thousand candles strong, with a long, fur-trimmed overcoat, pointed yaller shoes, tan gaiters, and a pearl-gray felt hat. For a theatrical make-up, he has Henry Irving run under the bed.

"I am Papriky Carramba, the Arizona bandit. You see, I am some black, anyhow, so I encase myself in a greaser habit of speech, a bewhiskered buckskin suit, and am a dangerous desperado.

"Here's the program. We open with a quartette by the niggers. Oh, yes! I near forgot the niggers. We have four Senegambians from Topeka that sing from all points of the compass to a common center. One of 'em plays 'Turkey in the Straw' on the banjo, while the others dance. They cost us fourteen a week.

"Well, after the music, the Mexikin desperado gives exhibitions of throwing the bowie and pistol practice, after which we have more music, and Mike does 'marvelous, mystifyin' feats of sleight of hand, too bafflin' for the mind, and too rapid for the eye.' Then we have some buck an' wingin' by the African team, after which Mike addresses the pacified and radiant hay-diggers as follows:

"'No doubt, ladies and gents, you have been delighted by our educational entertainment, but to give fleetin' pleasure ain't our only mission. We have a higher motive. It is a blessed privilege to make the arduous path more pleasant, and we are here to conduce to them scenic effects by abating the nuisances of life. One man may like music, and his neighbor prefer the screech of a sled-runner on bare ground. This one may have a sweet tooth, while his friend's is holler, and the nerve exposed; but, dear friends, all the world loves a sweet smell.

"'We admire the jessamine and would fain preserve the fragrance of the rose. Let us have done with the sordid scents of the stable and imported cheese and tickle our tonsils with the breath of forest flowers. That, ladies and gents, is our sacred errant amongst you. We are the distributin' agents of the Kansas Cologne Company, Unlimited. Remember, we have nothin' to sell, we only advertise the perfumery so that you can buy direct from your local druggists. We simply charge a nominal price to cover the cost of the bottles and the hand-painted labels, givin' you the contents as free as this program, which ain't yet over.

"'To conclude this evening's entertainment, I propose to spar three rounds with Señor Carramba, demonstratin' in a refined and gentlemanly manner the blows with which I won the title of Middleweight Champeen of the World. This is not a brutal exhibition, but a clean and scientific lesson in that greatest domestic accomplishment, the "man and womanly art of self-defense." It is endorsed by the leadin' society ladies of the great cities and has received the highest encomiums from prominent divines. While we are changing to costumes, the four Moorish gentlemen will pass amongst you with free samples of the cologne. After you have smelled it, they will offer for sale the few remainin' bottles. Remember, four ounces for the ridic'lous sum of fifty cents, hardly enough to cover the cost of the hand-painted labels. Only those parties retaining bottles will be allowed to remain during the pugilistic symposium.'

"Well, sir, you never saw the likes. You'd 'a' thought their sense of smell had laid out in the wet and got rusty. They couldn't get enough of it; four ounces for four bits — ridic'lous cheap, too, when you consider that it stood us eight dollars an ounce in Topeka. That is, the *real* stuff that the coons carried around did, but of course the four-ounce bottles wasn't quite so precious, bein' as we filled them with filtered water and soaked the corks in real cologne durin' the afternoons when we wasn't busy. Yes, sir. They sure did like the smell of them corked-up water bottles, and we was doin' well.

"'Quick sales and small profits, is our motto,' says Mike. 'We make forty-nine cents a bottle, which is small enough, and we sail out of a place as quick as possible. All it takes to run the biz is a barrel of spring water and a little eight-dollar cologne to smell up the corks with. It's a secret process.'

"We used to drink Kansas cologne with our meals, it was that harmless, and I guess we disposed of several thousand of the 'few remainin' bottles.' Nobody ever left the show before the fight, and they took home cologne to gladden the dull hours after our departure.

"Every night Mike issued a challenge to meet and box all comers, but of course nobody never took him up, except oncet.

"We had drifted through Kansas like a hint of sweet spring, disseminatin' music, magic, and pseudonymous filtered drinkin' water till we had colognized the whole state like Bill Penn back East, when one day we landed in a little place called Fowler.

"It seemed like I noticed a good many familiar faces in the audience that night, and I remarked about it to Mike.

"'It looks like some of our former customers has drove over from the last village. I wonder do they like the show, or have they become so addicted to the cologne that they want more?'

"Our entertainment went off bully that night, every line a scream, and the house as warm as an August camp-meetin'. Moreover, everybody clinched with them four-ounce bottles, egregious, so they could stay and see the fight.

"Me and Mike does our customary stunts, then he steps to the front of the stage and issues his challenge to spar any man present for any sum. Well, sir, I was near strangled at the sight of a farmer about six feet long, who uplifts himself from the boosom of the populace. From the noise of the merry villagers, I sort of detected a sub-rosy feelin', as though he was some local celebrity. The outline map of this David was ridic'lous, however. He had a kind of long, lead-pipe symmetry to him, except at his joints, where he bulged and looked like the main had been mended; just an animated job of plumbing. 'Mebbe he's like consommé,' thinks I, 'thin but good.'

"He was thickened up and turned over at both ends with the turriblest lookin' hands and feet soldered on that I ever see, and he displayed his bashfulness by crackin' his knuckles. He'd aggregate them digits up into a parcel and wring them out with the rattle of musketry or the sound of a man splittin' kindling. Then, to cover his coyness, he'd pull each one separate and make it pop. It reminded me of breakin' an armful of chair legs.

"He was open and simple to gaze at, though, and appeared to be incapable of deceit, for you could look plumb into and through him by his nasal passages. He was a double-bar'led lookin' youth from the front, and meetin' him in the gloom I'd have felt like he had me covered with a breech-loader, for his nose rar'd back and stared you right in the eye. Yes, that was a strange probossy of his'n, and you felt that by flashin' a dark lantern down its dim and distant vistas you could see plumb back to his secret soul. He seemed devoid of guile, absolute, and I thinks to myself:

"'Plainly, this poor, bucolic party is too slow in wit and movement to hit Mike with a handful of shot. It's really a pity to wallop him'; but I senses a sort of thrill through the audience and can hear 'em shiftin' their feet. We had to split the gloves to get them over the protuberances this youth called hands.

"The Fowler Opery House ain't built fer no Parsifal productions, and what with the organ, the sleight of hand fixtures, and cologne boxes, we are pinched for room on the stage; however, I place two chairs in opposite corners and call the men out to the center to shake hands.

"Mike is in red tights, while the stranger has took off his shoes and is in sock-feet, with his sleeves rolled up like he is out to beat a carpet.

"'Gentamen,' says I, in my Mexikin simulations, 'you fighta t'ree min' an' resta one. Shaka han'. Time!'

"Say, this world is a place of sad surprises. There's only one thing so deceitful as appearances, and that's other appearances.

"Mike comes forth, chin down, shoulder up, left foot straight, all in perfect position and aggressive as a grizzly, while the home product hangs his arms loose and sways back and forrad, lookin' at Mike's feet like it is milkin' time and he is afraid of bein' kicked. Then, of a sudden, he makes a motion with one glove like he is flaggin' a train. Mike parries and turns loose an upper cut for the farmer's kitchen that would have broke every dish in his pantry, but somehow the man happens to be out when it arrives, and can't receive it in person. He shifts his feet at the right instant, and is an inch out of range. Mike drives up with another assortment of wallops, but the Rube isn't there to sign for 'em. The lamplight grew muddy with Mike's blows, when all at once Mr. By-Heck reached down, picked up his right hand, piled his knuckles up in a heap on it, and threw it at Mojave.

"It hit him abreast of the lower maxillaries and sounded like a butcher beatin' steak with a cleaver. When Mike struck the floor, he bounced, and you'd 'a' thought it was a Seminole corn-dance from the howl that rose from that audience. I didn't count him out. He wouldn't have understood, and them obsequies would have been an extravagance.

"I steps to the front of the stage, liftin' my voice. I am a good loser, and a smile is always on my face, in adversity.

"'Lady and genta,' says I, 'Señor Hiram Oates winna de fight. Congratulash—' then I stops, for Hiram taps me on the shoulder.

"'You're next, Papriky.'

"'Me, *what!*' says I.

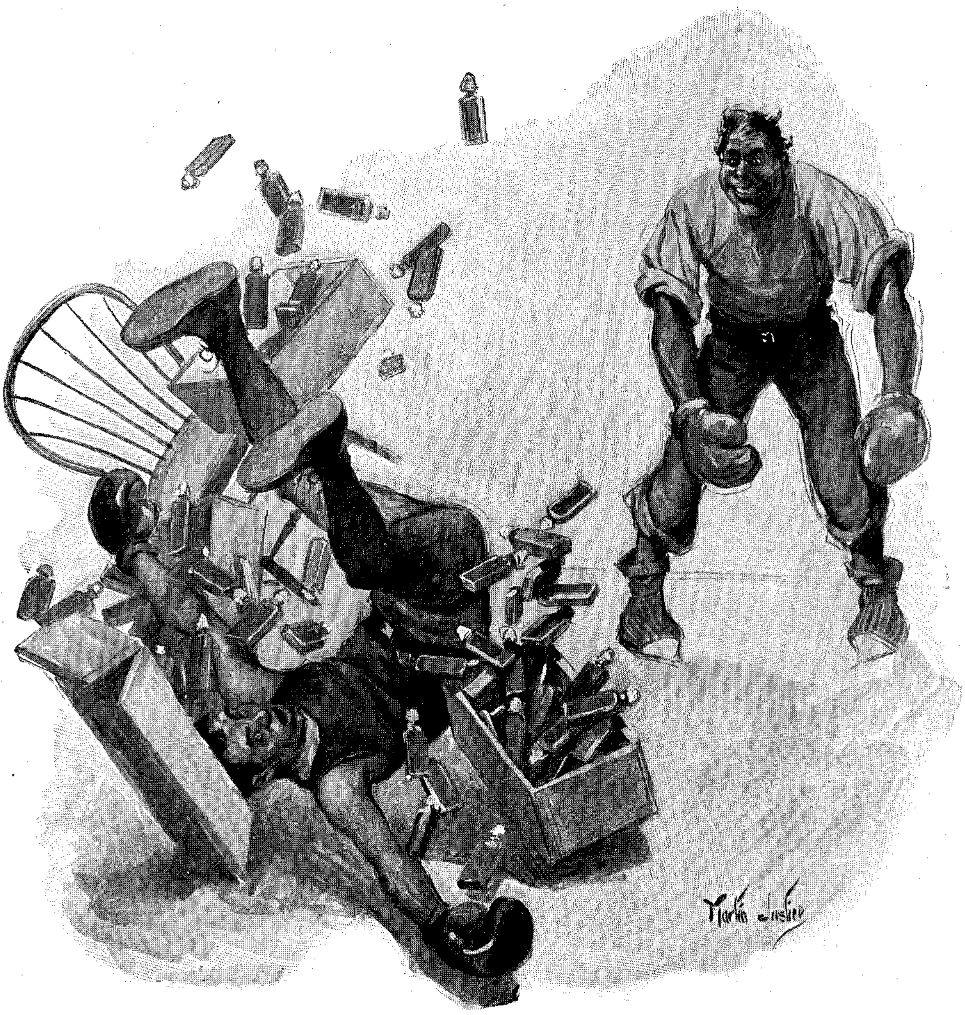
"'You're next!'

"'No sabe,' says I, shruggin' my shoulders.

"'Yes, ye dew. Get into them mittens, for I'm goin' to clean up the whole caboodle of you, white, yeller, and black.'

"I appeals to the Roman populace with all the chili con carne accents in my vocabulary, but their thumbs is down. A gray-bearded goat in the rear of the hall hops up and cries :

"'Hi-ram, kill the dago. The perfume ain't no good.'



"It hit him abreast of the lower maxillaries"

"'Dago,' says I, gettin' sore, 'I ain't a dago. I'm as white as you, you old dill pickle.'

"'Do him up, Hi,' says a motherly lady in the front row, shakin' her bonnet, 'he ain't no more of a Frenchman than I be.'

"Well, sir, I'm gettin' pretty mad by this time. And yet I don't hanker none for Hiram and the pillows. No, I ain't cast in the heroic mold of a Roman Gladiolus, and the sands of the areeny sets my teeth on edge, but I'm fairly *forced* into them boxin' gloves, and we go at it like we was killin' snakes. Thinks I, 'I've got to rush this Kansas thistle off his feet. Mike was too gentle with him!' So I chop up the air around him and remove it to get more room. I swing and jab and counter and cross, but I am unlucky in hittin' the places he had just left. That boy is too shifty to hit with a shotgun, which is surely a pity, and somehow

I don't connect up with him none whatever. Likewise, he don't hit me, just keeps a glove in my eyes, or brushes my hair with it, till I have suspicions that he is playin' with me, and that I'm bein' put through my paces like a horse. I'm gettin' tired and wobbly in the legs, and in one of my rushes I run into the organ leavin' a kneecap and create certain discords on it which don't sound like the Maiden's Prayer. Sweat is runnin' into my eyes, my lungs feel like they had on tight shoes, while, like the rose that was born to blush unseen, I have wasted all my efforts upon the desert air.

"We have fought mebbe five minutes with never a single blow landed, when I grow desperate and make a last appeal to the audience.

"'Ladies and gents—' I pants—'for Heaven's sake, stop this brutality,' but the old man yells:

"'Nothin' but rain water, Hiram'; and then Hiram commenced to go over me like a cooper hoopin' a bar'l. He sounded me all around to see if I had any holler spots, then he played a xylophone solo on my short ribs, boxed the compass with short arm jabs, and hit me from four directions at oncet so that I fell toward him. He stepped back, shot one into my sink, then crossed to my butler's pantry, and at last I saw the pretty, pretty fireworks.

"Late that night me and Mike caught the local at the water-tank, and when we was involved amongst the straw, he says, feelin' the bumps on his head tender and gingery:

"'Them minstrels had just one weak point, Kink.'

"'What was it?' I groans.

"'We'd ought to have kept Balaam.'"

TO A SERVED IDEAL

BY

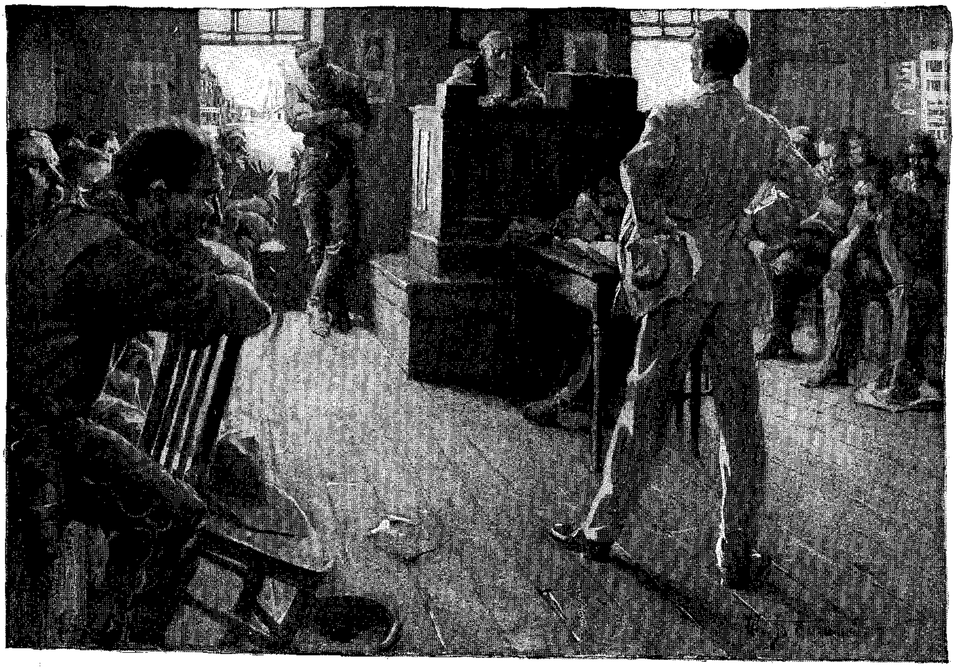
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

TRUE and unbought
If I have fought,
Now without plaint if I fall,
Were it not ill
Weakly to will
Laurels at last for a pall?
Nay: for award,
Goddess! accord
Oblivion, nobler than all.

Ah, in a glen
Forgotten of men,
Forgotten of thee, to repose!
Though my heart bound
Under the ground,
Joyful in ruin, and knows
Ere it was torn
Once it was worn
Over thy heart like a rose.

Let my name cling
Less than a wing
Washed from the blue of the skies;
Let no young face,
Seeking thy grace,
Waken thy wondering sighs:
"Which of my own. . .
Ages agone. . .
Bore that sad light in his eyes?"

Soldier am I:
How, then, and why,
Trader-like, haggle for gain?
Lady and Love!
Mine is enough.
Throned if thy beauty remain,
Well shall it be
For ever with me,
Dead of the brunt and the pain.



A SUSPENDED SENTENCE

BY

C. T. REVERE

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY W. J. AYLWARD

When Bob Thurber interceded with old Judge Welles and secured a suspension of Ed Stanley's sentence, he had but one motive — love of fair play, heightened, no doubt, by sympathy for the under dog. His action was entirely unsolicited. He did not know Stanley. Another lawyer had conducted the defense and succeeded in getting his client convicted of manslaughter. Thurber thought the verdict an outrage. Any self-respecting cow-boy was justified in roping and dragging at his saddle-horn an Indian who, out of pure malice, had stampeded the steers in his charge. The mere fact that Red Feather's neck had been broken did not affect his views. Technically it might be homicide; he preferred to regard it as an accident, and this in the face of gossip that Red Feather was not Stanley's first victim. The others had died like men, though,— wild, turbulent bullies, bad enough, brave enough to kill, but, for that fatal once, too slow on the trigger.

At first the abstract consideration of gratitude did not enter Thurber's mind. Dimly, months afterward, he felt he must have expected it — in fact, had a right to expect it. But it was not until he found that Stanley, whom he had made foreman of his ranch in the Big Horn basin, did not treat him with ordinary civility that he began to seek causes for the cow-boy's attitude.

From the start there had been a gulf between them. He remembered that day in the marshal's office at Norfolk. It was blazing hot, and he wore a suit of white flannels. The wiry, diminutive cow-puncher, hardly five feet six, made him feel decidedly ill at ease. Stanley's eyes, as small and black as a rattlesnake's, took him in from head to foot with a stare cold, almost hostile. His mustache — Thurber never would forget the impression made by that closely-cropped mustache; with Stanley's wind-tanned face for a background, it looked like a smudge of anthracite dust on old leather — his mustache fairly bristled with a sneer when he was told that the young lawyer had become guarantee for his good behavior. There were other little acts, mere trifles, yet significant when considered relatively; but Thurber tried to forget them. He merely wondered what would be the outcome.

He found out while on the fall round-up; so did Stanley, if, indeed, he had given the subject any reflection. Thurber was not wearing white flannels then. Buckskin-seated breeches, flannel shirt, and a wide-brimmed Stetson became him remarkably well. Stanley thought so, too, afterward, but at that moment his mind dwelt on other things than the details of personal attire. The quarrel was at its height before the others knew what it was about. They saw Thurber advancing, with a Winchester, on his foreman. Stanley's hand was at his belt — they knew what that meant. A Winchester was a clumsy plaything at short range.

"Are you going to do it?" There was no suggestion of a tremor in Thurber's clear, ringing tones.

Silence and a sullen glare.

Thurber started to raise his Winchester; the six-shooter was half drawn. Then — some one grasped the rifle, and the six-shooter imperceptibly slid back in the cow-boy's holster. Later Stanley changed his orders concerning the course of the round-up. Whether that was the cause of the quarrel, the others never learned.

Thurber was enjoying the first lapse into unconsciousness that night when Stanley aroused him by coming over to his "shake-down."

"It ain't the same 'twixt me an' you as what it were," he said, as he puffed swiftly at his cigarette. "You come mighty nigh takin' a shot at me to-day. I reckon it wa'n't yore fault that you didn't." A pause. "I could 'a' killed you easy."

"I know it."

"An' you kep' a-comin'!" There was a note in Stanley's voice which Thurber never had caught before. The dying glow of the camp-fire on his swarthy face revealed an expression almost tender, as he went on:

"I like a man. You done me a good turn down thar at Norfolk, an' I reckon I'd orter ben more thankful. But I don't like to be beholden to no tenderfoot. I have to look up to a man before I kin be a pal to him. You're the real thing, an' I jest wanted to tell you that from now on you won't never have no call to feel sorry you went bail for me."

"Pretty high for mining, isn't it?" The heavy-set man in faded brown corduroys spat neatly at a granite boulder and assumed an air of pleased anticipation.

"That depends on how much altitude a man can stand," evaded Stanley, eying his questioner with suspicion.

"It must be at least twelve thousand feet. You're not far from the Continental Divide. What are you doing, sinking or tunneling?" The rapid-fire style of conversation proved too much for him, and he gasped greedily for breath.

"Both." Stanley was laconic above timber line.

"How many claims have you located?"

"Four."

"I saw some ore down at Meeteetse that I heard came from one of your shafts." Another halt for breath. "Thought I'd come up and see what you had."

"It shore is tough fer you to take that trip all fer nothin', stranger," said Stanley, with a mocking grin. "But it sorter looks that-a-way. You kain't nose around these yere diggin's."

"But I was thinking I might buy you out," exclaimed he of the brown corduroys.

"The claims ain't for sale."

"Oh, anything is for sale if you get your price," came the confident rejoinder. "I am Thomas G. Atkinson, secretary and treasurer of the Cyanide Mining and Smelting Company, at Butte. We are thinking of doing something down here in the Wood River country. You seem to have a fair prospect, and I'm willing to give you what it's worth."

"I told you the claims wa'n't fer sale," replied Stanley doggedly.

"You might as well sell out as lose them."

"Don't come no play about claim-jumpin' around yere," cried Stanley, in a flare of sudden wrath. "I'll take a contract to stand off a hull cavvy o' sech underbred cayuses as you."

"I wasn't thinkin' of such a thing," Mr. Atkinson hastened to reply, with virtuous reproach in his pale blue eyes. "You see—" in his nervous negation he expectorated on the handle of Stanley's pick — "I — the railroad is still a good ways off, and I thought you might not be able to keep up assessment work, to say nothing of development."

"I'll look out fer that."

"But you can't do it alone. Why, man, it means being cut off from the world at least five months a year — without seeing a soul."

"I *have* done it fer the last two year," was the calm reply.

"What!" Mr. Thomas G. Atkinson stared in amazement at the sinewy little figure before him,— verily a *multum in parvo* package of humanity, to whom nothing was impossible. Then he looked at the huge, telltale dump. "You did all this by yourself? It seems incredible. But — you will need more money from now on."

"I'll 'tend to that, too."

"Your partner can't help you."

"You seem to know a hull lot about my business."

"I heard that Thurber had a half interest with you and —— "

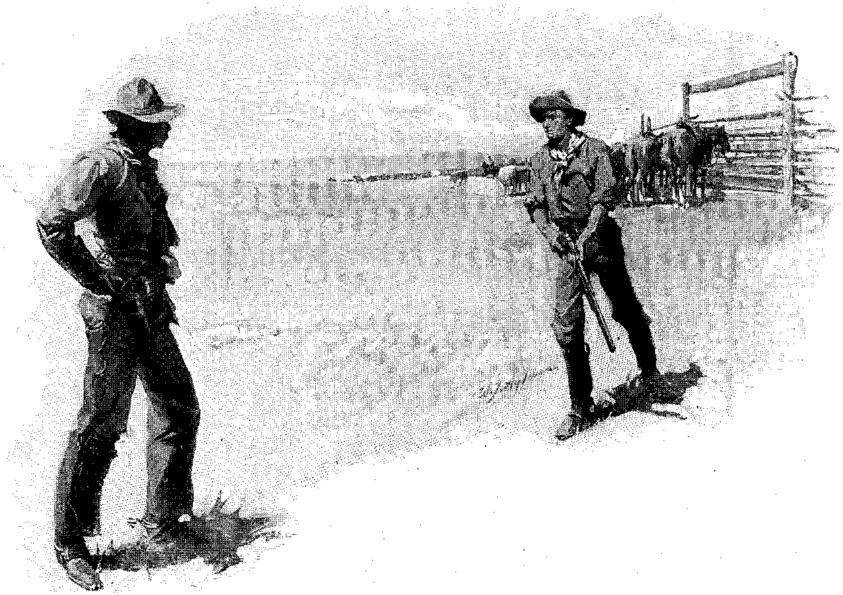
"You're wrong the first rattle outen the box," interrupted Stanley, with a rasping chuckle. "He owns it *all.*"

"All!" Mr. Atkinson's rotund countenance lengthened considerably. "Well, at any rate, I know Thurber is flat broke — in fact, can hardly make a living."

"Wal, what o' that?"

The secretary and treasurer of the Cyanide Mining and Smelting Company was cornered, but he made a noble effort to extricate himself.

"Let me see — this is October," he began absently, as though the time of year had escaped him for the moment. "You have just come up here and have hardly started in your winter's work." Here Mr. Atkinson's tone dropped to the *sotto voce* of confidence, as if he feared that the impassive boulders had taken their leaning attitudes on the steep slope for the purpose of eavesdropping. "You might get sick — or go away and forget to come back to do your assessment work. It would be a mighty easy way to make a couple of thousand. Of course, if you wanted to give that fellow Thurber part of the money, it would be none of my business, but in my opinion you would be a fool to do it."



"'Are you going to do it?'"

Stanley heard him through. His manner was so respectful that Mr. Atkinson thought it betokened acquiescence. He soon was disillusioned.

"Bob Thurber may be broke, but he's my friend — if you kin savvy that." The instant Stanley began to speak, his snaky black eyes took on a warning glitter. "If you kain't, I wants to give it out right yere that you're feedin' off'n yer range, a-browsin' yer yawp on somethin' it don't know nothin' about. An' if you er ary other lumpy-jawed longhorn in yer bunch comes up yere tryin' to haze me an' Bob off'n the grass, I'll rope an' hog-tie you so tight that you won't bl'at when the kyotes work on you. Now—GIT!"

A six-shooter emphasized the torrent of cow-boy vernacular, and Mr. Thomas G. Atkinson proceeded to "git." He was in such a hurry that he came near forgetting his horse, which he had left at Stanley's cabin, a few hundred feet below timber line. When he arrived at Meeteetse he expressed the opinion that Stanley had become "locoed" as a result of solitude. The reminiscences aroused in the minds of his hearers by a recital of his experience strengthened him in this belief.

He was told that the cow-boy worked in the spring and fall round-ups for the Hat Six outfit, hoarding his wages like a miser to purchase provisions and mining supplies for the winter. This parsimony on the part of a "puncher" was unhesitatingly pronounced a sign of mental aberration. One man recounted how Stanley once swam the swift and icy waters of the upper Big Horn merely to get Thurber's pipe, which had been left in the mess wagon on the other side.

"That ain't nothin'," chimed in another. "Why, Ed used to make coffee grand, an' take it to Bob afore he got up. He waited on him like 'sif he were one of these yere niggers."

Inasmuch as anything savoring of lackeyism is, if possible, more abhorrent to the cow-boy than economy, the loungers at Meeteetse were unanimous in deciding that Stanley was "locoed."

If Thurber had been present, he might have been able to contribute to the prevailing current of conversation. When the panic had swept over the West, he had been among the first to be caught in the squeeze. His law practice had dwindled away to nothing, and the fees had barely paid office rent. He sold his ranch and last two thousand head of cattle, a vain sacrifice, to appease his hungry liabilities. Then came the parting with Ed. He had retained his old foreman on the pretext of having him gather up some stray bronchos, but finally the efficacy of this clumsy subterfuge was exhausted.

"I don't want no money," protested the cow-boy, refusing the balance of his wages. "You 've got to let me come and work fer nothin'."

"I haven't a thing for you to do, Ed," replied Thurber sadly. "In these days when good lawyers are forced to become bookkeepers and insurance agents, I hardly know what I shall turn to."

"You and yourn ain't goin' to come to want while I live. I'll hold up a train first." And the old fierce light glowed in the small black eyes.

"You are too handy a cow-puncher to make a good convict," was Thurber's half-smiling comment. "Go back to the range."

"I may do that, but I'll do somethin' else, too," came the stubborn reply.

Thurber attached no special import to the words. To him they expressed merely a general pledge of loyalty — gracious and acceptable, but far from tangible to a man who was battling with insolvency. His mind, of course, could not penetrate the maze of debts and look back to that cloudless September day a year before near the headwaters of Wood River. On the descent their eyes had been caught by those mineral deposits for which every western mountaineer is always on the alert.

"Blossom rock!" exclaimed Stanley, as he struck the crumbling stone with the butt of his six-shooter. "I've mined just enough to want to sink a shaft on that."

He was missing from camp for three days.

"I located that claim," he said to Thurber on the night of his return. "Rode over to Kentucky Smith's shack an' borried a pick." He spoke as though he had been absent to get a bucket of water, but he had traveled more than a hundred miles in his trip to and from Kentucky Smith's.

Months after their last meeting, a brief, painfully scrawled letter informed Thurber that Stanley had spent the winter in the mountains at the head of Wood River. A shaft sunk on the site of their first discovery had revealed what the cow-boy thought to be a true fissure vein, and he expected to drive a tunnel to catch the lead lower down.

Atkinson's visit at the beginning of the third winter confirmed Stanley in the belief that he was on the trail of a fortune. It also stiffened his determination to work on the tunnel until he had cut the vein. After storing his supplies in the cabin and stacking up a huge supply of firewood, he set to work.

The solitude would have meant madness to an ordinary nature. The mighty plateau became a vast white desert which silence claimed for its own. The alabaster peaks loomed like monuments dedicated to the awful god of Silence. Silence was everywhere. It came with the flaky downfall which deadened every sound. It smothered the voice of the torrents with a gag of crystal and muffled the wind until the eddying bluster was strangled to a motionless calm. Occasionally a snowslide broke the hush and swept down the mountain with a rattle of "slide rock" and booming of boulders, leaving its aftermath of defiant echoes to ring in the cañons long after it had reached the bottom of the incline. Then the demons of silence rallied, drove away the echoes, and once more brooded solemnly over their domain.

But the majesty of the scenery and the terrors of isolation alike were lost on Stanley. He spent no time indulging the phantasms which crowd upon a man cut off from his fellows. Sometimes, at night, the piercing, childlike cry of a "bob cat" from the brakes below the cabin sent a sudden chill to his heart; the wailing human note was his sole link with the outer world. But he laughed it off and went to sleep.

Day by day he renewed his assaults on the side of the mountain, drilling single-handed and slanting his holes to make every shot count. The waste rock he removed in an improvised wheelbarrow. One morning he found a portion of the tunnel choked with a mass which had fallen from the roof. Thereafter he made a practice of carrying up, each morning as he went to work, a post six inches in diameter, for timbering. By the last of March he estimated that he had seventy feet yet to go.

When the thaws of early spring came on, he succumbed to mountain fever. For three weeks he lay in his cabin, tortured by burning thirst and dull pains which forbade all thought of work. At last the sage tea conquered,— sage tea and the chipmunks. One day, while lounging listlessly in his bunk, he saw a tiny brown creature with black and white stripes flit over the floor.

"Chipmunks!" he exclaimed, raising himself on his elbow.

There was a flash of black and white, a whisk of a fluffy tail, and his visitor was gone. He staggered to his feet and stealthily scattered some biscuit crumbs near the point of exit. From his rude couch in the corner he saw that his lure had not been unavailing. There were two this time. Timidly they crept out, darting in all directions, but always drawing closer to the crumbs.

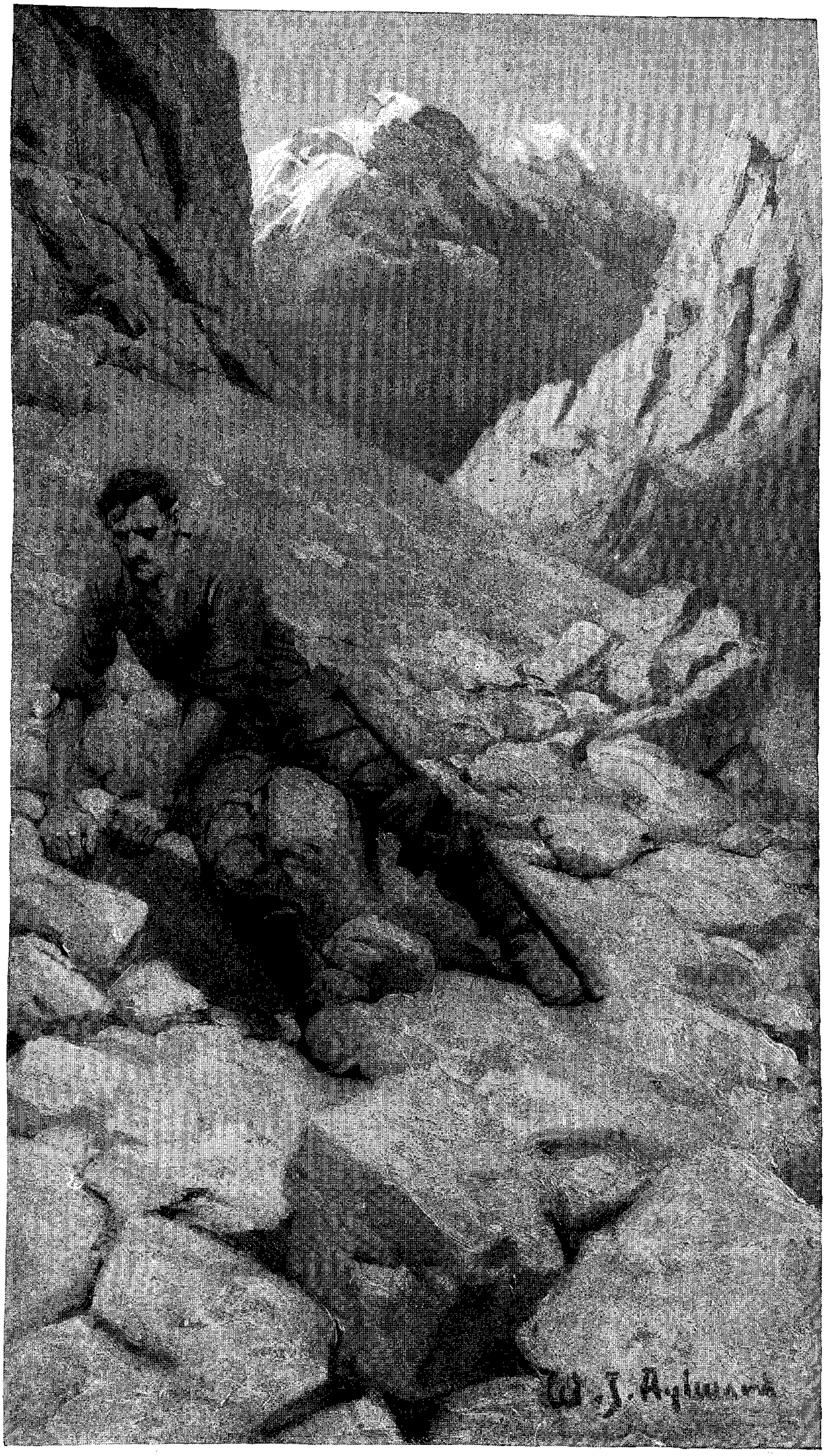
"Come on, Romeo an' Juliet," he coaxed. The actor who had taken the leading rôle in the only Shaksperian play he had ever seen could have spoken no more tenderly. The chipmunks halted, peered distrustfully at the huddled figure in the corner, and — came forward.

Next day more came — always Romeos and Juliets. Weak from his wasting illness, he welcomed them with an affection intensified tenfold by his loneliness. With the exception of a few starving timber wolves, they were the first living things he had seen for months. Finally they became so tame that they would scamper upon his knees and shoulders and take pieces of biscuits and dried apples and peaches from between his teeth. To him they were not pestiferous little rodents, but comrades. Soon they grew to think the now scanty supply of provisions a storehouse for their especial benefit, but they pursued their depredations unmolested.

His stock of dynamite was exhausted. The drills had been worn down to mere stubs of steel. Of food, there remained only a small slab of bacon and a few pounds of flour. He feared that Atkinson might jump his claims if he worked in the summer for the Hat Six outfit. For this reason Thurber received the following letter, with the Billings postmark:

> Dear Bob, Have drawd side draft on you for 200 dollars. Be shure to pay it for god Sake. Have soked my Gunn for 10 dollars and i kaint hold nobody up when i aint got no Gunn and i will strike that fisher vain shure in august or sept. please come out and i am well now. was sick.
>
> Ed

The appeal brought the money and a promise from Thurber to visit the claims in early autumn. Stanley set out from Meeteetse with a well-laden pack train and Cairns, whom he had hired to help him complete the tunnel. Cairns was a Manxman and a skilled miner, accustomed to prospecting in high altitudes. He confessed later that he never had worked so hard in his life, but he dared not complain to his grim, relentless taskmaster. Under Stanley's persistent urging, they bored their way steadily through the adamantine mountain side. Sundays and holidays passed in a nervous rush of toil, and at the end of seven weeks they were only thirty feet from where they expected to strike the longed-for



"THE CABIN LAY TWO THOUSAND FEET BELOW, BUT IT WAS HIS ONLY HOPE" cleavage between the granite and the porphyry.

Cairns' antipathy toward the chipmunks was not inherent. In his arguments with Stanley he accorded them the right to existence — as chipmunks, not as pets. He objected to having them hunt for bits of biscuit supposed to be held between his teeth — they tangled their feet in his jungle of red whiskers. But most of all, his canny Manx soul revolted against their inroads on the dried fruits. However, he should not have resented their raids in such a violent manner. He realized this himself a moment after he had laid about so viciously with his spruce club, but before he could remove the evidences of the one-sided fray, he heard Stanley's footsteps outside the cabin. There was a pause at the door. Cairns was too busy opening a can of corn for supper to turn around.

"Whoever killed my Romeos an' Juliets?" came the hoarse inquiry, ominous of impending trouble.

"Yer which?" There was a quaver in Cairns' puzzled tone.

A lifeless little striped body was held accusingly toward him.

"Aw, the chipmoonks it is," he began. "Shure, they was atin' all the groob —— "

"What if they did?" The cow-boy's voice took on a wail of grief. "Why, I wouldn't have had one o' them little things killed for all the grub in Wyoming."

"Shure, I didn't know —— "

"Git out before I kill you," broke forth Stanley. "You cowardly, sneaking cuss. I'd rather live in a dog town with rattlesnakes."

Cairns beat Atkinson's record down the mountain that night in spite of the darkness, for the fitful pop of a six-shooter accelerated his leaps over fallen timber and jagged rocks. When he arrived in Meeteetse, he added his recital to the gossip concerning the madman up on Wood River.

"An' to think o' the names he give them chipmoonks," was his concluding comment.

Once more Stanley assailed his Herculean task alone.

September came. Thurber and a party of capitalists were due at the claims in a few days. Already Stanley had passed the point where his measurements told him he should cut the vein. But the thought of failure made him even more frantic in his efforts.

"I hain't lost it — I know I hain't," was his half-despairing cry. "It's jest dipped further south. I've got to ketch it before they come."

Bob expected it of him. He could not disappoint Bob. Bob was not a shadowy picture to him even after three years of separation; he was a living, vivid, ever-present entity. He could see him now — not in white flannels, although he had forgiven that,— but in a "puncher's" rig, without a flinch in his handsome blue eyes as he looked straight at death. Who would dare be found wanting toward such a man? One night he toiled until midnight, clearing away the débris of a heavy "stope" shot in order that he might drill in the "face" on the following day.

The dawn found him at his post. He drilled a three-foot hole on the lower left side and "squibbed" it to make a pocket for a good charge of dynamite. He started his next hole higher up, to the right. The rock was like chilled steel, and more than once he was compelled to stop and sharpen his drills at his small hand forge.

"The ground's tightenin' up," he commented. "Must be gittin' mighty nigh home."

A few minutes later the drill broke through the granite crust. In his nervous exuberance he drove the biting steel further, but finally he was forced to clean out the pulverized rock. With trembling hands he picked up the long slender spoon and thrust it in the depth of the hole. Slowly, with muscles tense and staring eyes, he drew it out. The flickering rays of his lamp reflected a gleam of yellow amid the gray, powdered dust. He took the envelop of Thurber's last letter from his hip pocket and poured into it the precious cleanings.

He drilled half a foot further, hammering the steel with furious, clanging strokes. Each time he cleaned the hole, the spoon brought forth more gray dust flecked with yellow. At last he loaded both holes, lit the fuses, gathered up his tools and the envelop of drillings, and went out.

Two minutes passed. They seemed like hours. Then a dull, echoing boom came to his straining ears. Another minute passed.

"Must 'a' gone off together," he muttered.

While waiting for the smoke to clear in the tunnel, he panned the drillings in the bucket of drinking water he had brought from the cabin. Their wonderful richness startled him.

"Nothin' but wire gold would ever pan like that," he shouted in delight.

He could wait no longer. He seized a pick and rushed back into the tunnel, unmindful of the sickening dynamite fumes. Clambering over the débris knocked down by his last shot, he made his way up to the "face." His eyes were dazzled by the fine yellow seams running through the gray quartz.

"Wire gold!" he cried. "I told you so." In the frenzy of his joy he drove the pick into a crevice to pull down a shattered mass on the left side.

With a shivering roar the flying rock hurled him back.

When consciousness returned, his temples throbbed with a raging "powder" headache. He tried to rise, but his left leg tingled with a strange numbness. He felt to see what was the matter. His hand was withdrawn, wet with a warm, sticky fluid. A throb of pain caused him to feel again. This time he touched the shattered bones at his knee.

Weak and bleeding, he wriggled slowly toward the disk of light two hundred feet away. When he reached the open air, he bound up his mangled leg with strips of his flannel shirt and crawled over to the water bucket. The golden grains at the bottom mocked his agonizing thirst. He had used up the last drop in panning the drillings.

"I got to make it to the cabin. His teeth ground together in a burst of his old, sullen courage.

He grasped a pick lying near him, and by supporting himself against a boulder stood up on his sound leg. Then he took off his belt and strapped the pick handle tightly to his wounded limb. The cabian ly two thousand feet below, but it was his only hope. Clutching the head of the pick with his left hand, he started to descend.

The precipitous slope, treacherous with its covering of "slide rock," was dangerous even for an able-bodied man. A few halting steps brought out the sweat of agony on his dust-grimed face.

"'Tain't no use," he groaned fiercely. "I kain't cut her. It's over the range with me this trip. But I ain't goin' to feed nary buzzard ner wolves."

He hobbled painfully back to the mouth of the tunnel and sat down to unstrap the pick. His wandering gaze fell upon the envelop from which he had taken the drillings. Instantly the small black eyes gleamed with a softer light.

"Bob's fixed all right, anyhow." There was a note of triumph in his voice. "He'll be yere to-morry, an' I reckon I'd better leave word for him while I kin."

He drew Thurber's letter from his pocket, and with a stub of a pencil from the same source scrawled a message on the unwritten side:

> Dear Bob we done win out. Last shot opened her up Big and i dug my Pick into a shot that had forgot to go off and it Shure got me. am cached inside. There is plenti in Site to pay bale in cort when i dont show up. so long ED.

He placed the paper at the entrance to the tunnel and weighted it down with a rock. The sun sank behind the towered ramparts of the Divide, and the brief twilight of the Rockies settled over the majestic landscape. Deepening shadows crept silently up from the cañons, veiling the peaks and valleys in a shroud of cobalt. Far below in the darkness the yap-yap of a coyote died away in a faint, lingering howl.

It was time to go. With a sigh he turned from the blackness without to the deeper blackness within. He lit his miner's lamp and with his ebbing strength piled up the rocks in the passage behind to keep out predatory animals. His task completed, he leaned back, suffering but happy, alone with the fortune he had won.

The pain passed. A smile flitted over his drawn features at sight of the gold-seamed quartz glittering in the waning light of his lamp. The wick sputtered as it burned to the edge of the spout, gave a last feeble flare, and went out.

But Stanley no longer had need of its smoke-dimmed rays.

THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR WAITRESS

AN INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM FROM THE WORKER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY

MAUD YOUNGER

I

NEW YORK, MAY 6TH.

It was a great surprise to me to find how hard it is to "get a job." I always supposed that any one who was willing and able to work could get one. We have so many ideas about things we have never tried. But for three days I walked along street after street and went without success into every restaurant and lunch-room I saw. Sometimes the manager asked me if I were experienced. Of course, I was not, and so he did not want me. Sometimes he looked me over as though I were a horse, while I stood by, boiling with rage. He would ask a few exploratory questions with a manner which made me answer curtly, and then I would go out into the street, trying hard to keep back the tears. It is not pleasant to have a stranger doubt whether you are respectable.

If it is disappointing to be always refused, it is much more so to be promised a job and not get it. Twice I have had that experience. On Wednesday I went into a restaurant on upper Sixth Avenue. The manager was a blond man of medium height, with the sharp eyes and the smooth speech of a salesman. He gave one an impression of shrewd alertness. I tried to think of something businesslike to say. A working-girl once said to me,—"If you want anything from a boss, you've got to talk up to him. You can't get things any other way." But I could not talk up. Waitresses, as I found out later, usually dress smartly; and I had made the mistake of donning borrowed, ill-fitting clothes. Clothes make such a difference in one's feelings. My spirits seemed shabby and forlorn. However, that manager wanted a shabby and forlorn girl—one without any spirit—and he said that he would give me a half-time job. I did not know what a half-time job was, but he explained that it was one where I worked from eleven to two. That sounded nice—only three hours. Trying to assume an experienced air, I asked, "What wages?" He was standing idly by the door, but he said, "I haven't time to talk about it now. Come back at three o'clock."

"But suppose I don't get the job? If I don't, I want to look for something else."

"Oh, you'll get the job all right," he said; and so I went away delighted.

At three I was back. The manager, who was still at the front door, recognized me immediately.

"Oh, about that job. You work here from eleven to two; and from five-thirty until one at night, you work in our branch around the corner. Six dollars a week."

"Sundays, too?" I asked.

He hesitated. He had not meant to tell that part until Sunday.

"Yes, Sundays, too," he said at length.

"Well, I only want the noon-hour job. How much is that?"

"You can't have one without the other. They go together," he said, turning away indifferently.

"But you told me I could have the half-time job. If you had not, I might have found something else by this time."

He smiled. "It's all one job,—six dollars a week."

This was my first chance, and I could not let it go.

"All right," I said, "I'll come back to-morrow."

"No, you must begin to-day, — this afternoon."

I looked at him, hesitating. I had not expected to go on until the next day, and I had an engagement for dinner. Somehow the thought of that dinner, and of the dress that had come home before I left, made me straighten up and say: "Well, I won't take it"; to his surprise I walked out, with my head as high as it will go. He counted on the fact that it was four o'clock — too late to get anything else that afternoon — and on his conjecture that I needed the money. Girls are usually taken on before noon, so that it is a waste of time, I am told, to look for anything later than that. He thought that I might have to choose between his job and no supper.

Again, yesterday, I met with the same disappointment. A corpulent head-waitress, with bleached hair and gold in her front teeth, agreed to take me. She promised me three dollars a week. I was to work six hours a day.

"But you must work Sundays, too," she said, "for there is only another girl and me here, on Sundays, and we can't do the work alone. You're sure you'll come Sundays?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"Well, then, you can begin to-morrow. Be here at half-past nine."

At 9:30 the next morning I was there, ready to begin. She looked troubled when I went in, and said that the manager had decided not to take me on. I suppose I looked as disappointed as I felt. Nobody knows, until she has tried it, how disintegrating to the spirit is the experience of looking unsuccessfully for work. She must have thought me completely disheartened, for she said very gently, "Do you need work so bad? Well, come next week, dear, and perhaps he'll take you then."

I have always had a prejudice against stout bleached blondes, but I cast it to the winds at that moment. I have been told to-day that this restaurant is one that does not employ enough girls. A girl who has been a waitress for three years says that when she worked there last fall, she was on her feet so much that for several days she could not get on her shoes, and that when she went to give up her job, the manager would not pay her for the work she had done. He made the excuse that she had not given notice.

This morning, in the fifth place to which I went, a tall man in a cutaway coat was standing by the door. His air of graceful ease stamped him as the manager. He glanced at me, then looked away up the street while I asked for work. I think I have learned to ask for work very naturally now. With his eyes on a passing car, he said, "Yes, we need a girl at supper-time; but just for to-day."

"All right, I'll come," I said. I was so excited that I forgot to ask about wages. His eyes were still roving along the street. He did not look at me again. There seemed to be nothing to do but to go.

Promptly at four I was back. I was really there at a quarter to four, but I was afraid it might not be the proper thing to get in ahead of time, so I walked up and down till the stroke of the hour. There were no customers when I went in. The manager stood near the door. He glanced at me with a look of recognition, and then his eyes shifted. Never once again, until he threw fifty cents on the counter at the end of the day's work, did he meet my eyes. Thumbing a paper on the counter, he told me to go to the dressing-room and put on my apron.

When I came out, he was busy, and I had time to look about me. The room was low-ceilinged, and in the basement, several steps below the sidewalk. The back part was partitioned off for a kitchen. In the window were various eatables of the variety which attracts customers without attracting flies. Such delicacies as would appeal to the latter had been put under glass on the counter, which ran along one side of the room. Another girl was moving about at work. As soon as she saw me, she came over to where I stood with a pile of dishes, which were to be used to serve the figs and prunes displayed on the counter.

"You must only give six with an order," she said to me, "or you'll get fined."

When I asked what I could do to help her, she said that we must first get the dishes ready for dinner. Together we carried them from a slide to a table at the end of the room, wiping each one carefully before we set it down.

"The boss is very particular about having them wiped," she said; and when I said that I was, too, she stared.

Her name is Mabel. The first thing I noticed about Mabel was the bows in her hair — and perhaps these are the most remarkable thing about her — overtopping a brown pompadour and an ordinary face with neither expression nor color. But she is a kind-hearted girl, and when I told her that I had never worked in a restaurant before, she showed me what to do and how to do it. There were a great many things to remember. The dinner plates were kept in an oven. The dishes and silver, the things to eat, — each had their especial place. There was one kind of milk for tea, a richer kind for coffee, and a mixture of milk and cream for strawberries; but it was all called cream, Mabel warned me. When I took an order, I was to leave a glass of water with a customer. This glass of water was a signal to her that the order was taken.

"After you give the order to the kitchen, you must give him his set-up. You cut two slices of bread with this machine — so. Now you put them on a plate with one biscuit. Then you take a piece of butter like this," and she took it up with her fingers, "and put it on a butter plate. Then you take a knife and fork and three spoons, and one of these dishes of radishes, and you've got your set-up."

She told me laughingly not to wait on her regular customers.

"There are some boys I like that sit at the last table; and a lady in black with a gentleman. You can take anybody else but them," she said.

When she had finished my lesson, we stood leaning against a table, talking. Mabel was telling me about the boys at the last table, and I showed her a bag I had pinned under my apron for tips.

"Don't you think that's a good plan?" I asked.

"Yes, if you get any," said Mabel skeptically.

Our work was done; we stood about waiting for customers.

The manager in the front of the room was talking to the blonde bookkeeper. They seemed very confidential, and I asked Mabel if they were married.

"Oh, no," she said, "he has a wife his own age."

After a while the bookkeeper looked over at us and seemed to remember something. She came out from behind her desk and brought me a puncher with a roll of checks, fastened to a belt. All my life I have wanted to punch checks, and now I could hardly wait for a customer. After a time a seedy-looking man appeared in the doorway. I wondered if I should have the privilege of waiting on him, or if he were one of Mabel's own, so I looked over at her, and she said: "That's the dish-washer, I guess."

The manager had gone back into the kitchen, and the blonde bookkeeper was reading a copy of the *Journal*. So the man in the doorway came down the room to where we stood.

"Did you see the ad in the paper?" Mabel asked him.

"Yes," he said eagerly.

Mabel disappeared. He looked very down on his luck.

"Yes, I've washed dishes all the way from Maine to San Francisco," he said to me, "but I've been out of work six weeks now."

His eyes roved eagerly over the food displayed on the counter. I longed to give him a meal, but there did not seem to be any way to manage it.

When Mabel came back, she said that some one else had been engaged, and the poor fellow went off crestfallen. I knew just how he felt. Mabel told me that six men had come in for that same job.

At last, about five o'clock, in steamed a small man, mopping his face, and drew up a stool at the counter. The boss called me over. My first customer! Here was a great event which should be attended by impressive accessories and honored by a hero. Well, this was my hero, a little stout man, stuffed into a speckled brown suit and a brown derby hat. His beard was brown, his face was brown, his greatest circumference was below the waist. He looked like a huge cigar.

"Roast-beef sandwich," he puffed, as he sat down.

"Where are they?" I asked, looking first at the counter and then at the bill-of-fare.

"Make one," said the boss, moving nearer to superintend proceedings. My hands began to tremble. He is the kind of a man who does not care so much to remedy your mistakes as to emphasize the fact that you have made them.

He watched me closely as I spread the two pieces of bread.

"Pepper!" he ejaculated suddenly, and I seized the pepper box at a jump. An avalanche of pepper descended on the sandwich. Luckily, the boss and the customer were engaged with the Nan Patterson case.

The latter did not want to eat the sandwich then,— he wanted to take it away.

"Wrap it up," said the boss, turning his attention to me again. Under the counter I found some paper, and in this I wrapped the sandwich, the boss and the human cigar looking on. The latter grunted at the appearance of the package, but he deposited five cents on the counter.

I was hurrying to punch a check for that amount, but the boss said, "Never mind," and putting the nickel in his pocket, he sauntered off. If he had known how much I wanted to punch that check, perhaps he would have let me.

Soon another man came in. He considered the prices of things for several moments before he gave his order; and then he took a sandwich for five cents and coffee for five cents. That was all. And when he had finished, I knew that he was still hungry. It seemed so easy to give him something more; but there were the boss and my job, and I refrained.

Presently came two young men in light clothes and soft felt hats, carrying canes, of which they were very conscious. They lacked the assurance which comes from contact with a big city, and I put them down as provincial beaux. The drooping carnations in their buttonholes suggested that this was their second day of sight-seeing. Mabel was busy sorting dishes, and she told me to take the order. I brought the glasses of water, gave the orders through the window to the kitchen, and brought the set-up. One of the men kept looking at me so closely that I felt uncomfortable. It was worse than the brown little German and the roast-beef sandwich. Finally he said, "Ain't you Miss Lewis?"

"I'm Miss Johnson," I said, my heart palpitating thickly.

"You ain't playin' any game on me?" he asked, "because I'd feel awful bad if you was."

"No," I assured him.

"I went all the way to Massachusetts once to see Miss Lewis," he said.

"I wish I were Miss Lewis," said I, taking courage.

"Well, Miss Johnson's just as good," he said genially, and I retired in haste to arrange the bows in my hair at a distant mirror.

When the cook rang the bell, I knew that my customers' orders were ready. The man who had gone all the way to Massachusetts to see Miss Lewis told me that he and his friend had been in New York for two or three days, and were going away the next morning. In the meantime, he would like to have me show him the city. I was just going to tell him that I had an engagement, when Mabel called me.

"You watch the floor," she said. "I'm going to do my hair."

It did not seem to be a floor that needed watching, so, after a few moments, I decided that she must have said, "You wash the floor." When I hunted her up to ask where to get some soap and the scrubbing-brush, she began to laugh, with her mouth full of hairpins.

"Well, you're a greenie," she said. "Watch it, and if any customers come in, call me."

About a quarter to six the customers began to come very fast. I was afraid I could never learn to keep their orders straight. I would say an order over and over to myself as I hurried to the long, slit-like window opening into the kitchen. Then, when the things were cooked, I could not tell to whom they belonged. Sometimes, when the cook rang the bell to let me know that something was ready, I would be so busy that I would not hear, and then she would scold. When you are a waitress, the people are so much more interesting than what they eat. Once, when I was looking over a man's shoulder at his newspaper — I can never get by large print — I suddenly heard some one back of me calling, "Here, Miss, where's the tools to eat them with?" I had forgotten the set-up!

Once, when I had filled a man's order for lamb, potatoes, and onions, and was drifting toward the newspaper again, he stopped me and said, "Say, where's them onions?"

"There," I said, pointing to something that was floating around in the gravy.

"Onions!" he cried. "Them's beans!"

They were beans, and I was about to remove them, when he said,

"Hold on! Them goes with the meat."

Hastily I scanned the bill-of-fare. Yes,— "lamb with beans, twenty cents." I went, with a healthy humility, for those nice, green, sliced onions.

Finally the last customer went, and Mabel called me to the back of the room where two plates of ham and eggs had been put out for us.

"Say, ain't there any beans?" she said, with a quiet little air of fun, as she looked over the repast. She told me to help myself to tea or coffee as I liked. We did not talk very much. Our supper eaten, we changed our clothes while the boss was turning down the lights. I went to the counter where the blonde bookkeeper was locking up, and the boss paid me fifty cents; so ended my first day as a waitress.

I walked home to-night with a sense of elation that would have kept me going on to the Battery. I could have walked and walked. As I went along the crowded thoroughfare, I was only dimly conscious of the lights and of hurrying people and clanging cars. Once a fire-engine dashed by, drawn by three white horses which I had always before stopped to admire. But I passed on unheeding. I had done four hours of manual labor. My hand clutched my bag to make sure that my fifty cents was safe. I am going to keep that fifty cents always. Oh, now that I am home, and the excitement is wearing off, I am so tired, so tired!

II

NEW YORK, MAY 12TH.

At last I am going to have experience. For four days I looked for a new position. I grew so tired of hearing every one say that I must have experience before I could get work, when it should be plain to the most ordinary intelligence that I must have work before I can get experience. So yesterday when the tenth manager had turned his back on me and walked away, I followed him up and waited respectfully while he stood talking to a man who was repairing the electric lights. When the electrician went away, I burst forth, "See here. How am I ever going to get experience if every one tells me that I must have it before I begin?"

He turned, looked at me a moment, and then said with a smile, "Well, perhaps I'll give you some."

I nearly danced for joy.

"But," he added, "you must work for nothing for a while."

As a matter of fact, I was ready to pay him a royalty for a chance to work. He called a girl and asked her to tell me what I needed in the way of a uniform. Then he told me to come at ten this morning. When I went in this morning, he was standing at the desk looking over some accounts. He told me to sit down, and while I waited for him, I looked about me.

The place is very different from the one in which I worked before. It is under the management of a firm which has branch restaurants all over the city and the country. The girls speak of them as "the greenhouses. This one spreads over two floors and an annex. The room in which I sat was high and light. Parts of it, which daylight did not penetrate, were lighted by large Argan burners. There was an air of bustle and efficient management about the place. The waitresses moved quickly and noiselessly among the tables, and the scrubwoman receded in an even swath, leaving a blanket of white on the marble floor in front of her. I watched this woman with fascinated eyes. A shudder comes over me whenever I think of her, always squirming, squirming backwards, her tentacles swaying from side to side, like the horrible slugs that come out in California after a heavy dew. I have seen women scrubbing floors before, but I never really watched one. There was something hideous about these human beings squirming at our feet, as we all sat there calmly indifferent, and a feeling of resentment rose in me, — I don't know why, for floors must be scrubbed, of course.

After a time the superintendent sent me up-stairs with a girl who had just come. We walked through to the back of the store — as the girls all call the restaurant — and up three flights of narrow, dark stairs. As we neared the top, we could hear the voices and laughter of other girls. They made me think of boarding-school days; but at the top of the stairs was a sign which was not like any I had ever seen in a boarding-school: "The use of profanity is greatly deprecated. The management must request the resignation of any one who is guilty of a second offense."

We walked along a narrow hall, through the front room where the waiters were sitting idly around, and into a long room behind it full of girls and lockers. Two benches ran down the center of it. Everything seemed very gay. The girls were changing their waists and skirts and getting into their uniforms — white shirt-waists and black skirts, white aprons with broad bows at the back, white lace caps with black bows on top, stiff white collars and black neckties. Some one found an empty locker for me. It had no padlock, and the girls told me that, when I had a station, I had better buy a padlock and keep my clothes locked up. When I get a station means, when I am given a certain table and begin to draw a salary. The girls around me were very kind and told me how to wear my clothes. One of them took off her own belt to give me and tied on the bow at the back of her own apron with a piece of string.

To our mutual surprise, the second locker from mine belonged to a Miss Topton, whom I had met at a girl's club at the Settlement. I knew that she was a waitress, but did not know where she worked. We exchanged a few low words, and I explained what I was doing. There was such a hubbub that no one would have paid any attention if we had shouted aloud. When we were ready, she took me down-stairs. We went to the counter, and each of us had a cup of coffee, bread with beans, or rhubarb, or any other dish which did not have to be ordered from the kitchen. Meat, fish, and eggs are kitchen orders; the other things are kept hot in heaters on the counter and are known as side dishes. We took our plates into the dining-room and ate our luncheon there. We were late, so we ate rapidly, for all have to be on the floor at 10:30. Miss Topton told me that it was best to get to the restaurant at 9:50 if possible.

We "cleared up," as the girls say, after ourselves. Then I followed the line of girls who went to the front counter, and tore off two pieces of wrapping paper from the roller. Miss Topton showed me how to fold the paper and pin it on my sleeves as a protection for my cuffs. Then each of us pinned a long towel across the front of her apron and folded another lengthwise to hang from her waist. The latter was to be used to wipe the tables when clearing up after customers.

At 10:30 the head-waitress called the roll by numbers, and each girl answered with the word, "right." They all seemed to know what to do and went at once about their work. A girl who was near me gave me a bowl of water and two rags and told me to go to the head-waitress and say, "Which tables shall I wash?"

The head-waitress pointed out two. After I had washed them, and while I stood admiring my work, she came by and said coldly, "Wash everything on the tables."

I applied myself hastily to the task. Then a girl came by and said, "Wash the table legs," and I did so. Then another girl came by and said, "Wash the chairs." I washed the chairs. There was nothing left to wash, and I looked about for some untried branch of industry.

In a moment another nice girl showed me, as she went by, where to get the ice-water, napkins, silver, dishes, and butter plates; where to order coffee, sandwiches, and side dishes; where the desserts were kept, and where things which were cooked to order; where to put dirty dishes, cups, glasses, butter plates, silver, and napkins — everything has its especial place in a restaurant. Of course, I could not remember all her directions and felt as if somebody had suddenly poured a restaurant into my head.

When the rush hour began, one of the girls told me to take the order of three ladies, while she stood by to see how I did it. I found out later that every beginner works under some old girl. The orders were spoken rapidly: "One ham rye" (a ham sandwich with rye bread), "apple-pie"; "one beef graham, custard-pie"; "one butter cakes and cream puffs." I could not repeat it correctly, but my preceptress straightened me out, and I took several other orders. What an ordeal! I had to get the dishes and silver, and I always forgot something.

The head-waitress came up as I was taking one order and said scornfully to the girl beside me — the scorn was meant for me — "Don't let *her* take any orders in the rush hour."

I felt as meek as a caterpillar, and asked with deference if I might clear the tables.

"Yes," she deigned to say, and went off.

There did not seem to be much to clear just then. I had been put in the back part of the room because fewer customers came back there, and those who did were for the most part young girls who ordered sandwiches or chowder or some other single dish. They sat a long time over their luncheons, and when they had finished, there was only one dish to clear. I felt as if I ought to be doing something all the time. Whenever the head-waitress went by, I seemed to be standing still. At last I hit upon a plan of making two trips where one would have done, just to look busy. Once, when I was in line at the counter, or rather, a little out of line, she came by and gave me a shove, saying, "Git into line." I do not like to be shoved, but I did not shove back.

After a time she told me to go to the front of the room and clear away dishes. I was as busy then as I could wish. The trip was a long one, and the dishes were heavy and many in number. One of the girls showed me how to balance the load on my left arm by gathering the silver up in the third finger and making a foundation of three dishes on my palm and forearm. I covered this with a napkin and piled on as many dishes as I could, with napkins between to keep them from slipping. In the right hand I carried the water glasses. My arms ache now as I write. The left arm is lamer, because it had to bear the weight of the dishes. Sometimes I had to brace the left arm with the right. I was not very expert, but the girls would occasionally say in passing, "You're doing very well, dear," or "You'll learn quick," or "I was new, myself, once."

There seemed to me to be a great waste of food, for we did not scrape any of the dishes, but threw away even crackers and butter and milk, a practice very different from that in my last job, where we saved everything. I thought our time must be valuable until I learned the wages — four dollars a week for five hours a day,— sixty-seven cents a day; six dollars a week for eight and a half hours,— one dollar a day. We have to pay for our own laundry and must put on clean linen Mondays and Thursdays.

At 3:30, Number 27, under whom I worked, told me to get my dinner, and we helped ourselves at the counter as in the morning. Beside the beans and bread and butter, we were allowed to order for this meal ham and eggs from the kitchen. We ate in the back dining-room; some of the girls chattered gaily, and some of them sat silent, completely fagged out.

As we climbed to the dressing-room, I noticed at the head of the stairs a room with rows of benches and with a reading-desk at one end.

"It's the chapel," said 27. "The girls who come at seven have prayer before they go to work."

"Must they go to prayers?"

"They're fined if they don't, and they're fined if they're late, and they're fined if they don't pay attention while the manager is reading."

I considered this state of affairs with inquiry.

"Are there many fines?" I asked.

"Many!" she exclaimed. "You're fined if you break anything; you're fined if the ice melts on the butter so that water runs on the table; you're fined if the spoon ain't in the sugar-bowl. There's mighty few girls that gets full wages here. The firm sometimes makes a dollar a week off a girl." She went on, and I stopped to read a sign that was conspicuously displayed on an easel: "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercises *lovingkindness*, *judgment*, and *righteousness*, in the earth.— Jeremiah, ix, 23, 24."

While I was reading, a girl came up the stairs and stopped behind me.

"So now you know that four dollars a week is right, and kind, and just," she said.

I smiled and turned toward her. "Well, I suppose the tips will help me out."

"Tips!" she laughed. "It's a long time you'll be here before you see the sign of a tip. Why, in all New York, it's half the girls and more that makes nothing on the side."

"Can they live on their wages?" I asked.

She gave me a scrutinizing glance.

"What did you work at before?" she asked, eying me with a level gaze.

"I never worked in a restaurant," I answered noncommittally.

"I thought not," she said, "or you'd know that a girl can't live long on four dollars a week, or even five, without some other means of support."

She started on, I walking beside her. "I wonder as some of them millionaires that gives to charity homes don't give their own employees enough to live on."

Then she looked at me again. "I suppose you used to work in a office?"

Before I could answer her, we were in the dressing-room, and there stood a pretty girl with unnatural golden hair, walking slowly up and down in front of an admiring group, to display a new gown of a fashionable white and black check, made over a silk slip. Other girls about the room were watching her as they went on changing their clothes. She was swinging her hips a little to exaggerate the swish of the silk. "I'm going to a show to-night, too," she was saying as Number 12 and I went in.

"Who with?" inquired one of the girls on the bench.

"Did you notice the one near the end of the table, that wore a big solitaire diamond ring?" said the girl in black and white; and when she had waited for their assent, she went on proudly, "Well, it's him."

I saw Number 12's keen glance upon me, and I turned away. As quickly as I could, I changed my clothes and went home.

NEW YORK, MAY 17TH.

To-day I was allowed to take orders and to dispense the "surpassing coffee" which the firm advertises. I am learning the restaurant vernacular, too. When I want a cup of coffee, I say, "draw one." An order of butter cakes is "three off"; two ham sandwiches on one plate, "two ham, on one." The men at the counter complain that I do not call loud enough. There is such a noise all the time that I wonder they hear the loudest orders. Five men stand behind the counter. One hands over the coffee, tea, etc., another the side dishes, another the sandwiches, another dessert; another removes the boxes of dirty dishes to the dumb-waiter which goes down-stairs. These men, and three or four more who are called "buses," and who carry trays of dirty dishes, are the only men employed about the place. All the table service is by girls.

My work began this morning the same as it did yesterday. I washed the same tables, all that thereon was, and all that thereunder was; and then the head-waitress sent me down-stairs to work. There I took out the butter, putting two plates on each table, a square slice on each plate, a block of ice on each slice. Later in the day, when they sent me back up-stairs, I had to take a bowl and empty the water from the melted ice, for if the water runs over on the table, the waitress at that table is fined. Each girl must also keep the pickle jars on her tables filled. There is a bucket behind the counter, and we are supposed to fill the glass jars with a fork. I am very much impressed by the system with which everything is done here; I scarcely see how it could be more perfect.

But the number of fines is appalling. A girl told me this morning that I would be fined if I put butter on the table with my hands, though I see that most of the girls do use their hands in the back room, where the public and the head-waitress do not see. She told me, too, that we are fined if there is a spot on our aprons; we are fined if we wipe a table with a napkin; and, of course, we are fined for breakage. Where there are so many chances of accidents and mistakes, it seems as if the firm should take some of the risks. I am told that the fines go to a sick fund, but a girl must have worked in a restaurant a year before she can get the benefit of this fund.

I think I must have done my work better to-day than yesterday, because this afternoon the head-waitress told me to go to the front of the room. A different girl, Number 23, took me in charge. She had a toothache, and so she graciously allowed me to take the orders. I was very grateful. It was a case of Tom Sawyering, and everybody was pleased. She stood by to see that I repeated the orders correctly, sometimes telling me to follow her, watch what she did, and carry some of the dishes. She cut all the checks. for I have no belt, as yet. Once, when we were not busy, she said to me, "What did you work at before?"

I said that I had done some housework.

"Same as me," she said. "But I gave it up because I like a home life, and I'd rather live with my folks than have all the French cookin' and plush furniture in the world. Besides, it's lonesome doin' housework."

"'The nun in the kitchen!'" I quoted.

She looked puzzled for a moment, and then she appeared pleased with the idea.

"Do you live with your folks, or board?"

"With a friend."

Then I asked her how the other girls lived. It seems that many of them live in furnished rooms. They come to the city from farms, or from the "old country," and waiting is the "easiest thing to take up." Many of the half-time girls are married and do their work at home before and after the restaurant work. Sometimes their husbands are waiters. Many have worked in restaurants, on and off, for years. The work is hard, but there is a certain excitement about it. It is more attractive, too, than some other trades, because a girl can come and go; in a factory or department store she would not be taken on for a few weeks. Then there are a good many perquisites, I find. A girl with a pleasing personality, who stays a long time in a place and gets a good station up in front where the men are, sometimes makes two dollars a day in tips. They were telling me about such a girl to-day. Of course, only about one girl in twenty-five has such an income as this, and the girls say that the wages of the other twenty-four are decided by the tips of this one. Perhaps it is the uncertainty of the income which gives waiters and waitresses the speculative impulse. A great many of them bet on the races. Well, I suppose races are better for them than bridge whist. At least, they are out-of-doors. Then, sometimes the men customers take the girls to the theater or Coney Island. All the girls who stay long in one place have regular customers.

Yesterday, when we were dressing, one of the girls told me about a restaurant where the customers paid the funeral expenses of a waitress who had no relatives.

"She got muscular rheumatism from standing," said Number 3, "and she died in the hospital. The firm sent her a grand floral piece with a star and a heart and a crescent."

"Well, that was good of them," said Number 25, and the others seemed to think so, too.

"They'd better have paid her decent wages while she was alive," said Number 12. "She worked steady at that house for five years, and she worked thirteen hours a day, every day in the week. Sundays, too. And all she got was six dollars a week. I used to work there myself."

It is not according to the rules of the game to take another girl's customer, especially a man, for it is the men who give the tips. Once to-day I started to clear a table, and the girl whose table it was said, "Don't touch those things. Number 36 waited on that man. He was my customer. And she can clear the dishes herself."

Soon after, I noticed that the dishes were gone, and I said, "Did she take them away?"

"No," the girl answered; "I piled them up on her table."

The girls look completely fagged out as the end of the day approaches. They get ravenously hungry, too. Of course, they are not allowed to eat during working hours; but they do when they can. Yesterday Number 27 offered me some graham crackers.

"Are we allowed to eat?" I asked.

"Only what we can steal."

I was so hungry by 3:30 that I could not think. I shall have to carry chocolate in my pocket and eat it on the sly.

I noticed to-day that waitresses have an especial gait. The shoulders are kept solid, and the upper part of the body steady, while the lower part swings from side to side to balance the dishes. There gets to be a kind of a fascination in seeing how far one can swing the dishes and still keep them balanced.

I like to hear the girls talk. They talk about the races, and clothes, and the customers, and sometimes about wakes. They are not allowed to talk about unions. Once to-day Miss Topton said to me;

"The head-waitress is looking at us. She has watched us talking together two or three times. They don't like the girls to talk. They are afraid of unions."

One girl said such a funny thing to-day. Her sister, she said, was too nervous to go to the races. "She can't stand anything exciting — not even dead people."

Most of them are Irish girls — sprightly, full of life, and good-hearted. Number 12 is the cleverest of them. She is the girl who talked to me about that sign yesterday. To-day was pay-day, and the girls came into the dining-room at 3:30 with their envelops, each one looking anxiously to see how much had been deducted from her wages in fines.

"Fifteen cents, inattention at prayer service, and ten cents, spot on apron," said 5 indignantly.

"It's a wonder they'd stoop to make money off a poor girl after she's worked so hard for it," said a rich Irish brogue.

"How do you know what it's for?" I inquired.

"I asked," said 5.

"Who does the fining?" I asked the girl next to me.

"The head-waitress."

"Then couldn't you speak to the boss about it?"

She laughed. "What can one girl do against a firm?"

"Couldn't you all go together?"

"You mean we should have a union?"

"Oh, no, not that," I said hastily.

"Well, then, how can we make him stick to what he says?"

"You can't," said 12, who was leaning against the wall, listening, "unless you've got a union. That's your only guarantee."

"Oh, your husband's a union man. That's the reason you talk that way," said 5.

Number 5 is rather a superior being. She told me that she did not associate with the girls in the restaurant. She belongs to a club at a Settlement and is going to give up waiting as soon as she can get something better. She tells her friends at the club that she's a telephone girl.

"Well, then, I know what I'm talking about," said 12, "and you'd ought to have learned a lesson from that strike we had two years ago in the Brooklyn Branch."

"Why, did the girls ever strike?" I asked, surprised.

"I guess we did. We wanted the same wages for the same work as the girls at Childs'. Well, they agreed to raise us all a dollar a week, and we went back. But pretty soon they began to discharge a few girls at a time and take them on again at the old rate. If we'd had a union, they couldn't of done that. But the girls were all scattered, and there was no way of holding them together."

"Unions do more harm than good," said 5. "They may be all right theoretically, but they don't live up to their ideals."

"Well," said 12, "Christianity don't live up to its ideals, either. But you don't say it's no good for that reason. You can't expect labor unions to be any better than the churches."

"But Miss Morgan says that labor unions are never satisfied. They always want more."

"Who's Miss Morgan?" asked 12.

"She's the directress of our club, and her father's president of a railroad."

"Well," said 12, "doesn't Miss Morgan's father want more, too? When he had a salary of a thousand dollars a week, was he satisfied?"

The girls in our corner laughed. Number 5 seemed discomfited, but she persisted.

"Well, unions are always striking."

"We all struck in 1776," said 12.

"That was for human liberty," I ventured.

Number 12's eyes flashed. "Well, what's the use of liberty if you haven't the time to enjoy it? We're striking for human liberty, too," she said, the color rising in her face.

"Well, Miss Morgan says,"—Miss Morgan is evidently 5's great authority—"that there are so many dishonest men in the unions."

"Well, you can tell Miss Morgan," said 12, folding her arms, "that it's only because they haven't enough money to be directors of corporations; and you can tell Miss Morgan that there's not one union official in jail to-day, but there's all kinds of bank officials, and lawyers, and high-toned grafters, wearing the stripes."

Here some one threw a piece of bread at Number 12, as the head-waitress appeared at the door. A storm of abuse broke about the new-comer's head.

"Well," she said, when it had subsided, "if I don't fine you, I'll get fined myself. You remember when Maggie was head-waitress, and half a day's pay was deducted for not fining the girls enough. A head-waitress with only eight dollars a week and no tips can't afford to lose any pay."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SELF

BY

CORA LINN DANIELS

WHAT unto me is Nature after all?
I pass her by and softly go my way.
She is the remnant of my little day
Upon this beautiful revolving ball.

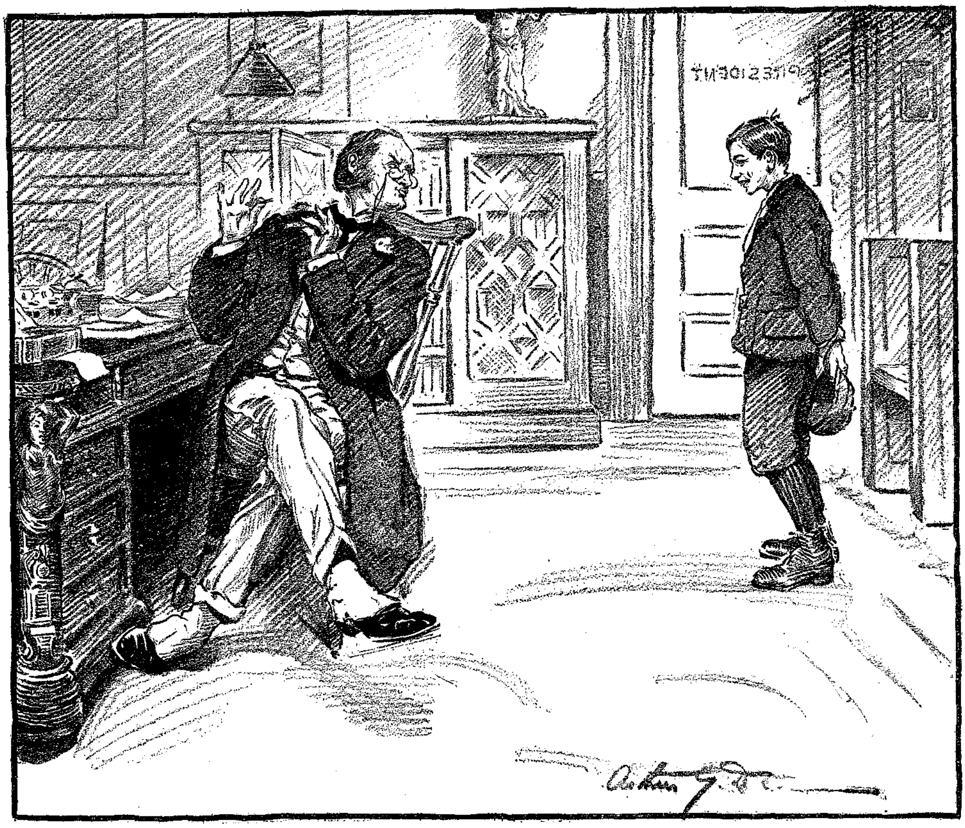
The world, the universe of whirling suns
Full and o'er-spread with wonders are to me
A pleasant study. Tiring, I go free,
Racing a comet as he slowly runs.

I am the Real Being. At my beck,
The seeming actual pays its vassalage;
I am the Reader and the world the page;
I fling a halter round old Matter's neck.

Glad to be taught of things outside, yet I
Find me indifferent to their transient touch;
A life's to-day in an eternity
Seems not to please my spirit overmuch.

I may not fathom now the end or what
The sweat and blood and tragedy may mean;
But I can fight the fight and falter not.
Above the clouds the hilltops are serene.

So if I stay here years or slip away
While yet the early dawn is dim and dark,
It matters not. I am that living spark
That ever glows though planets have their day.



HOW JIMMIE MADE GOOD

BY

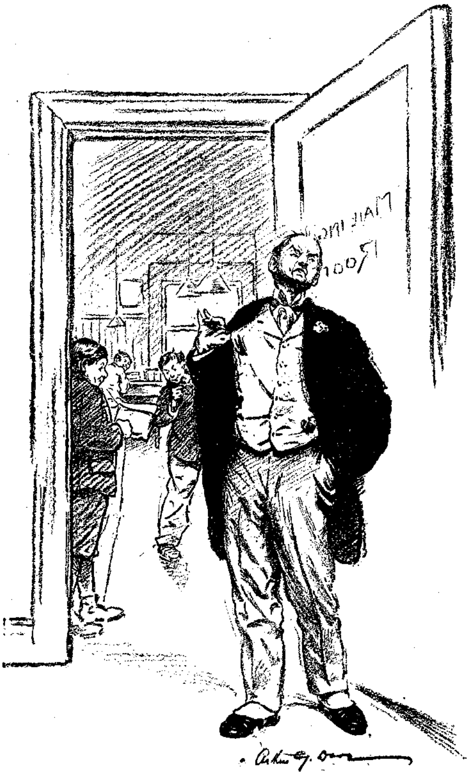
JOHN McGRAW, JR.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

MR. WILLIAM BLACKWELL was a great man in his own office. He had worked and won. This was evidenced strongly of late by the fact that he no longer came to business in the morning on the 7:26 train. He now left his home town on "The Millionaires' Cannon-Ball Express," whereby he had the comforts of the club coach and reached the city at the easy hour of 9:30. Then, too, he wore a fresh carnation each morning in the lapel of his well-brushed frock coat — he had recently become addicted to the frock-coat, top-hat habit, and now appeared at his place of business wearing, instead of his baggy tweeds, the garments that formerly on him had proclaimed the day Sunday. In matters of dress he strictly adhered to the tenets prescribed by Polonius.

As an office boy he had been glad when his coat was of sufficient length to conceal honest patches which poverty and prudent economy necessitated. So, now that he had reached a top notch in the business world, namely, the presidency of the large publishing house of Blackwell & Company, he looked askance at neither the tailor nor his bills. In his sumptuously furnished private office was a handsomely carved desk. On the right side of it was a little row of electric buttons, by means of which he could summon, genie-like, the heads of a score of departments. The power to summon is the mark of greatness in the business man.

One Monday morning Mr. Blackwell entered, as usual, his private room, opened his desk, and lit a perfecto from a highly decorated box. As he was applying the match, the door opened suddenly, and there entered into the presence of the great man, unannounced and unattended, James Samuel Perkins, thirteen years old and small for his age. His hair was the color of Turkish tobacco and topped a round little face shining with soap. The face was also illuminated with a smile which evidently had been put on when he arose, and was intended for all-day wear.



"'That kid may have found work, all right, but that doesn't put him on the pay-roll as far as I am concerned'"

Mr. Blackwell, the principal of a large corporation, did not usually receive business callers without the ceremony of announcement, and, with a great man's privilege, had often kept lesser lights than himself waiting admission while he gazed from his window at the ferry-boats which could be seen crossing and re-crossing the river. Consequently he threw at the little intruder an austere glance which caused the ready-made smile to vanish and a look of resolution to take its place. That same glance, however, led the business man to note that the boy was almost painfully clean; that he held his hat respectfully in his hand; that the coarse shoes were patched and had very recently been "shined" — with stove polish. These facts at least commanded interest.

"Well, young man," said Mr. Blackwell, "what can I do for you?" The look was still severe, but the tone of voice was not unkind.

"Good-morning, sir," said the little fellow. "I'm Jimmy Perkins, and — I've come to work for you." He spoke slowly, hesitatingly, yet showing no trace of fear or of being overawed.

"Oh, you have! Well, that's good," said the gentleman, his austereness almost disappearing. "I suppose Mr. Blakely has engaged you?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "I don't know him, but I've got to go to work. Since my father died, my mother cleans offices and things, and we need more money to keep the family. I've two little brothers and a little sister. So I quit school last Friday — and now, I've come to work."

"Well, my lad, I am glad you have the desire to work and help things along," said Mr. Blackwell, not unkindly, "but I have nothing to do with the hiring of office boys. See Mr. Blakely in the outer office, he will attend to your case."

In the maze of the outer office, with its doors and partitions, Jimmy did not succeed in finding Mr. Blakely. Coming to an open door marked on the glass, "Mailing-Room," he saw three boys sorting books and tying bundles. Jimmy went in, hat still in hand.

"Hello, Kid," said one. "What do you want?"

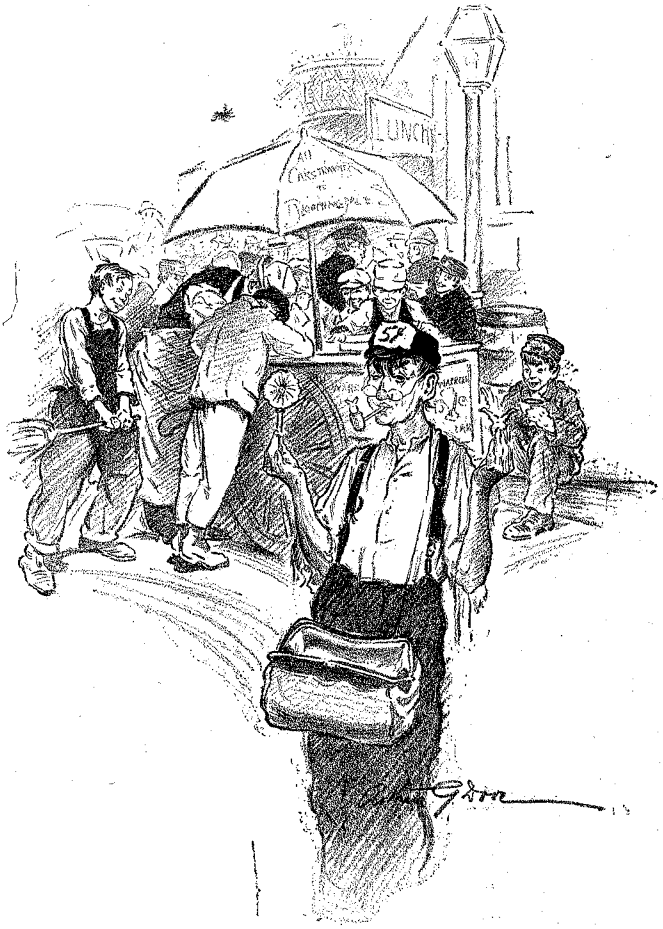
"Oh, nothing 'specially," replied Jimmy. "I just came to work. Want any help?"

Thinking that the new-comer had gone through the usual formality incident to securing employment, the boys soon had him as busy as even he could wish.

Suddenly the annunciator bell began to whirr, much to Jimmy's astonishment.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"Gee! you're green," answered the largest of the boys. "That's the 'nunciator. You're the youngest now, and you've got to be the



"The other boys went out for their coffee and 'sinkers'"

'bell-hop.' When any one outside wants us, they press a button, and down a card falls with their name on it. The 'old man' wants something now, and that's his name on the card."

"Who's he? Oh, I see," and he bolted for Mr. Blackwell's room.

That gentleman handed him a little basket of papers. "So you have found work, eh, James?" he said.

"Yes, sir," came the truthful reply.

"Take the papers across the hall to Mr. Carmen," said the president.

James delivered the basket of papers as directed, with an alacrity that caused one of the other boys to admit that "the new guy was a hummer."

And he continued to "hum" to his heart's content until nearly noon, when an important personage entered the mailing-room. It was "Mr." Blakely. He was a very young man, and, besides the promise of a mustache, he wore a high collar, and a necktie which was almost obliterated by the splendor of a large, sparkling horseshoe pin, whose value was no doubt in keeping with the extent of his salary. Some months since, he had been graduated from the mailing-room, and among his duties was its overseeing. He had also to see to it that the supply of office boys was equal to the demand. These underlings were supposed to look upon him as their omnipotent head. He therefore was naturally surprised to find his force of three increased to four, and to see Jimmy working away as if he had long been a fixture in the establishment. At first thought Mr. Blakely was chagrined by the belief that a higher power than he had usurped his prerogatives and had given the new-comer employment.

"Who are you?" he asked Jimmy superciliously.

Jimmy's smile broke out in a new place as he replied: "Oh, I'm Jimmy Perkins."

"What are you doing here?"

"Just working," acknowledged the truthful James.

"Who gave you the job?" continued Mr. Blakely with frowning importance.

"Oh, I just found it and got busy," avowed James, not in the least impressed with the questioner's apparent superiority.

Mr. Blakely became heated under the highest part of his neckwear. "Do you mean to tell me that you had the nerve to come in here and hire yourself? Have you seen Mr. Blackwell, or any one?"

"I saw Mr. Blackwell twice, and the second time he asked me if I found work, and I told him I had. Then he sent me on an errand."

This seemed to settle Mr. Blakely, and he left the room. As he went out, he said to himself: "That kid may have found work, all right, but that doesn't put him on the pay-roll as far as I am concerned."

At noon Jimmy took from his pocket a small package made up of a couple of sandwiches wrapped in a red napkin. Washing them down with a glass of water, he went back to work. The other boys went out for their coffee and "sinkers." When they came back, they found Jimmy busy tying up bundles of books after the manner in which he had been instructed.

"Gee! you must like work," said the tallest of the boys, to whom Jimmy was more or less of an enigma. "But how about your pay? I draws four 'plunkers' a week."

"Maybe I'll earn three," was all that Jimmy said.

During the afternoon he was engaged in answering the many bell calls. He soon learned the names of the various personages who had arrived at the importance of having a push-button on their desks. Jimmy's promptness, his smile, and his politeness simply amazed those who called upon him for services and who, apparently, were confronted with a novelty.

The first boy to arrive on Tuesday morning was James, and he repeated the occurrence each morning. The other boys soon found that he loved work so fondly that they shared theirs with him without showing the least reluctance. On Wednesday Mr. Blackwell began to "take notice" of the little fellow's quickness to grasp affairs, and in his crowded thoughts he found place for the reflection, "The new boy is a jewel." His principals concurred. Even the important Mr. Blakely, with his multitudinous affairs, found time to concede that Jimmy seemed "willing." Thursday and Friday passed only to increase the boy's popularity. He was voted to be as "bright as a dollar," "smart, but not fresh," and several other terms, including "hustler," were used in describing him.

Saturday was pay-day, and the office was to close at noon. The forenoon had nearly passed when a line began to form at the cashier's window. Jimmy fell in, last as well as least.

"What's your name?" asked the man who handled the pay envelops, when the line had dwindled down to Jimmy.

"James S. Perkins, sir," was the meek reply.

"No such name on the pay-roll," the cashier said. "Must have been an oversight." The cashier was one of Jimmy's admirers. "How much were you to receive?" he added.

"I don't know, sir," was the boy's wistful reply.

"Who hired you?" continued the man behind the window.

"Well, you see, sir, I wasn't exactly hired. I just found work and kept busy and — I thought — I thought maybe I had earned something." There was a tearful tone in the little fellow's voice.

As he finished the sentence, Mr. Blackwell came out of his office and in passing noted Jimmy's unhappy face. Its expression contrasted so strongly with the smile that had lit up the entire office during the week, that the great man paused.

"Well, James, my boy, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Only this, sir. I've worked for you as I said I would on Monday. But I guess I didn't earn anything, for I didn't get any pay like the other boys. But I will try again next week, and maybe I will earn something — if it's only just a little, sir."

"Why, how's this, Mr. Jenkins?" the president asked his cashier. "Isn't the boy's name on the pay-roll?"

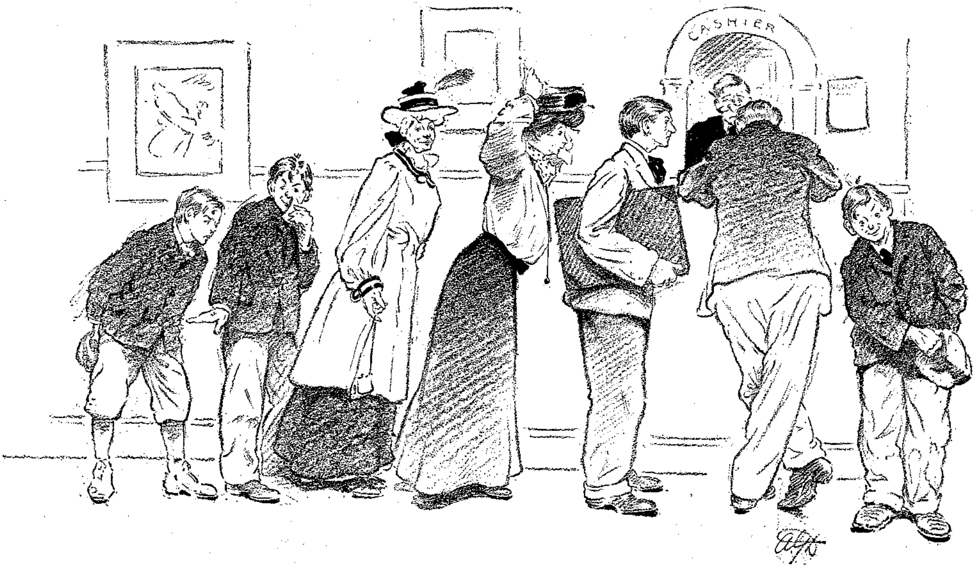
"No, sir," was the reply. "Blakely evidently neglected to hand in James' name."

"Well, then, if that's the case," said Mr. Blackwell, with no little indignation, "I'll hand it in now. You may give James five dollars, and see that he gets a like sum each week hereafter."

Thanking Mr. Blackwell and the cashier, and saying "whew," as he counted the money, new, crisp, one-dollar bills, Jimmy followed the footsteps of his employer out of the office, feeling fully as great as the great one himself.

He had proved, to his own satisfaction, at least, that his theories in regard to work and earning were congruous.

James became a feature of the Blackwell establishment. His merits were appreciated, not only by the entire office force, with the possible exception of Mr. Blakely, but also by the various important gentlemen that he ushered into Mr. Blackwell's august presence.



"Jimmy fell in, last as well as least"

In three months his pay was raised, and he showed his native honesty by asking the cashier if there had not been a mistake in putting an extra dollar into the pay envelop handed him.

A frequent caller of Mr. Blackwell's was Mr. Vincent Wells, president of the great banking house of Wells & Ware. He had struck up a friendship with Jimmy and was pleased with his naïve manners, as well as his unfailing politeness. He frequently chatted with the little chap, and on one occasion had patted him on the head and told him that he would be President — of something, at least. Another time, on a Friday morning, to be accurate, he even asked James how much the firm was paying him for his services.

On the following Monday morning, the office boys, on their arrival, were confronted with a strange face when they entered the mailing-room — and yet the face was not so strange. There was the same tobacco-colored hair, likewise a familiar smile. And the owner of both was found working.

"Who are you?" the tallest boy asked.

"Oh, I'm Billy."

"Billy who?"

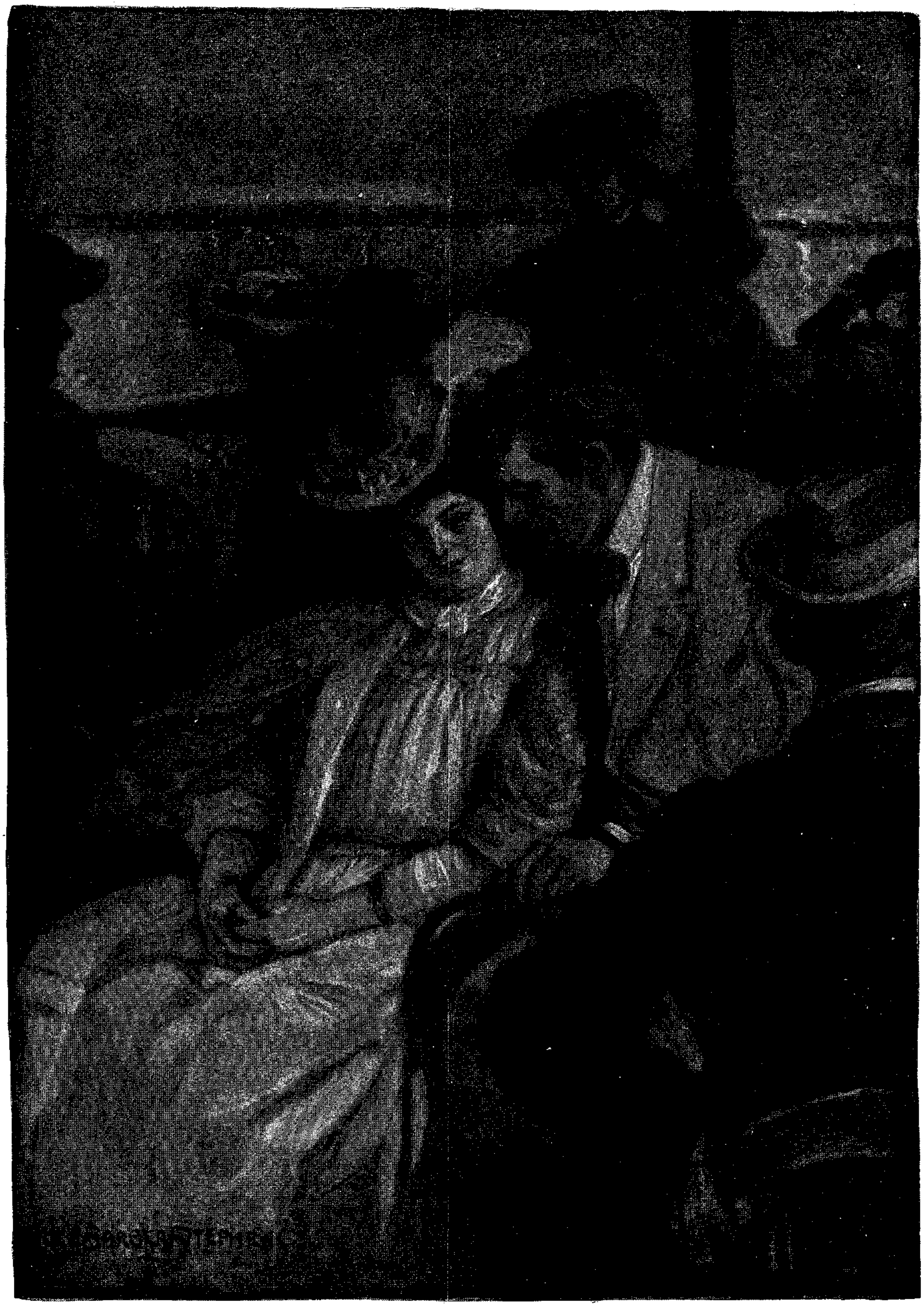
"Billy Perkins."

"Oh, I see. You're Jimmy's brother, ain't you? Is he sick?" the tall boy asked.

"Nope," said Billy, "but he's got a job in a swell bank. He is to get twice as much as he got here. He sent me to take his place so as to keep the money in the family."

There are some who will say that Jimmy was discourteous in leaving without notice. But had he not come without notice, and wouldn't Billy do just as well?

The coldness that exists between Mr. William Blackwell and Mr. Vincent Wells is not understood in the business world generally. The secret may leak out some day when the powers that control finance are controlled by James Samuel Perkins.



"'I'LL FEEL LIKE I HADN'T HALF TAKEN CARE OF YOU IF YOU GO AND TAKE COL' WHEN YOU'RE OUT WITH ME'"

THE LOVE STORY OF A CAD

BY

M. GAUSS

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THERE were three girls in at Sills and Bannixter's one hot, hot day, just before the hour when the sea-breeze springs up. The ugly one was Evelyn Sills, whose last fad it was to come downtown and lunch with her father; she always came a little early, and while she waited she chatted graciously with the head clerk, whom everybody called "Jack." Then there was Lilian, the red-headed girl, who wore sleeve protectors; and there was Pet. Pet worked in the stuffy little office opening from the ware-room; she was a fat girl with dead-white skin and black hair; she wore to the office white silk waists which were cleaned in gasolene; so that her presence suggested either motor-cars or light-housekeeping rooms, according to one's experience in life.

When Jack returned to the office after Evelyn had gone, Pet stopped work, and one pretty arm drooped over the back of her chair. Jack was a big young man, very nicely dressed in pale gray summer clothes; he was brown-eyed, and he had a cleft chin. The fairness of his face was heightened by the purplish tinge upon his close-shaven chin.

"Oh, Mr. Delong!" exclaimed Pet—"our Young People's Circle is going to give a sociable to-night, and every young lady was to bring a young man friend." She had been a week gathering courage to ask him when Lilian was out of the way. The color grew faint in her lips. "We'd be pleased to have you come," she concluded.

"A chu'ch sociable!" exclaimed Mr. Delong, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Chu'ch affairs gets on my nerves; I don't think I dare go to one." Pet reclined in her chair — pale, trying to smile.

Delong picked up her type-writer eraser and played with it. "Tell you what I'll do instead," he said; and paused a minute, studying his large white palm, in which were few lines, but all the " mounds" known to palmistry, swollen up, flabby, and soft. "I'll call foh you about seven-thuhty, and we'll go over to Clam Beach."

"Why, I'll be pleased to go," murmured Pet; and then somebody — an acquaintance of Jack's from the Stenographers' Union — came, wanting some letters written.

"I guess my gu'l could do the wu'k," said Jack; but he could not mention Pet without self-consciousness — he lifted a pair of eyes as soft as a school-girl's. His friend glanced at Pet and coughed.

Jack's chin went into the air. "You want to insist on her taking pains," he said loftily. "These heah girls make mostly pi; but they know I won't put up with pi, they do my wu'k right." He showed his friend into the office; and as he passed Pet's table, his natty gray sleeve brushed a paper from it; he strolled on. The friend looked at Pet, — he knew how Lilian would have sung out, "Here, you!"— but Pet meekly picked the paper up; and after the letters were finished, Jack chatted with his friend and paid no attention to her. She overtook Lilian going to lunch.

"Say, Lilian," she remarked, twining her pretty fat arm about the red-haired girl, "was you ever to Clam Beach? Is it a nice place?"

"All right, I guess. Why?"

"I'm particular where I go with a gentleman friend."

"When you going?" asked Lilian, in her rough, belligerent voice.

"This evening." Pet knew exactly what Lilian felt, — a little pang of envy, a little pang of curiosity.

"Delong?" inquired Lilian. (Lilian had never had a real beau.)

"Clam Beach is all right," she continued; "but I wouldn't go with him to a dog-fight. Why? because he's a cad — that's why. He'll go with you and then brag he can kiss you!"

"You was to Edendale with him once, wasn't you?" inquired Pet, opening her eyes sweetly. "It was before I came, but the boys talked about it because it was the only time they ever see you with a fellow." A white spot appeared on Lilian's cheek. "And I know he said he just asked you the once to see what you was like."

"He knew better than to ask me again!" cried the red-headed girl, tremulous with anger.

And that evening while Pet was dressing, Lilian lay back upon the bed in the room they shared, — watching Pet from behind wicked white eyelashes. Pet serenely got herself into her silk petticoats and her silk mull dress — plenty of powder, all her rings; then she expelled all the air in her lungs while Lilian viciously hooked the waist. But Pet did not care about Lilian, she was too happy. To Pet the moment of moments — far better than any pleasure you may get out of the trip — is the one when "he" arrives in the hall below; the landlady sends up to tell you; you trail down — greeted by a whiff of cigar smoke.

"I guess Delong dassent go to Sillses more than once in the week," remarked Lilian.

"He don't go to Sillses!" asserted Pet.

"He does go to Sillses! I heard him brag about her asking him to call; and I heard him brag that old man Sills was awful nice to him, too."

Pet didn't say anything.

"She can have him for all of me!" said Lilian.

Pet choked on her reply.

"Oh, he'll *go* with any girl he thinks he can kiss!" said Lilian.

And just then Jack arrived.

In due time Pet sat beside him on the deck of one of those dinky little pleasure-launches which ply about the coast; Mr. Sills was aboard with Miss Evelyn; sooner or later the young lady would see Pet and her beau; Pet reclined placidly in her chair, her white hands crossed in her pink mull lap.

"You ought to have wo'n a thicker wrap," said Jack, in a very low voice; "I'll feel like I hadn't half taken care of you if you go and take col' when you're out with me." His face was so near Pet's that she could see nothing but a strip of low, white forehead, a strip of dark hair, a fair, cleft chin. She was all in a flutter, she turned her eyes toward the receding lights of the city.

Instantly Jack exchanged glances with a fat young man whom Pet could not see. Jack's eyes were dark and exceedingly pretty; the expression in them caught the eye of a young fellow with a cigarette, who joined the fat man.

"What's the joke?" he inquired. "Jack going to get married or something?"

"Guess not," replied the fat man.

"Kind of a pretty girl!"

"I don't think so — too fat, eyes too flat. Come over here, and I'll tell you about it." He resumed — "You see, this heah girl was down theyah at the Stenographers' Union, she come from San José, hunting a job. I tell you who she rooms with, — that little red-headed Lilian; fellows don't fool with *her* much! Well, she was down there, and she got awful stuck on Jack, and Jack got awful stuck on her — that's how she got a job with Sills and Bannixter. So the fellows jollied him about it, and finally they kep' a-jollyin', and somebody said she'd tu'ned him down, wouldn't go with him. That made Jack hot in the collar, and he offered to bet on it. Oh, they knowed she was stuck on Jack, they was just a-jollyin'— but anyhow he had to take her over the Bay to-night, to show 'em. He said she'd propose to him if he'd give her a chance — and I wouldn't wonder if it's so. Jack's been proposed to plenty of times — he can prove it. The girls are all kinds of fools over him."

He shifted his position and resumed — "No, Jack ain't going to marry this here girl — that don't say he ain't stuck on the girl, he is stuck on the girl. But Jack is liable to marry a girl worth money — don't let on I told you. Her old man's right in for it, too; can't be too nice to him. You know Jack's a way-up swell, goes to swell places."

He stopped abruptly. A young man in fancy gray flannels, — on whose arm rapturously hung a dark-haired girl, not so tall as he, — strolled around the corner of the cabin. One end of the deck was somewhat screened from observation by the boat's machinery; and thither went Pet and her beau.

Pet leaned on the railing and watched a silver streak of moonlight along the sea;

the lights of Clam Beach were faintly visible; at the other end of the deck a band softly played, "Oh, Promise Me!" His face drew nearer hers; his breath was laden with cigar smoke, and Pet loved the masculine weed. She turned her face toward his, her chin upturned, her flat, dark eyes very wide open.

At last his rough cloth sleeve brushed her arm, and then began to steal about her. It was very dark where they stood; Pet did not think any one could see. To check the pounding of her heart, she leaned hard on the boat-rail. His arm still about her, he pointed out a skiff which was playing around the pier and slipping off into dangerous water. From commenting upon the occupants of the boat, he drifted upon the subject of courtship.

"The man gets the hahd end of it every time!" asserted Jack. "Now, me — I couldn't be tu'ned down, I never was turned down yet; I wouldn't give the gu'l the chance till I was mighty sure what her answer would be. I recall once I was in love with a gu'l up here at Ba'stow — that is, I fahncied I was in love, my real opinion is, a man don't fall in love but once." An ecstatic silence ensued. "And I'm mighty glad to-night that I never offered myself to that Ba'stow girl — but I wouldn't be a single man to-day if I hadn't been built just like I am." Pet leaned backward upon his arm — it was too dazzling a thing to expect, too dazzling to expect! With his free hand he pressed hers. "But she never met me half way, she expected me to address her and then maybe be tu'ned down — and I ain't built that way. So I'm a single man to-night. And I said to myself, afterwards, 'It's just as well; I couldn't have been happy with a gu'l that didn't love me enough to meet me half way.'"

There was a silence. She knew he was going to kiss her, when he drew her head back against his shoulder. His face came nearer, bringing the scent of sen-sen and cigars: their lips — met. And Pet's dazzled heart beat nearly as fast as other people's; and her head remained on his shoulder; and her fingers returned the pressure of his.

But the timbers of the pier were now visible, and the men were making ready to cable — giving about two minutes in which to become — engaged!

And suddenly Jack ceased speaking. He drew his arm away and stood looking across the water. A full minute passed in dead silence. "Did I hurt your feelings?" murmured Pet. He shook his head. "What was you going to say?" He turned his soft eyes on her; the people began to surge past them, going toward the exits; they were in the midst of a crowd.

"I'd hate to hurt anybody's feelings when I felt toward them as I do to you," said Pet, nearly crying.

"Felt — how?" asked Jack, with his lips right against her hair.

"You needn't be anxious about me turning you down," whispered Pet, laying her fingers on his sleeve.

He silently pressed her hand.

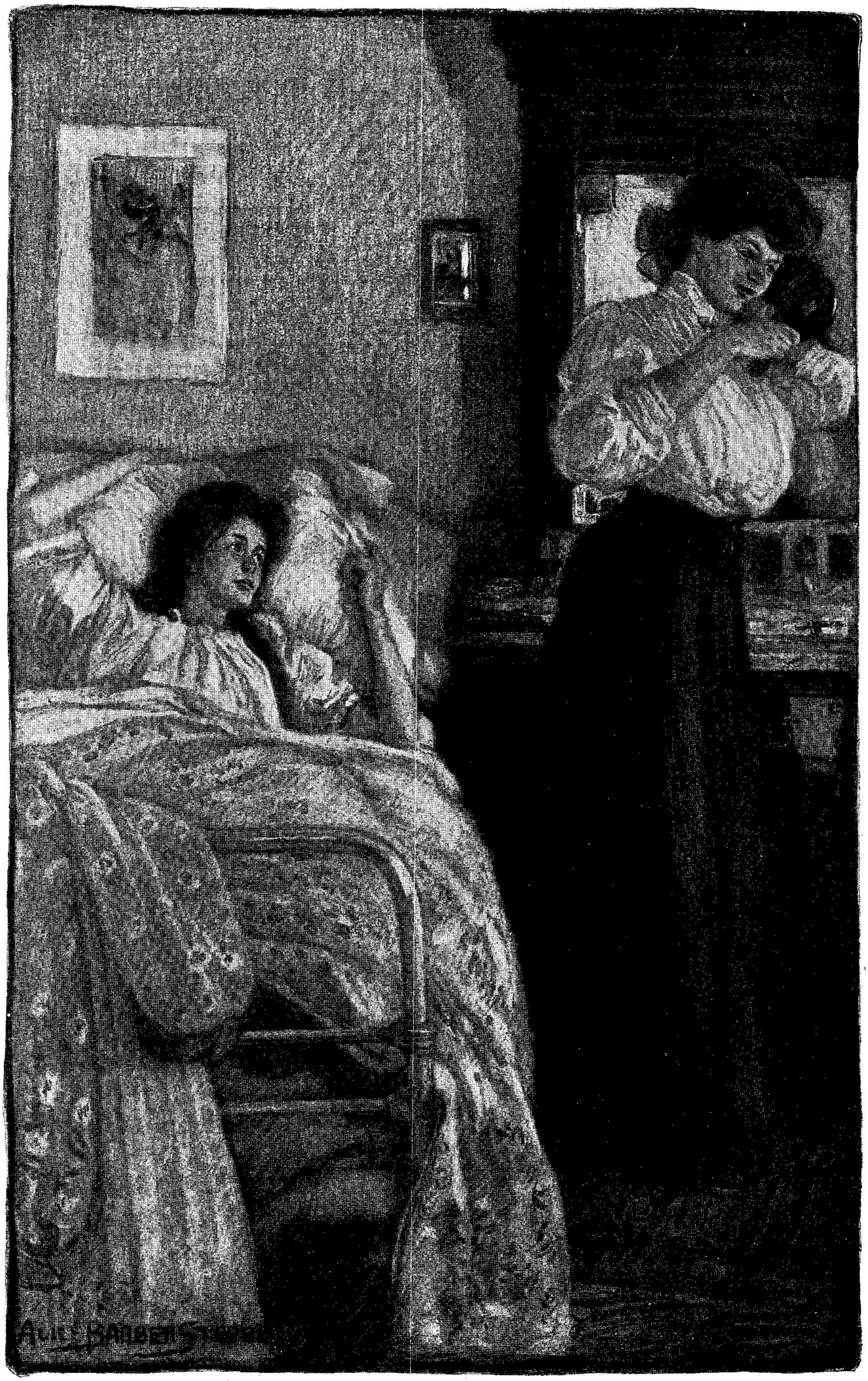
"Al-ll aboar-rd!" Jack began to hurry her toward the exit, pushing her by the elbow through the thickest of the throng. They passed Mr. Sills again, and a fat man for whom Pet had that afternoon written three letters. Jack hurried her down the plank and gallantly assisted her to the pier whence they could see the waiting trolley. Pet lifted her eyes to his as they reached the pier, and dragged a little upon his arm. She thought there might still be time.

"If we don't walk up, we won't get a seat!" said Jack; and she had to race along a strip of moonlit sand, little shells crunching beneath her feet, — not knowing if she were engaged or not.

Jack pushed her up the steps of the trolley-car, and she sank, panting, into her place beside him.

It might be supposed that Jack would avoid being recognized by Miss Sills. He did nothing of the kind; he settled himself nicely, pulled up the knees of his trousers, and gave elaborate attention to Pet. Now and then he took a stealthy glance at where Evelyn was sitting with her chin in the air. "I called on Miss Sills Sunday afternoon," remarked Jack airily to Pet.

Pet could see Evelyn's haughty little head with the face averted; and she could see little old Mr. Sills hanging to a strap. He had never looked so utterly hateful to her before — though everybody said he was a domineering old *driver*, and acted as if he owned his clerks, body and soul! Pet hated him for standing there, bland and benevolent, quietly selecting a nice young man to be the husband of that ugly girl. Doubtless he would give Jack to understand he must not take Pet about — and she did not know what Jack would do!


ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"'SAY, PET,' SHE FINALLY ASKED, 'HOW DO THEY GET AT PROPOSING? WHAT DO THEY SAY?'"

While the way lay along the noisy surf, conversation was impossible. They made a sharp turn and went flying through darkness sweetened by strawberries and magnolias. What would it be like, Pet wondered, to have him all one's own, no matter who wanted him? To hang upon his arm everywhere one went? The homeward ride was half over; in half an hour Pet would know whether she was engaged or not.

At Rose Hill two ladies entered the car. As they came down the aisle, Jack touched his hat to the pretty one, who sank into his vacated place. Pet felt a pang. (For is a married man, or an engaged man, to go about touching his hat and offering ladies his seat?) "Were you with that gentleman?" asked the strange lady. "Too bad I turned him out of his seat!"

"Oh, he doesn't mind the standing!" Pet assured her; "and he wouldn't feel comfortable to sit talking to me while any lady stood!"

She could see Jack, his big arm thrown behind his head, his magnificent physique displayed by the very motion which almost threw Mr. Sills from his feet, where they clung to the same strap. Jack bowed — rather distantly — to Evelyn; then he exchanged glances with Pet, then he glanced casually at Evelyn — to see how she took her punishment for Sunday afternoon. (On Sunday afternoon they had walked in the park. And the airs of Evelyn! To say to him, "Carry my coat!" as if he were the dust under her feet!) Pet's dead-white face stood out against the outer darkness; she was leaning forward; whenever he looked at her, her meek mouth broke into a smile.

"Pleasant night on the water!" said Mr. Sills.

"Lovely!" assented Jack. Time was, when he had been afraid of Sills, afraid to call in response to Evelyn's invitation; but for six successive Sunday afternoons, Mr. Sills had wandered through the parlor during Jack's call, had not interfered in the least with Jack. Well! — Jack thought it might be hard to get a nice fellow for such an ugly girl!

"You seem to be with Miss Isabel this evening," said Mr. Sills, looking about for Pet, whose other name was Isabel.

Jack jauntily assented. Sills began to rattle him, Sills always rattled him! "I feel a responsibility for young women in my employ, Mr. Delong,"— this was so blandly said, that for an instant Jack thought it was of rather a complimentary nature. He looked at Pet.

"So I trust you won't take it amiss —" Jack looked down on Mr. Sills, very large and fair by contrast with his employer. Sills was taken with a sneezing fit.

"Are you engaged to the young lady?" — no explanation, just that question flung at him. Sills had wiped his nose and was benevolent again.

"Beg pardon?" said Jack; he changed his hands on the strap and shifted his feet.

Mercifully, Sills took another sneezing fit.

"Are you expecting to marry the young lady?" resumed Mr. Sills. There was a blue flash in the old man's little eyes. (And yet, those Sunday afternoons, while Jack was calling on Evelyn — strolling in the park with Evelyn — hanging over Evelyn's piano — Sills never said a word!) Jack glanced at Pet, who was ready to answer the look.

"I presume you are engaged!" said Sills.

Jack wiped the perspiration from his brow. "No, sir," he replied.

"If that is the case, Mr. Delong —" Little Sills drew himself up like a master, his chest swelled out with all the responsibilities of the employing class.

"Oh, we're engaged," said Jack, hastily. "I only meant we ain't expecting to marry immediately."

"Ah, indeed!" Sills' face and his voice broke up like ice in the spring. "And you don't feel able to marry at once. Ah!"

"I'm not feeling well," said Jack. "I've taken cold, I think I'll go in out of the wind!" But Sills followed him into the car.

Inside, Jack was not far from Evelyn; sick as he felt, he kept watching her till he saw what she was trying to hide, her red eyes, with rings around them. His mouth relaxed; he looked through the glass and smiled at Pet. He was thinking that Sills would go home that night and just casually remark that young Delong was "engaged."

"What are you getting now, Delong?" inquired Sills at his elbow; Jack told him. "When you get married," said Sills, "we'll raise you twenty-five."

"Thank you," replied the head clerk. They were now spinning about curves in the business part; it was here that Jack first began seriously to consider the possibility of his marrying for love. If he did marry for love, he wanted a while to think about it; and he intended Pet should never know he had said they were engaged.

Pet's station was Mr. Sills' transfer point; Jack quite gallantly assisted Pet to alight from the car, and Pet linked her arm in his and hung upon it. Jack, perfectly silent, turned into that little three-cornered park which lies between the trolley line and the lodging-houses.

But Mr. Sills came forward, extending his little withered hand to Pet. "Mr. Delong was just telling me of your engagement," he said, urbanely; "I congratulate him, and I wish you all happiness." Then he beamed on them both and continued — "I hope you'll be better of that cold in the morning, Delong!"

Together Pet and her fiancé turned into the park. "Why didn't you tell me you were sick?" exclaimed Pet. "I wouldn't never have let you go out in the night air! Nothing but a cold? Why, you might die of a cold. I sha'n't feel easy till I know you're over it." They were walking very slowly in the shade of the evergreens; Jack pressed the soft arm which lay upon his sleeve. "That Evelyn Sills makes me tired!" exclaimed Jack. "Maybe she knows now some things don't go down with me!" A little light sifted through the trees; he could see the dark head, and the round shoulder under the pink silk waist. The girl he loved looked at him humbly and gratefully. "I could have married for money," he said, "but I'm marryin' the girl I love, and that's enough for me!" Tenderness toward a girl was a new senti . ent in him. He admired himself for it! He was in love at last! His emotion was as big and as noble as his soul; his nerves quivered with it. He gave himself to the new feeling; he put his arm around Pet, and she almost wept for joy. Her head went down on his breast.

Footsteps approached in the park. Pet lifted her pretty head, but he made her put it back; and they stood in a dimly lighted space while the stranger passed. He turned his head and watched them as far as he could see.

Pet and her fiancé resumed their walk. "The sooner we get married, the better pleased I'll be," said Jack, with his lips against her hair. "You got a job, and I got a job, and I don't see what we'd want to wait for. The way I am," he continued — "I've met the only girl I ever loved, and now I want to get married right off." They stood in the arched doorway at Pet's lodging-house. "Ain't you going to kiss me?" asked Jack; and he kissed her twice, right in the electric light. Pet ran up-stairs to the room where the red-headed girl was already asleep.

Lilian merely turned over when Pet opened the door. And though Pet made as much noise as possible, shaking her silk petticoats and brushing her hair, the red-haired girl slept peacefully on, her hard little mouth curled as if she might be dreaming something disagreeable. Pet arranged her best clothes on the different chairs about the room, then crept over Lilian, brushing the rumpled red hair on the pillow. Lilian did not stir. Pet threw her warm white arm around Lilian's neck, saying, "Lily, are you awake?"

"Let me be," said the red-headed girl; and drowsed off. By and by the street cars stopped running, and the night was very quiet. Once or twice Pet fell asleep and was recalled by the memory of that moment on the boat when he first put his arm about her. But Pet did not want to sleep; by and by she lifted her head on her arm and lay thinking until a misty light, gray with ocean fog, began to steal in through the windows. A faint sigh announced that Lilian was awake.

"Lily!" said Pet; and the red-headed girl threw up her arms.

"I'm engaged." Lilian opened her eyes.

"He's so careful of me, and he thinks so much of me!" exclaimed Pet.

"I knew you'd marry him," said Lilian, her arch, wise little head thrown back upon the pillow. "Ask any of the girls if I didn't say you was just the girl for him!"

"I'm so happy," said Pet, trying to put her plump arm around Lilian. "He's kind of delicate, you know, and needs somebody to look after him and do for him. He's got a cold I'm awful worried about."

Pet got up and went to the mirror, where she stood putting a pink bow in her pretty hair. Lilian's eyes followed her,— a little wishful for some things she had never had. Lilian was not pretty, but it was a passionate little face full of struggling pride and wistfulness. "Say, Pet," she finally asked, "how do they get at proposing? What do they say?"

THE GREAT AMERICAN QUESTION

THE SPECIAL PLEA OF A SOUTHERNER

BY

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THERE are some things so well understood by those who know the negroes, as to appear to them almost truisms. For example:

That the white race is superior to the negro race; not accidentally and because of superior training, but inherently and fundamentally.

That in certain things negroes differ widely among themselves: for example, in temper, character, training, manner, temperament. But that in certain respects, all, or nearly all negroes, have the same race characteristics; as Indians, Chinese, Caucasians, and other races have them.

That the negroes, well-nigh universally, when not excited by outside influences, live with the white race amicably.

That the negroes are kept in a state of excitement and tension by the belief that in all matters of difference between them and the whites of the South they are sustained by the whites of the North.

That under all, or nearly all, differences arising between the negroes and the whites lies a racial feeling.

That negroes under subjection are, for the most part, docile, amiable, tractable, and pleasant to deal with.

That negroes in power are, for the most part, arrogant, swaggering, dangerous, and intolerable.

That negroes almost always band together as a race; oppose as negroes the whites as the whites; harbor as negroes their criminals, because they are negroes; and almost universally, where crimes have been committed by negroes against whites, fail to help execute the law.

That the negroes have been misled as to their privileges by false ideas inculcated by the teachings of an element at the North.

That the negroes understand by "social equality," for the most part, one thing only: the right to stand with white women on precisely the same ground as that on which white men stand with them.

That the salvation of the white race depends upon preventing this; and further, depends on the white race's remaining dominant.

That so long as the white race remains dominant, the white race and the negro race can live together amicably; otherwise not; for the white race will not admit any other race to equal partnership in governmental or other vital relations.

That there is a wide difference at present between the point of view of the great body of the Northerners and the entire body of the Southerners as to the negro: in this, that Northerners espouse the cause of the negroes as a race, but dislike negroes individually, while Southerners do not dislike negroes individually, but oppose them as a race. And that this difference is due to conditions and not to basic principles.

That the solution of the race question should be sought through economical and not sentimental laws. And that the race question should be left alone to be settled by these laws.

There is another vital fact not generally known to Southerners: that one of the chief causes, if not the chief cause at present, of the feeling at the North in favor of the negro is the violence so often directed against negroes at the South. There is quite as much violence against them in some other parts of the country, in proportion to the colored population, as at the South;* but for reasons not necessary to discuss here, this is not taken into account. The brunt of the censure falls on the South, and the South on every account, but especially for its own sake, ought to put a stop to it with relentless hand, or else make it clear to the rest of the world why it is not done.

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* According to tables in the recent volume on "Lynch Law," by Dr. J. E. Cutler, professor of economics in Wellesley College, while many more negroes have been lynched in Southern States than in other States, the percentage of negroes lynched in such States as Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, compared with the negro population in these States, has been many times larger than the percentage in any Southern States. "Lynch Law," p. 188.

An intelligent and able German professor, who is at present in this country studying its political and social conditions, stated to the writer not long since that to the Germans the race question appears absolutely to overshadow every other political question in this country.

This is precisely what the "the negro question" is: a race question, the most momentous that has existed in this country since the War which settled the permanency of the Union. It simply befogs the subject to speak of it as "a new phase" of the negro question. It has always been a race question, growing steadily more and more momentous, and the phase that presents itself to-day is only the natural and necessary evolution from the phase that presented itself yesterday, as the phase of to-morrow will be evolved from the phase of to-day; and every serious-minded man will come in time to understand that it is a race question to the proper solution of which should be brought all the wisdom, patience, and good sense that this nation is capable of.

One curious fact connected with the matter is that, contrary to the usual rules of evidence, a man's views on this subject are considered rather in inverse ratio to his opportunities for acquaintance with it. Hitherto we have had the singular spectacle of Southern men, who testified from their intimate acquaintance with it at first hand, being discredited almost universally, while the views of those from the outside, who may have had only the most imperfect opportunities for observation and have not had the least opportunity of seeing it in its most vital forms, are immediately accepted.

One fortunate manifestation at present — and it is almost the only new phase of the matter — is that there appears to be a greater desire on the part of the North to be accurately informed upon the subject. This is undoubtedly very encouraging — for one of the chief difficulties, if not the chief difficulty, that has heretofore existed in the way of settling this question, has been the different manner in which the two sections have regarded it.

As curious as it may appear to outsiders, the Southerner has a wholly different feeling for the negro race as a race, from that which he has for the negroes as individuals. And this, if I understand the feeling at the North correctly, is almost the reverse of that feeling.

In any discussion, therefore, which relates to this question, by a Southerner, it must always be borne in mind that when he refers to "the negro" in terms of criticism amounting even to reprobation, he is mentally excepting large classes of negroes who as individuals have his friendship, esteem, and encouragement. They include members of every class, who are differentiated from the bulk of those classes mainly by their character. Unhappily, they are not in sufficient numbers to do away with the most dangerous aspects of that question. But undoubtedly they also temper every aspect of a question which, but for them, would long since have become intolerable.

Indeed, except when, as often happens, negroes are under the domination of some passion, they are amiable and docile enough. It is their liability to be inflamed by passions which, in a more self-contained race, are kept in check, which renders them so dangerous.

The writer well knows that the attitude of the Northerners toward the negro is often based on a sentiment which does the highest honor to its possessors. They give their thought, their labor, and their money in the endeavor to upraise them. The Southerners also have their sentiments about them, but in matters as far-reaching as this question, sentiment, to produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness, should be informed by knowledge.

The criticisms of the race, expressed by the writer in this and other papers on the subject, are mingled with sympathy for negroes, of which no Southern man can divest himself. Often, when downcast by consideration of the grave aspects of the race problem, the writer has deliberately gone among the negroes — especially the old negroes — to set flowing freely once more the old stream of kindliness which had its rise in his youth and still flows when he is brought into personal contact with them. And this, he believes, may be said of all Southerners who, in their childhood, were rocked in a negro mammy's arms. This feeling he believes to be reciprocated by all the survivors of that memorable class, and their influence for the amelioration of conditions has been incalculable. When it shall have passed away, no one knows what the result will be.

The writer desires here and now to record his affection and his respect for the hundreds and thousands of old family servants and their successors, who, by their kindness, zeal, and character, have done more to preserve kindly relations between the races than all the politicians combined.

That the thoughtful German professor, above quoted, is right, and that there exists in this country at the present time a great race question, which to impartial observers overshadows, even at the present time, all other political questions, would appear plain to every thoughtful man, were it not that we have become so accustomed to conditions that we are blinded to the gravity of the situation.

There are in these United States at the present time not less than ten million negroes,— employing the term to include all persons of Ethiopian and African descent, who consort with negroes and class themselves, or are classed, as such. Were there ten million Chinese, Indians, or Japanese, distributed precisely as are the negroes, the existence of a great race question would be immediately as apparent at the North as at the South, and it would be dealt with by all of the white race as a race question. Indeed, with only a few thousands of Japanese on the Pacific Coast, a race question has appeared there, weighty enough to stir the whole nation. How much more momentous is it, when we have ten millions of a different race in our midst. This people has doubled every four decades since the Revolution, and unless some unforeseen conditions occur to prevent the continuance of this rate of increase, it is likely to amount within the next three or four generations to the appalling number of eighty millions of negroes in this country. At least, in view of the past, no one can say that it will not be. Should this number of negroes, or even half this number, exist in this country, there will be a race question the like of which has never hitherto existed in any part of the civilized world. Should they continue to increase in the same ratio, and the ideas of the "Afro-Americans" prevail, the rest of this country may rue the day when it resisted the voluntary secession of that portion of the Union. Should it extend to other parts of the Union, those parts will face the same conditions which exist to-day in those Southern Atlantic States, where the negro is the specter that stands ever at the door.

Does any one believe that at the end of an hundred years or of five hundred years the negro will not still be black? Like every other race, and certainly in equal ratio with every other race, white, yellow, or red, this race retains through many mutations the basic racial characteristics which differentiate it from any other race and every other race. Ordinary science informs us that the negro's physical structure is in many manifest particulars essentially different from that of the Caucasian race. His pigment, his hair, his bone, including his skull and brain pan, differ markedly from theirs. We are informed equally that his other nature — which, for convenience, we may term his mental nature — also differs in important particulars from the Caucasian's. He learns quickly, when very young, many things,— sometimes outstrips a white child up to a certain age; then generally fails to continue his progress and exhibits what has been termed an arrested development. In fact, he exhibits for the most part just what a trained mind would expect him to exhibit: the deeply founded marks of an undeveloped race, which so far has never as a race wholly emerged from that primitive condition. He is less self-reliant, less self-controlled than, not only the Caucasian, but some other races or peoples nearer to the savage than that race. How far these characteristics are actually racial and how far they are the incidents of a recent savage life and a still more recent state of enforced slavery under the domination of another and more civilized race, the writer is not scientist enough to pretend to state.

One thing is certain: either these characteristics are racial, the result of conditions in the distant past, too deeply founded to be eradicated, or else they are the result of more recent conditions; for none but the ignorant and the negroes themselves pretend that they do not exist.

If they are racial, it behooves every reasonable man, by whatever chord of sentiment he may be led, to pause before he goes too far toward changing the essential basis of the Aryan race.

If they are due to external conditions, it behooves him to consider what changes must be brought about before time can nullify the long centuries of difference in the surroundings of the two races, with their fundamental consequences. In this case the effort is to take a race just lifted from African barbarism of the Congo type by means of two hundred years of enforced slavery, and through the incantation of legislative enactments undertake to make it the equal of a race that has worked out its salvation through the fires of war and the glories of aspiration, the race that made England and America. To attempt this is to set the jungles of Africa against Westminster Hall and the Capitol at Washington; to set voodooism against Christianity.

The fatuous attempt to do this was made a generation ago, with the result that, in the first place, the negro race in this country, which at that time was composed of trained laborers and skilled artisans, who performed substantially all the labor of a third part of the Union and were in amity with the whites cemented by loyalty exhibited through a long and furious war, dropped the substance for the shadow — were deceived into believing that they were fitted for governing their former masters, that truculence was the badge of freedom, and that whatever the one wanted, the other must oppose. And, secondly, the white race got an object lesson in the perils of entrusting government to the negroes, which will effectually bar a repetition of such an experiment so long as the memory endures of the horrors of Reconstruction. Little is known at the North of the humiliation and debauchery of those eight years of negro rule enforced by a government in the hands of those who thought zealously that they were doing God and man service in pinning the white race of the South, that had produced George Washington and Robert E. Lee, under the heel of negroes only two or three generations removed from the cannibal feasts of Africa, whose leaders boasted time and again that they would love to wade in the blood of white men and women.

The leopard may change his spots and the Ethiopian his skin; but neither can change that for which the outer marking was used but as a symbol: his nature.

There is but one way to change his color, and that is to "assimilate" him with the white, and get as a result, say, thirty millions of mulattos. I do not mean that all will produce offspring; but if an appreciable number of negroes are left pure negroes, they will increase as pure negroes — and in time they, too, must be "assimilated."

Are we ready to make of the American people a negroid nation? This is the aspiration of the negro; — not of the old-time negro, perhaps; for he was well brought up; but of the new negro, the "Afro-American."

Whatever social equality may signify to the white, to the ignorant negro and apparently to many who are not ignorant, it means one thing: the right to stand on the same footing with a white woman as that on which a white man stands with her. It means this and nothing but this. This is stated with great specification in a work on the negro, written by William Hannibal Thomas, himself a colored man of wide experience and now a member of the bar of Massachusetts.

In the *Outlook* of November 3, 1906, are several articles upon the recent Atlanta race riot. One of these was written by the "Honorary President Ohio Federation of Colored Women's Clubs." In it she reviews and criticizes an editorial upon the same subject, published in a prior number of the *Outlook*. After stating the points in which she agrees or disagrees with the editor of the *Outlook* in the views he expresses, she continues:

"I come now to the point where we disagree utterly. 'The idea that it (the race) might be removed by assimilation is *not* open to argument.'"

She adds, "And pray why not? My ancestors were as much white as black, and family tradition says there were the Governors of two States among the number. Personally, assimilation is as distasteful to me as I surmise it is to you. Nevertheless, I recognize the right of any man, black or white, to make his own choice in the matter of marital relationship."

"And pray why not!" I will tell all who hold these views, "why not." Because the great white race does not choose it to be — does not mean it to be. However debased members of that race may act, the great white race in its entirety and in its integrity means to preserve itself as a white race unadulterated and unmongrelized. We do not mean that this country, which is the hope and bulwark of civilization, shall ever become a negroid nation, with all that this implies of debasement and degradation.

Are we ready to infuse into the blood of the white race on this continent one-eighth or more of negro blood? For this is what it means to carry out the aspiration of the negro and the theorizing of the sentimentalists and doctrinaires.

The only barrier that stands between the whites of the North and the negro race, which has been trained to stand up against the white race, is the white race of the South. We of the South are in battle line to-day; while the whites of the North are in the reserves. Let our battle lines be swept away, and they will have to face to-morrow what we face to-day.

But some say, "Oh, that crisis will never come — can never come, or if it comes, it will be long after our time." "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It will, indeed, be sufficient and more than sufficient. It not only can come; it must come unless we forestall it. With ten millions of a race of one color up against sixty millions or seventy millions of a people of another color, in the same country, the same State, the same towns and neighborhoods; with ravishing and lynching and burning at the stake, with "shooting up" towns and race riots, is there not already a race issue? In every collision between a white and black, this race issue is manifested. No matter what the crime a negro commits against a white man or woman, he is usually shielded and aided by his own people.

Everything is now regarded by the negroes from the racial standpoint. They fail to draw a distinction between the man of probity and the miscreant: a distinction that lies at the base of all race advancement.

Most of the race riots in the past have been election quarrels or riots arising out of the bad blood engendered by politics and whisky. It is, however, a significant fact that of late the riots have borne no direct relation to politics, but have been based on race hatred alone. Such have been the recent riots in Ohio, Indiana, Louisiana, New York, and Georgia. In all of these cases, except, possibly, the riot in New York a few years ago, the immediate exciting cause was either the killing of a white man or the assault on a white woman by a negro, and the harboring of the criminals by members of the race. In all of these cases the whole power of the law and the whole weight of the law-abiding element of the whites were thrown on the side of repression of disorder.

The most recent instance — the riot in Atlanta — was a dreadful catastrophe and a blot on the country — but it was not, as has been generally imagined and charged, merely a Southern outbreak of lawless violence. Atlanta has, possibly, the largest Northern population of any town in the South. It is a great railroad center and has been developed by Northern capital and built by Northern and Southern enterprise. This riot was a novelty in the South in that it was directed not only against the guilty, but flamed out also against the innocent, who were the principal victims of the mob's brutality. A number of negroes in the city, going peaceably about their business, were slain in the attacks made by the brutal and bloodthirsty mob. In all the race riots in the South, such a thing has never happened before. It has occurred in Indiana and Ohio, but never before in the South; that is not the mark of the Southern but of the Northern anti-negro riot. The issue of *Harper's Weekly* of October 13th contained an article on the Atlanta riot, written by a Northerner, Mr. Thomas Gibson, who has lived in the South just two years. In the issue of the *Outlook* of November 3d is an account written by Mr. A. J. McKelway, secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. They do not attempt to excuse or palliate the violence of the mob; they only state facts. They give the cause of the outbreak: ten or twelve assaults or attempts at assault on white women within the precincts of the city within six weeks, and four more reported that afternoon, with the general conviction that the criminals were harbored by the other negroes. It served to unleash the passions of the lawless and brutal. For, as these men say, the riot was the act of the worst element of the white population. The outbreak was so fierce and sudden that it got beyond the power of the police, and first the fire-department was called in to aid, then the city militia, then the citizens, and finally the outside militia. Next day over one thousand more men than were thought needed, offered their services as special officers to help restore and preserve order. And at a crowded meeting of the citizens, a subscription was immediately taken up for the families of the slain blacks and whites alike: a fact which has hardly been mentioned in the Northern press.

This riot was naturally made the text of no end of editorials in the Northern press, lecturing the South on her sins, and some of them threatening the South with the intervention of the Government. Similar riots have occurred in the Northwest, but there has been no threat of suppressing the liberties of the people by means of the United States troops.

And just here lies one of the most potent agencies in the engendering of race strife, — the idea on the part of the negro that he is sustained against the whites of the South by the whites of the North. He mistakes the sympathy of the North in all its manifestations for a determination to give him practical aid in achieving what he has been taught to believe his rights, political and social; that is, in establishing the proposition that he is as good as any white man or woman.

Unhappily, the teachings, the editorials assailing the South whenever a lynching or riot occurs, and saying very little about the causing crime, are copied into hundreds of negro newspapers and circulated among hundreds of thousands of negro families at the South, with the result of stirring up race hatred and extending race strife.

But it may well be said, What is to be done? The North cannot be expected to endorse lynching or even let it go unchallenged. No, but the trouble can be dealt with in some other than the cock-sure and ignorant way in which it often is dealt with. This misleads the negro into believing that the Northern white will interfere and help him put down the Southern white. It was done forty years ago; it is not strange that it should be thought possible again.

The white race is going to dominate in this country so long as it is strong enough, and when it is not strong enough, the negro race is going to dominate. They will never rule together. No great section of the white race ever has admitted another race to equal partnership.

The attacks and lynchings that occur, which shock the senses of the civilized world, are but a manifestation of the fierce race feeling that is growing up,— of the negro's desire to be equal with the white, as he understands equality, and the white's resolution to be free from this equality.

It is imagined by some that when a lynching or a race riot occurs in the South, the Northerners are the only people who reprobate them. The truth is far otherwise. Laws have been passed in most of the States to suppress it specifically. No assault ever occurs in the South, that the best elements in the county and State do not instantly move to prevent the lynching that is likely to follow. Generally every official of the county goes to the spot to try and save the life of the wretch. Hardly a case occurs now in any Southern State, that the Governor does not call out troops. The regiments of our Southern States are almost veterans, so often have they served protecting negroes. And still the assaults go on. Why?

Chiefly because the public opinion among the negroes has not heretofore been strongly and sternly set against the criminal, but only against the lyncher. And, in my judgment, and that of most all well-informed Southerners, that public opinion has been fostered by the conception on the negroes' part that the public opinion of the North is with them. What would be thought if some persons should say that residents of the North,— good, honest, philanthropic people, inspired by a high sentiment, informed about many things, and ignorant only as to one thing: the real conditions at the South — are indirectly, but traceably responsible for much of the attacking of white women in the South? and, as a corollary, for much of the lynching of negroes? It would be natural, of course, to say they were fools or mad. Yet, this is just what many very thoughtful and serious-minded people think.

This is what they base their judgment on. They say, and they say truly, that the ravishing by negroes continues because there is no general stern repressive public opinion among the negroes themselves against such crime,— at least, none potent enough to put a stop to it. And they say that the absence of this repressive public opinion is partly, at least, due to the feeling on the part of the negroes that they are sustained all along the line by the white people of the North.

The burden that we have to bear in the South is not only the practical and ever present danger of race issues; but the consequent debasement that follows: the far-reaching injury to a people that violate law under whatever provocation; the danger of the spread of lawlessness till it has destroyed the very civilization it was intended to preserve; the brutalizing of a population that resorts to medieval ferocity to punish crime, however brutal it may be,— all this is known to us. We try to meet it, not always efficiently, but at least honestly, and to find our Northern friends lecturing us and giving encouragement to those who create this frightful situation almost makes us despair of the Republic.

It should be reiterated that it is not meant by what has been said that there are not many negroes who are not good persons and good citizens. There are a host of them. The remnant of the old slaves still show markedly the effect of association with the upper class of Southern whites in their conduct and manners. But there is also a respectable class of educated negroes who, in intelligence and character, do honor to their race. The most eminent example, who will immediately occur to every one, is Booker Washington. There is none other so eminent as he; but there are a considerable number who, in their sphere, are as orderly and worthy examples of their race as he.

But if the entire negro race on this continent were men as highly educated as Booker Washington, though the negro question would be shifted and might be more readily and reasonably settled, there would still be a race question to reckon with. It ought to be far easier to deal with it, but it would still exist. Suppose, for instance, that in regions where the negroes exceed the whites by many times, all the negroes were educated, the whites remaining the same as they were, would there not be a constant rivalry of some sort? They would certainly not remain in equipoise. If it should be said, let superior intelligence and character win — as they will win, whether we say so or not,— then, if they are on the side of the negro, the negro must win.

Are the American people prepared to accept that practically? Not in exceptional cases, but all the way through? The existing difficulties of every question, economic and social, are infinitely increased by the addition of racial antagonisms. Negroes in power — political, commercial, social! In the legislature; on the supreme bench; at the bar; in the medical faculty;—in all hotels! All parlors full of negroes! For the new negroes' aspiration is to mix with the whites. It means miscegenation—the mongrelizing and, at last, the destruction of the American people. Northerners may say that this seems too ridiculous to be seriously considered; that social equality is a thing that every one can control for himself or herself. But is it? We are trying to control it at the South with much criticism from the outside. I have known the time when life was unbearable in considerable sections of this country from just the germinating of this idea, and would have been unbearable in many other parts, but for the constancy and resolution of the whites — and it would quickly have been as intolerable to Northerners as to Southerners.

The tide rises first over the lower ground of the plain. So the first rise of the tide of miscegenation will be among that class whose daily life is nearer to the negro's. The major portion of the attacks on women are on the women of that class. The white men who protect these women are in the skirmish line that protects the whole race, and if that line should give way, the peril of miscegenation would be nearer than it is to-day. Happily, the white race knows no class distinction in this matter.

It might be imagined from what is heard of the race riots in the South that we live there in a continued state of hostility with the negroes. It is not true. Except when some outbreak occurs, its beginning usually due to too much bad whisky, or to some attack by a lawless negro, fostered by the idea that he must assert his right to equality with the whites, according to his definition of equality, which has been planted in his breast from without,— an attack that is always put down by a strong hand,— we live in absolute amity with them; and this amity between the remnant of the old slaveholders and the old slaves is often that of devoted friendship. Indeed, the ties of friendship and affection that exist between whites and blacks throughout the South alone prevent the situation from being as intolerable as the stirrers up of strife would make it. The writer sat at a table not long since in Washington with a half dozen men, all from the South, and there was not one of them who was not supporting one old negro or more somewhere in the South. And this is true of the whole South. Every old servant of almost any family knows that at need he can get at the old home whatever he wants. All through the South they have been settled in homes which cost them nothing, and they can be fed for the asking.

Now, if the writer has succeeded at all in what he is trying to show,— that the negro question is not a mere political question, but a great race question, with its roots deeper than many may have imagined, and with more extensive consequences than may have been hitherto considered,— the thought must have suggested itself: How is this race question to be solved?

The writer is not so pessimistic as some he knows, though he confesses he is by no means easy in his mind as to the solution.

His hope, however, for the future, is based upon his absolute belief in the superiority of the great white race over all other races whatsoever; in the conviction that, as that race has, since the dawn of history, conquered everything else, even its own barbarism, and has produced a civilization greater and better than any other civilization produced by any other race; so in the future it will continue to be superior to every other. This superiority, as recently evinced, seems to him to be based on one great trait: its superior constancy; its superior virtue. On this race rests the hope of the future for all races.

Then, first and foremost, this superiority should be maintained by every means in our power. If it is not, the higher race will only sink lower, the lower race will not be elevated. This is the lesson of all history.

And first, let every aid be given to all to get light. At least, let the whole white race unite in this.

Then, having maintained this superiority by continually lifting the higher race, continue also to try to lift the other race. Uplift by every possible means. The writer is far from believing that education, or the counterfeit that so often goes by this seductive name, is a specific for all the ills that exist among us; but he believes it is a national duty to give every one the best opportunity for development, and he believes in educating the negro, as he believes intelligence is more tractable than stupidity, and enlightenment less dangerous than ignorance. The negro will have his leaders among his race, and the more enlightenment these leaders possess, the better it will be for all sorts and conditions of men. The time has long passed when ignorance can be reckoned as an asset. We must educate, at least primarily and morally, or must furnish the means of education to negroes in the South, or the best of them will go where such means are furnished, and we shall be left only that great residuum, with its mass of ignorance, which will ever present the most fertile field for the propaganda of race antagonism.

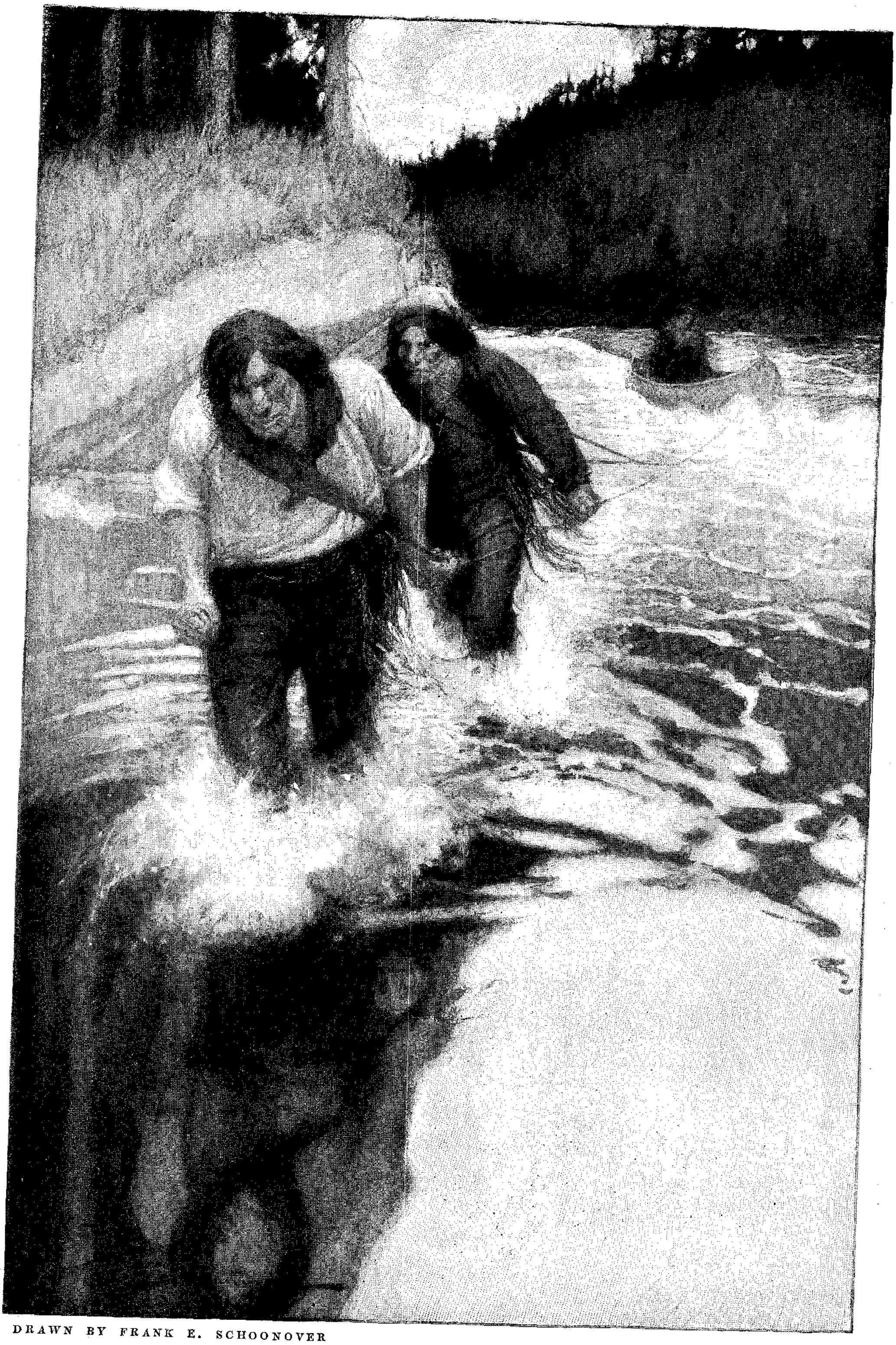
The greatest kindness that could be shown the colored race to-day would be to establish in their minds the universal conviction that they can rise only by being as good as, or better than, the whites, in their character and domestic life; that their future must be mapped out with reference to their being a separate people, and not to amalgamation with another race which does not propose to tolerate amalgamation; and that they should cultivate friendship with that other race instead of enmity.

Racial feeling is growing in this country; it cannot be suppressed, it can only be directed. It is of the utmost importance that this direction should be based upon common sense.

If the white is not stronger than the negro, then the white will go down below the negro's level, whether we will it or not; if he is stronger, then the negro will never reach his level, whether he and his friends, the doctrinaires, will it or not. It is a law as immutable as the law of gravitation. But, though they may not change that law, by interposition they may retard its operation and produce much disturbance.

The writer would say then to those outside of the South that the next thing to do is to stop interference with the natural operation of natural laws. Leave the questions arising in every section of the country to be settled naturally by the residents of those sections, according to the economic laws which must eventually govern, whether you interpose for a time or not. In other words, lend aid to make the people of every part of the country more enlightened, more broad-minded, and then leave them to settle their local troubles with such aid as a broad and catholic public spirit and a sincere and broad sympathy can give them. The white race and the colored race get on together quite well when left alone without outside interference, and certainly far better than when passions are aroused by such intervention. Believe, further, that substantial justice will be done the colored people by the white; that they can profit only by having the friendship of the whites of the South, and will only suffer by incurring their enmity.

Build up the white race — that part that needs assistance, and it is a large section — as you build up the black race. Ignore the agitators and stirrers up of strife. Let the negro know, as he must come to know in the end, that if it ever comes to a race issue, the line of cleavage will be the race line; teach him to develop himself independently of the white; and bid him follow the only path by which any race has ever risen,— the strengthening of personal character, and the observance of law.



DRAWN BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

THE HASTE OF JOE SAVARIN

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